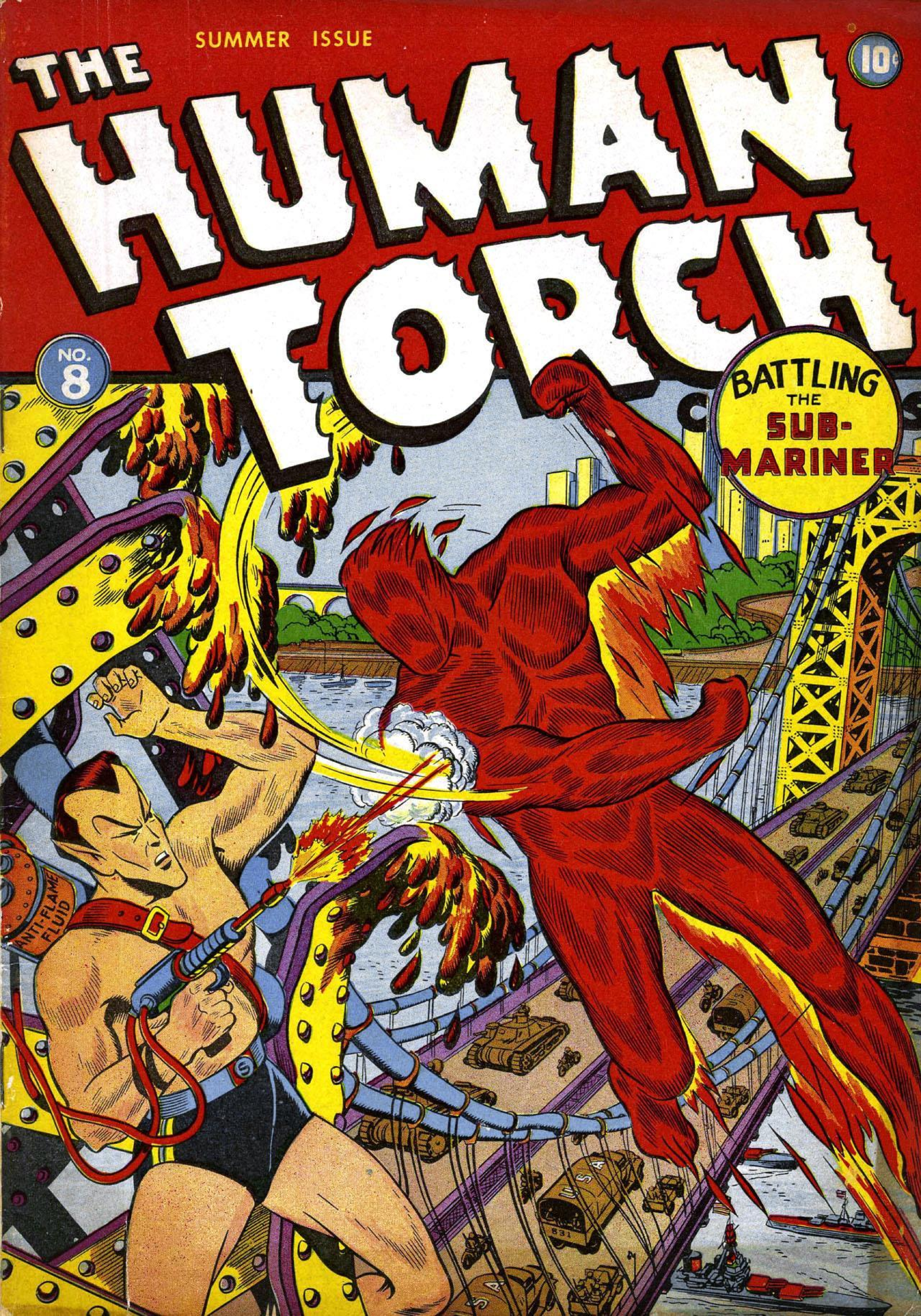
SUMMER ISSUE
THE HUMAN TORCH
10¢
NO. 8
BATTLING THE SUB-MARINER
ANTI-FLAME FLUID
USA
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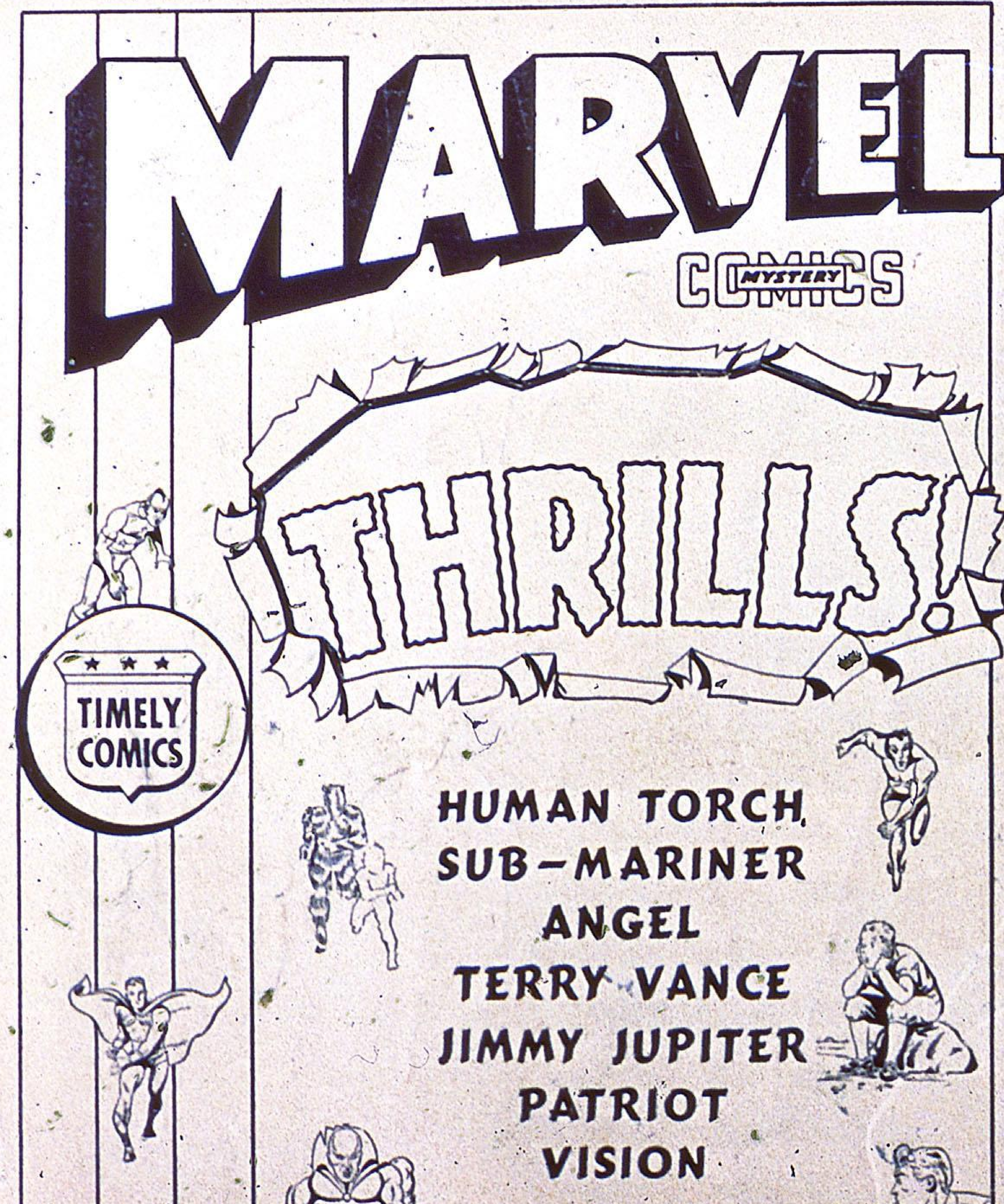
MARVEL
MYSTERY
COMICS
TIMELY COMICS
THRILLS!
HUMAN TORCH
SUB-MARINER
ANGEL
TERRY VANCE
JIMMY JUPITER
PATRIOT
VISION
Every month
GARY
LEE

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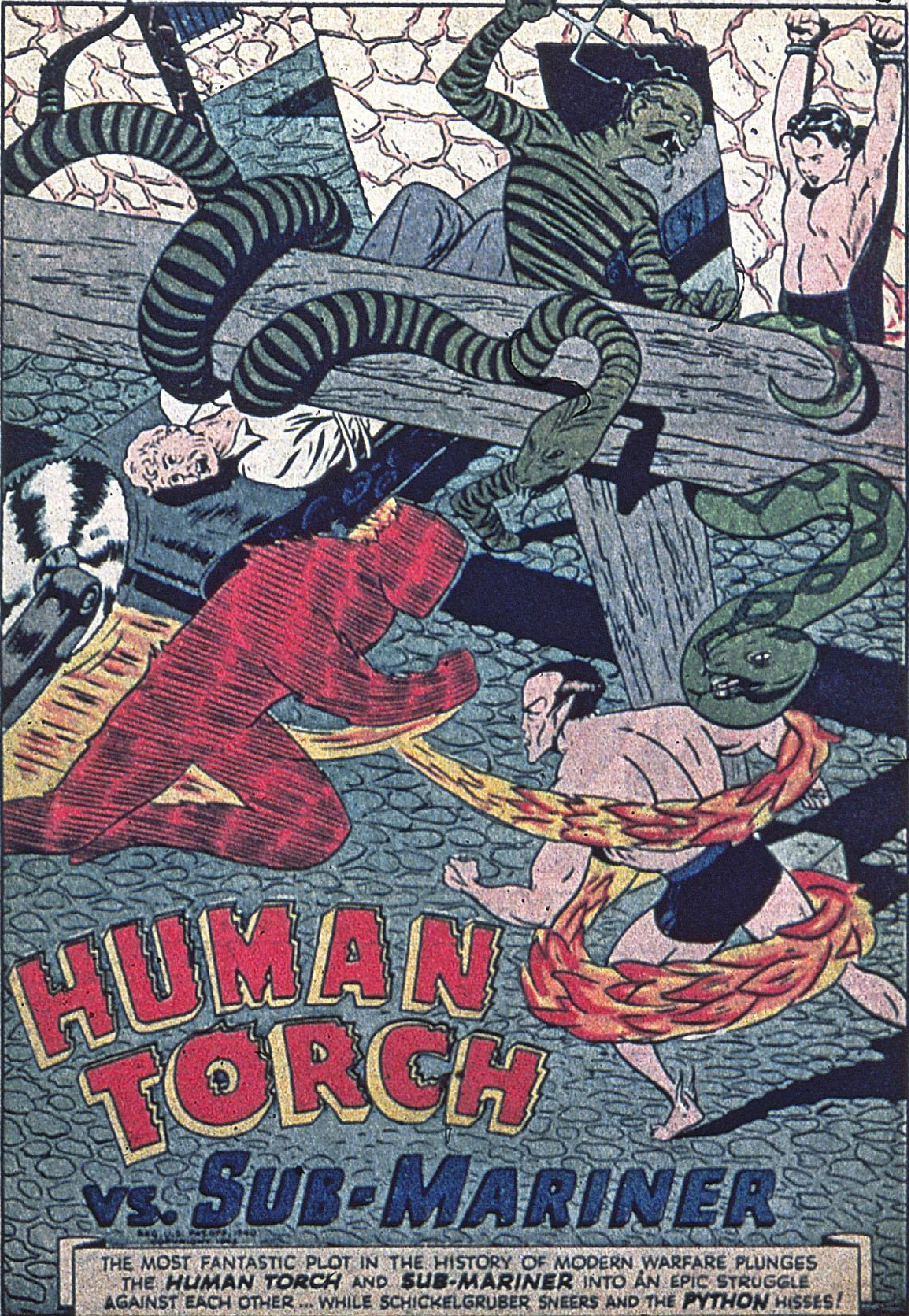
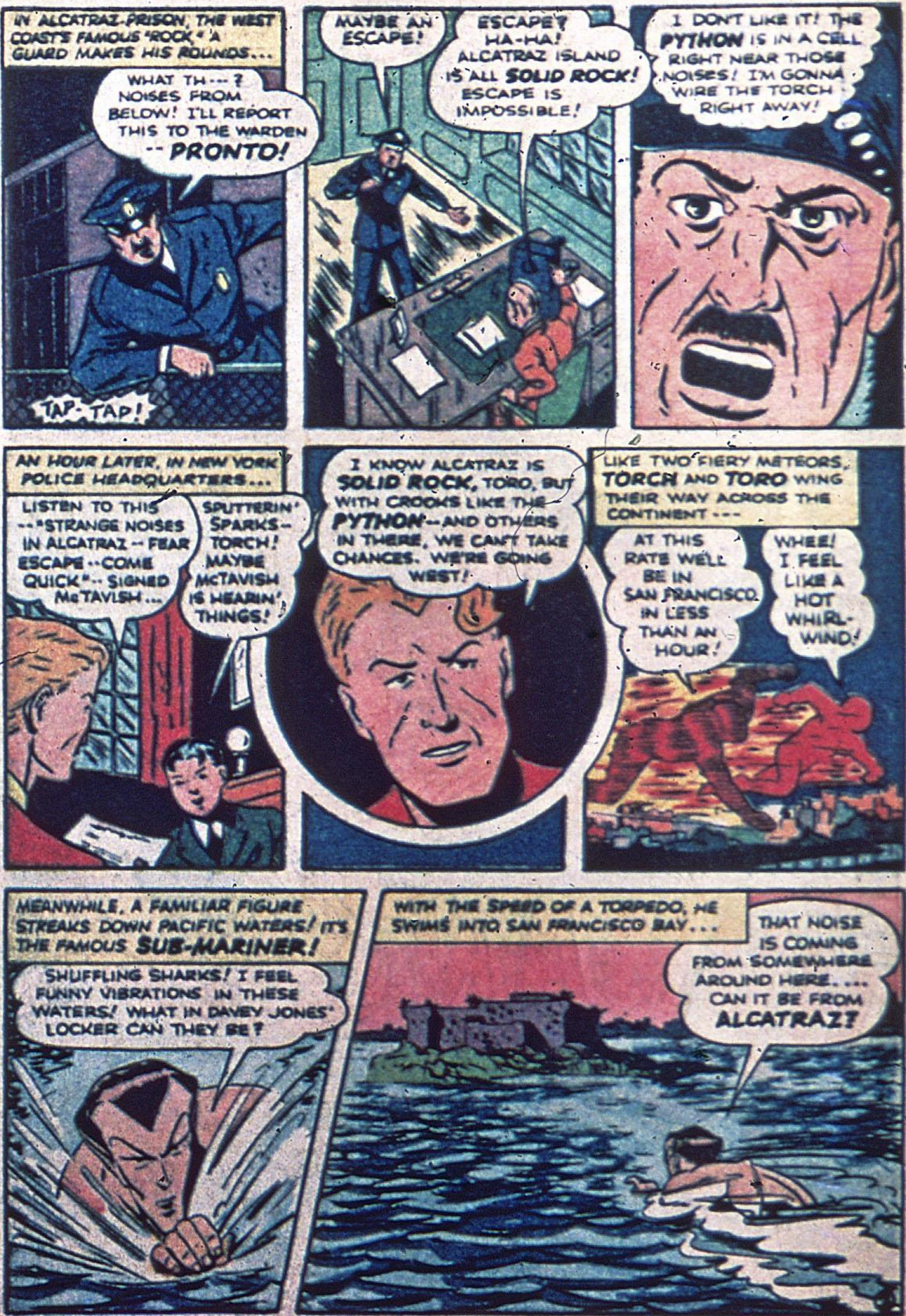
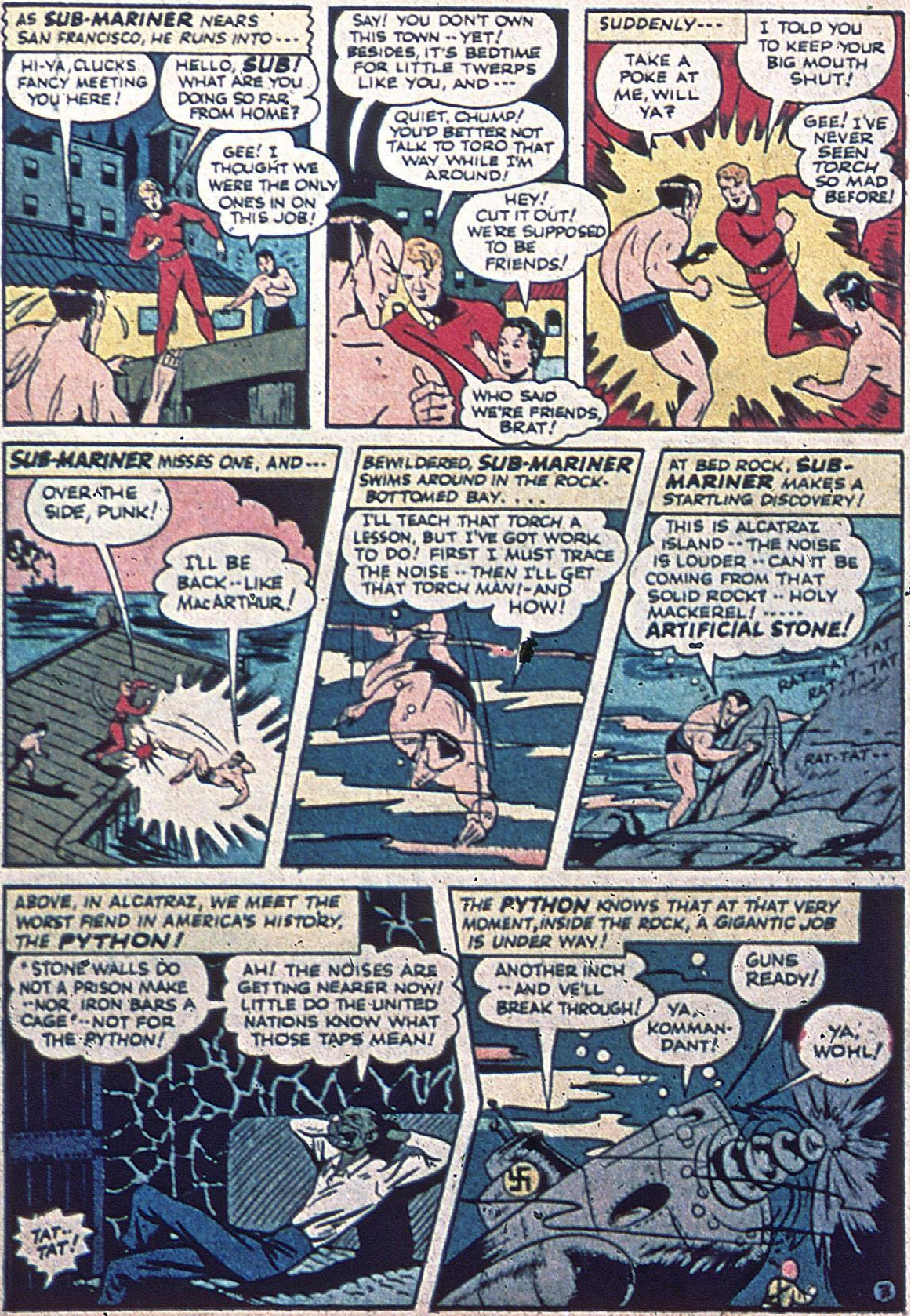
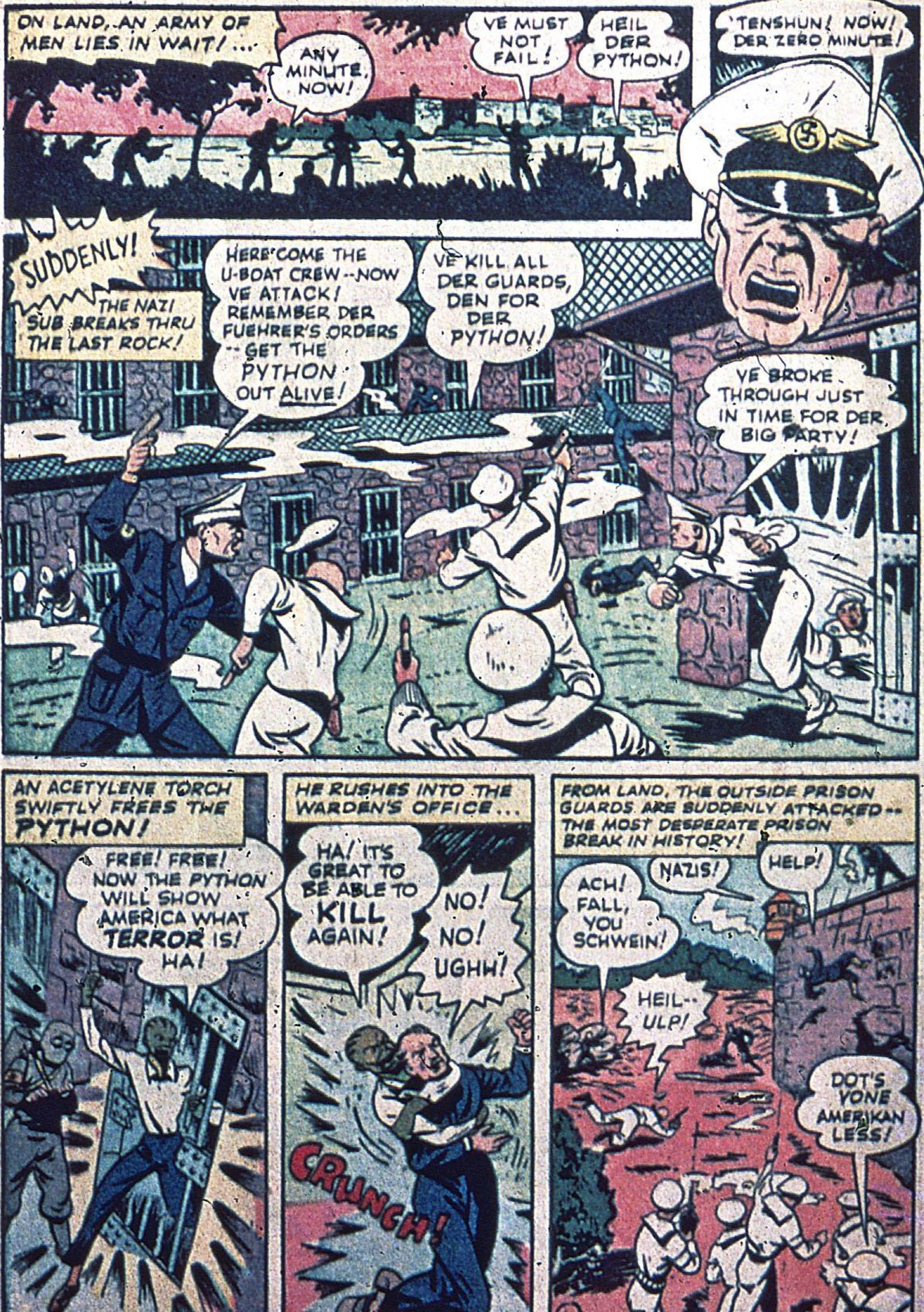
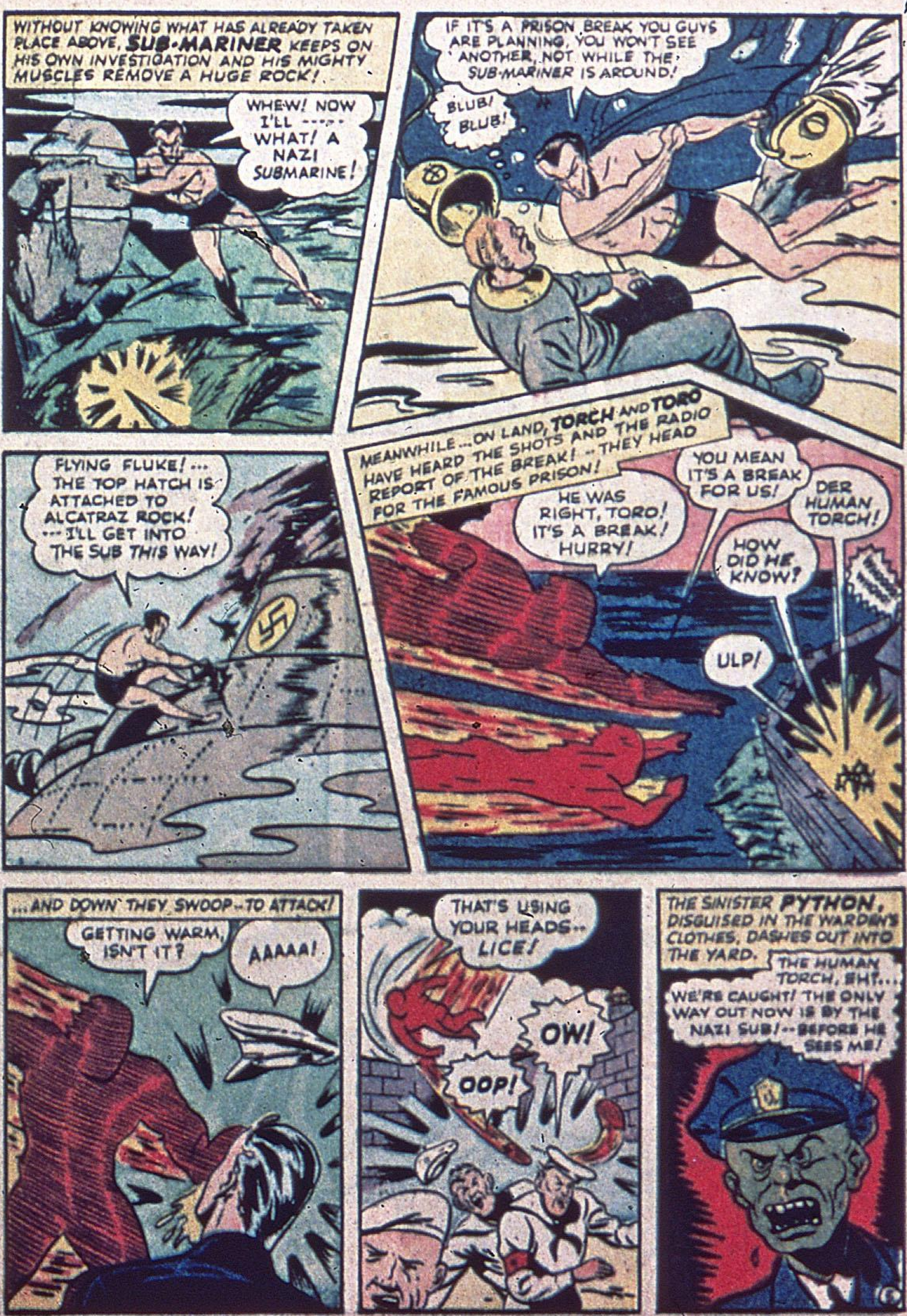
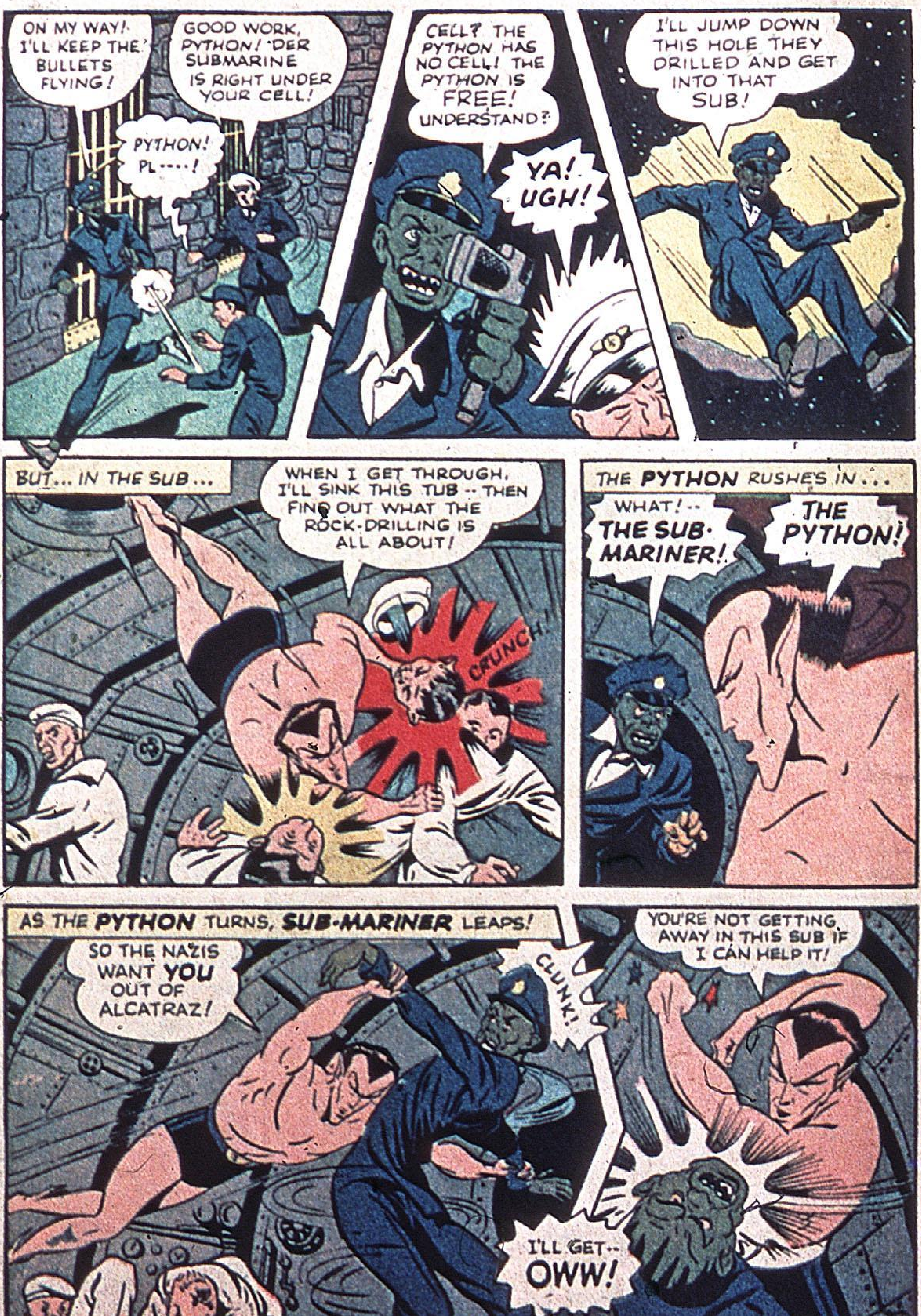

HUMAN TORCH
vs. SUB-MARINER
THE MOST FANTASTIC PLOT IN THE HISTORY OF MODERN WARFARE PLUNGES THE **HUMAN TORCH** AND **SUB-MARINER** INTO AN EPIC STRUGGLE AGAINST EACH OTHER ... WHILE SCHICKELGRUBER SNEERS AND THE **PYTHON** HISSES!

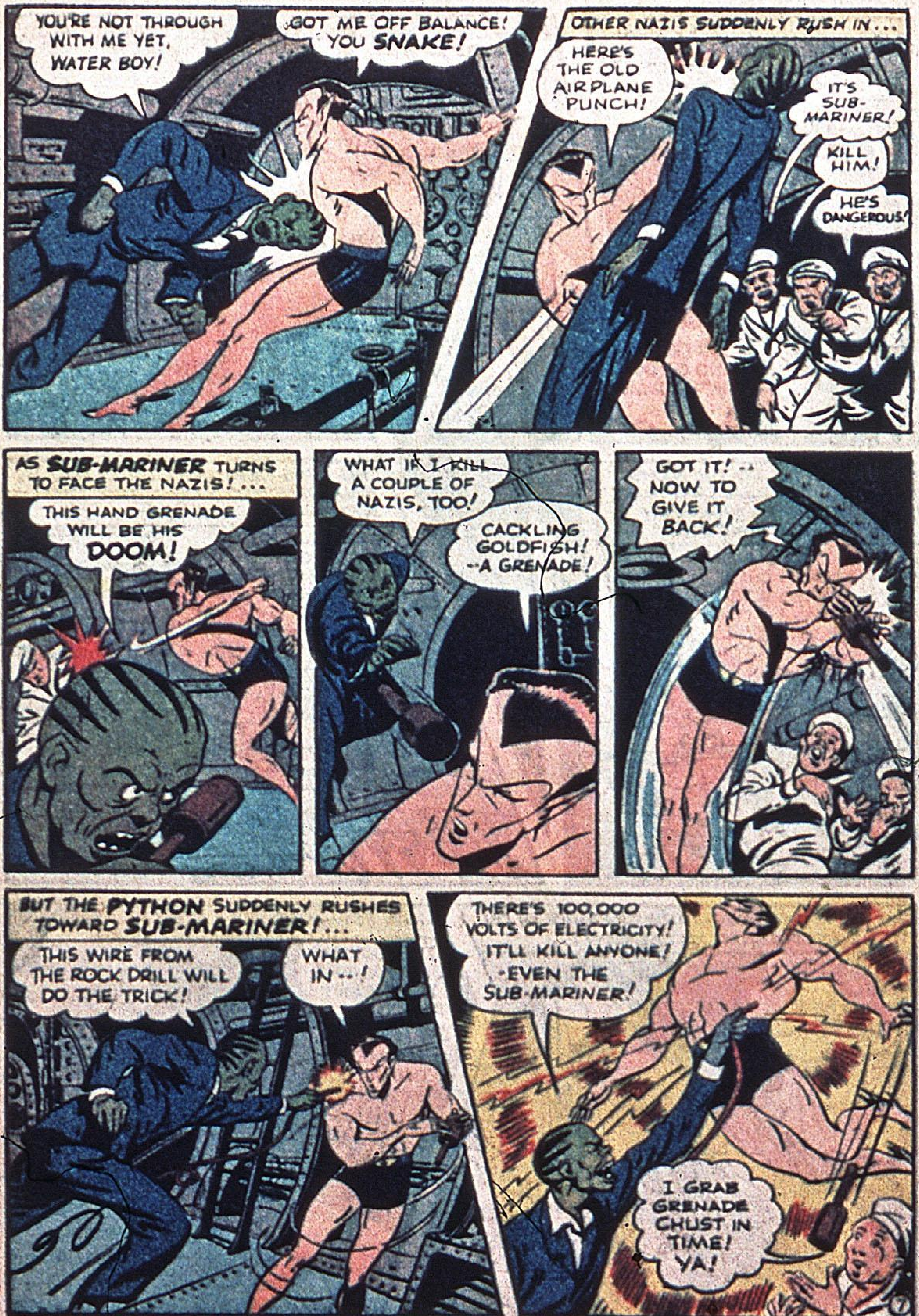

IN ALCATRAZ-PRISON, THE WEST COAST'S FAMOUS "ROCK," A GUARD MAKES HIS ROUNDS...
WHAT TH---? NOISES FROM BELOW! I'LL REPORT THIS TO THE WARDEN -- PRONTO!
TAP-TAP!
MAYBE AN ESCAPE!
ESCAPE? HA-HA! ALCATRAZ ISLAND IS ALL SOLID ROCK! ESCAPE IS IMPOSSIBLE!
I DON'T LIKE IT! THE PYTHON IS IN A CELL RIGHT NEAR THOSE NOISES! I'M GONNA WIRE THE TORCH RIGHT AWAY!
AN HOUR LATER, IN NEW YORK POLICE HEADQUARTERS...
LISTEN TO THIS --"STRANGE NOISES IN ALCATRAZ -- FEAR ESCAPE -- COME QUICK" -- SIGNED McTAVISH...
SPUTTERIN' SPARKS -- TORCH! MAYBE McTAVISH IS HEARIN' THINGS!
I KNOW ALCATRAZ IS SOLID ROCK, TORO, BUT WITH CROOKS LIKE THE PYTHON -- AND OTHERS IN THERE, WE CAN'T TAKE CHANCES. WE'RE GOING WEST!
LIKE TWO FIERY METEORS, TORCH AND TORO WING THEIR WAY ACROSS THE CONTINENT ---
AT THIS RATE WE'LL BE IN SAN FRANCISCO IN LESS THAN AN HOUR!
WHEE! I FEEL LIKE A HOT WHIRL-WIND!
MEANWHILE, A FAMILIAR FIGURE STREAKS DOWN PACIFIC WATERS! IT'S THE FAMOUS SUB-MARINER!
SHUFFLING SHARKS! I FEEL FUNNY VIBRATIONS IN THESE WATERS! WHAT IN DAVEY JONES' LOCKER CAN THEY BE?
WITH THE SPEED OF A TORPEDO, HE SWIMS INTO SAN FRANCISCO BAY...
THAT NOISE IS COMING FROM SOMEWHERE AROUND HERE.... CAN IT BE FROM ALCATRAZ?

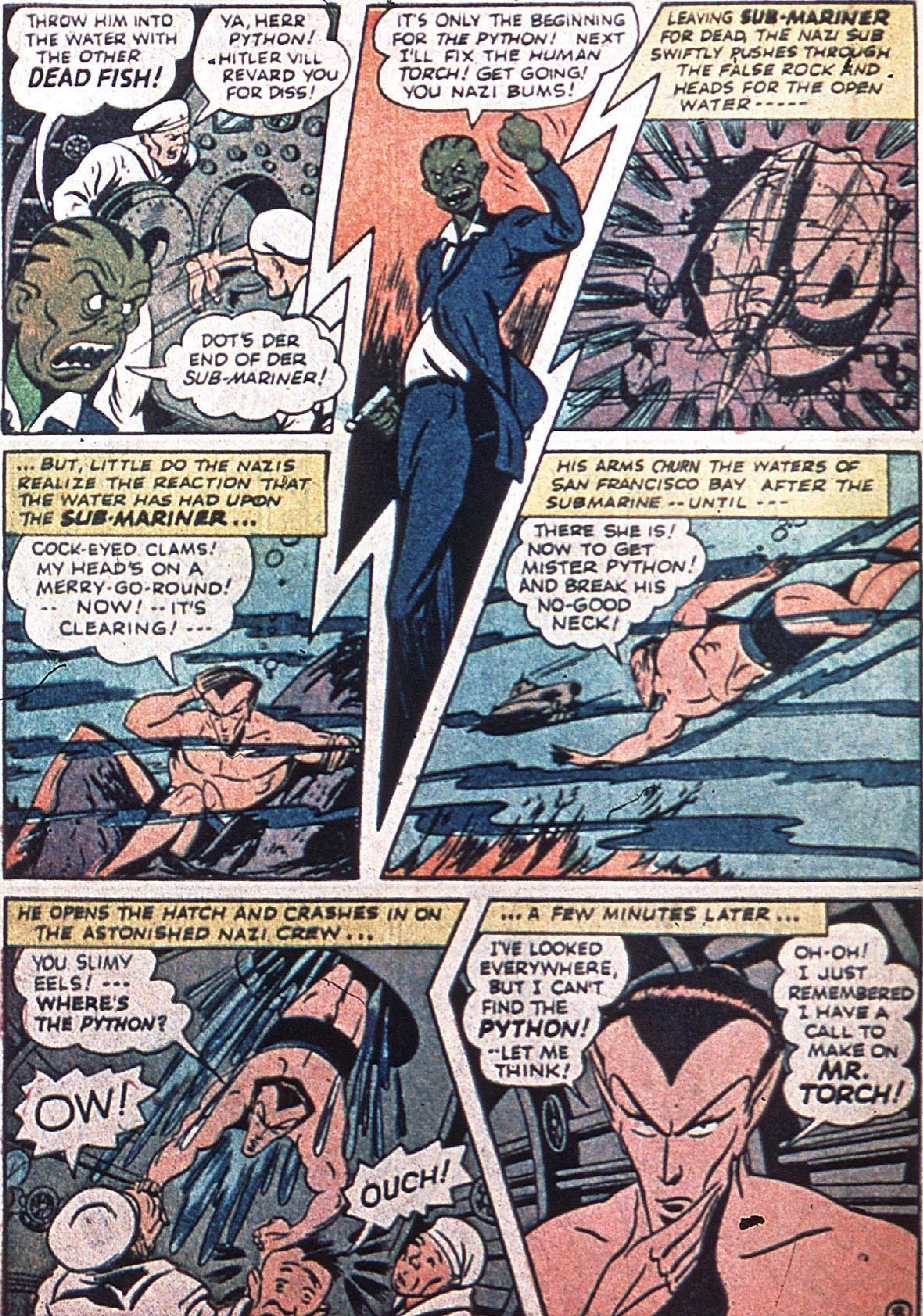

AS SUB-MARINER NEARS SAN FRANCISCO, HE RUNS INTO---
HI-YA, CLUCKS! FANCY MEETING YOU HERE!
HELLO, SUB! WHAT ARE YOU DOING SO FAR FROM HOME?
GEE! I THOUGHT WE WERE THE ONLY ONES IN ON THIS JOB!
SAY! YOU DON'T OWN THIS TOWN -- YET! BESIDES, IT'S BEDTIME FOR LITTLE TWERPS LIKE YOU, AND ---
QUIET, CHUMP! YOU'D BETTER NOT TALK TO TORO THAT WAY WHILE I'M AROUND!
HEY! CUT IT OUT! WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE FRIENDS!
WHO SAID WE'RE FRIENDS, BRAT!
SUDDENLY---
TAKE A POKE AT ME, WILL YA?
I TOLD YOU TO KEEP YOUR BIG MOUTH SHUT!
GEE! I'VE NEVER SEEN TORCH SO MAD BEFORE!
SUB-MARINER MISSES ONE, AND---
OVER THE SIDE, PUNK!
I'LL BE BACK -- LIKE MacARTHUR!
BEWILDERED, SUB-MARINER SWIMS AROUND IN THE ROCK-BOTTOMED BAY. . . .
I'LL TEACH THAT TORCH A LESSON, BUT I'VE GOT WORK TO DO! FIRST I MUST TRACE THE NOISE -- THEN I'LL GET THAT TORCH MAN! -AND HOW!
AT BED ROCK, SUB-MARINER MAKES A STARTLING DISCOVERY!
THIS IS ALCATRAZ ISLAND -- THE NOISE IS LOUDER -- CAN IT BE COMING FROM THAT SOLID ROCK? -- HOLY MACKEREL! ----- ARTIFICIAL STONE!
RAT-TAT-TAT
RAT-T-TAT
RAT-TAT--
ABOVE, IN ALCATRAZ, WE MEET THE WORST FIEND IN AMERICA'S HISTORY, THE PYTHON!
"STONE WALLS DO NOT A PRISON MAKE --NOR IRON BARS A CAGE"--NOT FOR THE PYTHON!
AH! THE NOISES ARE GETTING NEARER NOW! LITTLE DO THE UNITED NATIONS KNOW WHAT THOSE TAPS MEAN!
TAT-- TAT!
THE PYTHON KNOWS THAT AT THAT VERY MOMENT, INSIDE THE ROCK, A GIGANTIC JOB IS UNDER WAY!
ANOTHER INCH --AND VE'LL BREAK THROUGH!
GUNS READY!
YA, KOMMAN-DANT!
YA, WOHL!


ON LAND, AN ARMY OF MEN LIES IN WAIT! ...
ANY MINUTE, NOW!
VE MUST NOT FAIL!
HEIL DER PYTHON!
'TENSHUN! NOW! DER ZERO MINUTE!
SUDDENLY!
THE NAZI SUB BREAKS THRU THE LAST ROCK!
HERE COME THE U-BOAT CREW -- NOW VE ATTACK! REMEMBER DER FUEHRER'S ORDERS -- GET THE PYTHON OUT ALIVE!
VE KILL ALL DER GUARDS, DEN FOR DER PYTHON!
VE BROKE THROUGH JUST IN TIME FOR DER BIG PARTY!
AN ACETYLENE TORCH SWIFTLY FREES THE PYTHON!
FREE! FREE! NOW THE PYTHON WILL SHOW AMERICA WHAT TERROR IS! HA!
HE RUSHES INTO THE WARDEN'S OFFICE ...
HA! IT'S GREAT TO BE ABLE TO KILL AGAIN!
NO! NO! UGHH!
CRUNCH!
FROM LAND, THE OUTSIDE PRISON GUARDS ARE SUDDENLY ATTACKED -- THE MOST DESPERATE PRISON BREAK IN HISTORY!
ACH! FALL, YOU SCHWEIN!
NAZIS!
HELP!
HEIL-- ULP!
DOT'S YONE AMERIKAN LESS!


WITHOUT KNOWING WHAT HAS ALREADY TAKEN PLACE ABOVE, **SUB-MARINER** KEEPS ON HIS OWN INVESTIGATION AND HIS MIGHTY MUSCLES REMOVE A HUGE ROCK!
WHEW! NOW I'LL ---- WHAT! A NAZI SUBMARINE!
IF IT'S A PRISON BREAK YOU GUYS ARE PLANNING, YOU WON'T SEE ANOTHER, NOT WHILE THE SUB-MARINER IS AROUND!
BLUB! BLUB!
FLYING FLUKE! ... THE TOP HATCH IS ATTACHED TO ALCATRAZ ROCK! --- I'LL GET INTO THE SUB *THIS WAY!*
MEANWHILE ... ON LAND, **TORCH** AND **TORO** HAVE HEARD THE SHOTS AND THE RADIO REPORT OF THE BREAK! -- THEY HEAD FOR THE FAMOUS PRISON!
YOU MEAN IT'S A BREAK FOR US!
HE WAS RIGHT, TORO! IT'S A BREAK! HURRY!
DER HUMAN TORCH!
HOW DID HE KNOW!
ULP!
... AND DOWN THEY SWOOP -- TO ATTACK!
GETTING WARM, ISN'T IT?
AAAAA!
THAT'S USING YOUR HEADS .. LICE!
OW!
OOP!
THE SINISTER **PYTHON**, DISGUISED IN THE WARDEN'S CLOTHES, DASHES OUT INTO THE YARD.
THE HUMAN TORCH, EH? ... WE'RE CAUGHT! THE ONLY WAY OUT NOW IS BY THE NAZI SUB! -- BEFORE HE SEES ME!

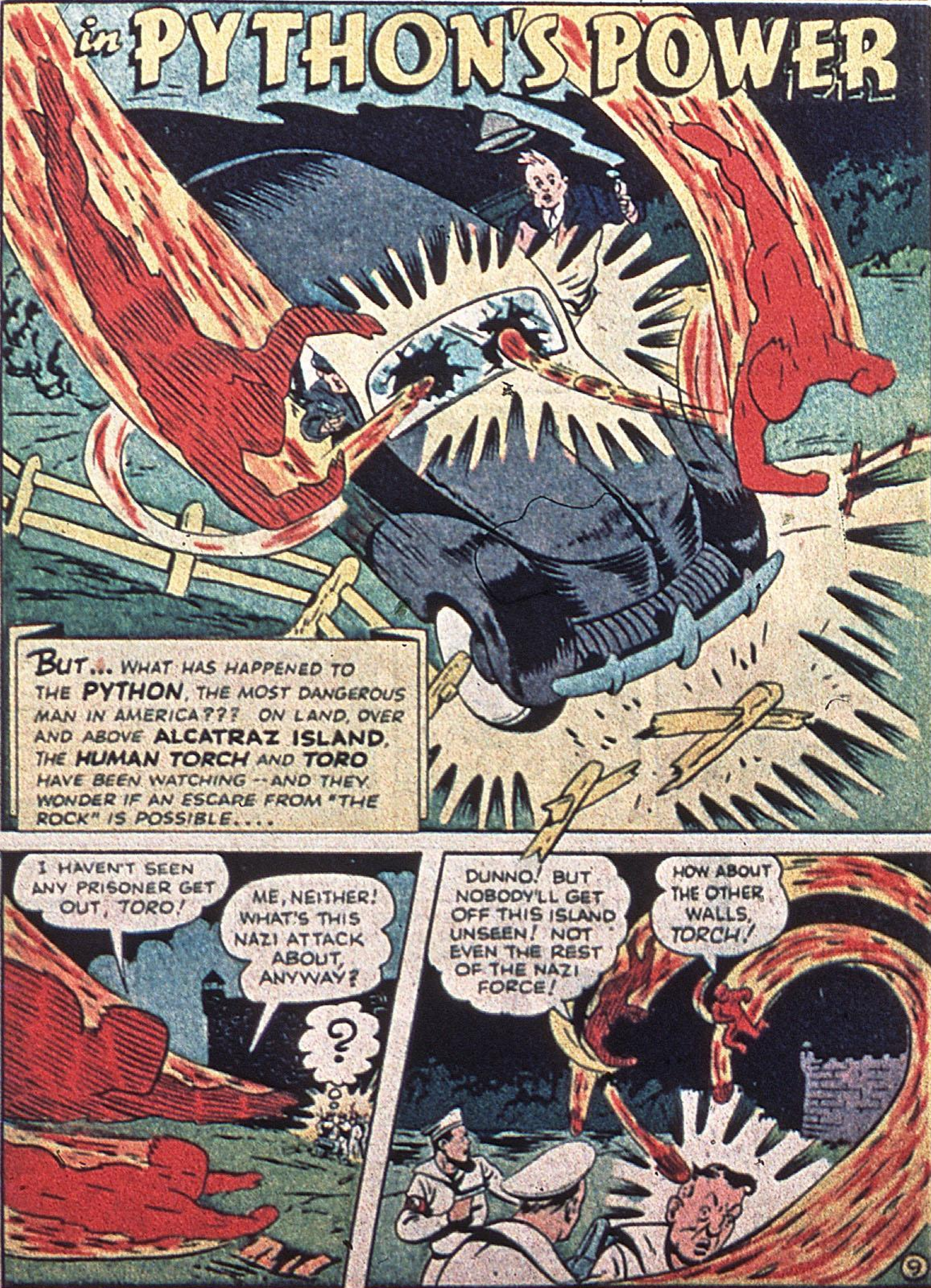

ON MY WAY! I'LL KEEP THE BULLETS FLYING!
GOOD WORK, PYTHON! 'DER SUBMARINE IS RIGHT UNDER YOUR CELL!
PYTHON! PL----!
CELL? THE PYTHON HAS NO CELL! THE PYTHON IS FREE! UNDERSTAND?
YA! UGH!
I'LL JUMP DOWN THIS HOLE THEY DRILLED AND GET INTO THAT SUB!
BUT... IN THE SUB...
WHEN I GET THROUGH, I'LL SINK THIS TUB -- THEN FIND OUT WHAT THE ROCK-DRILLING IS ALL ABOUT!
CRUNCH!
THE PYTHON RUSHES IN...
WHAT! -- THE SUB-MARINER!
THE PYTHON!
AS THE PYTHON TURNS, SUB-MARINER LEAPS!
SO THE NAZIS WANT YOU OUT OF ALCATRAZ!
CLUNK!
YOU'RE NOT GETTING AWAY IN THIS SUB IF I CAN HELP IT!
I'LL GET-- OWW!

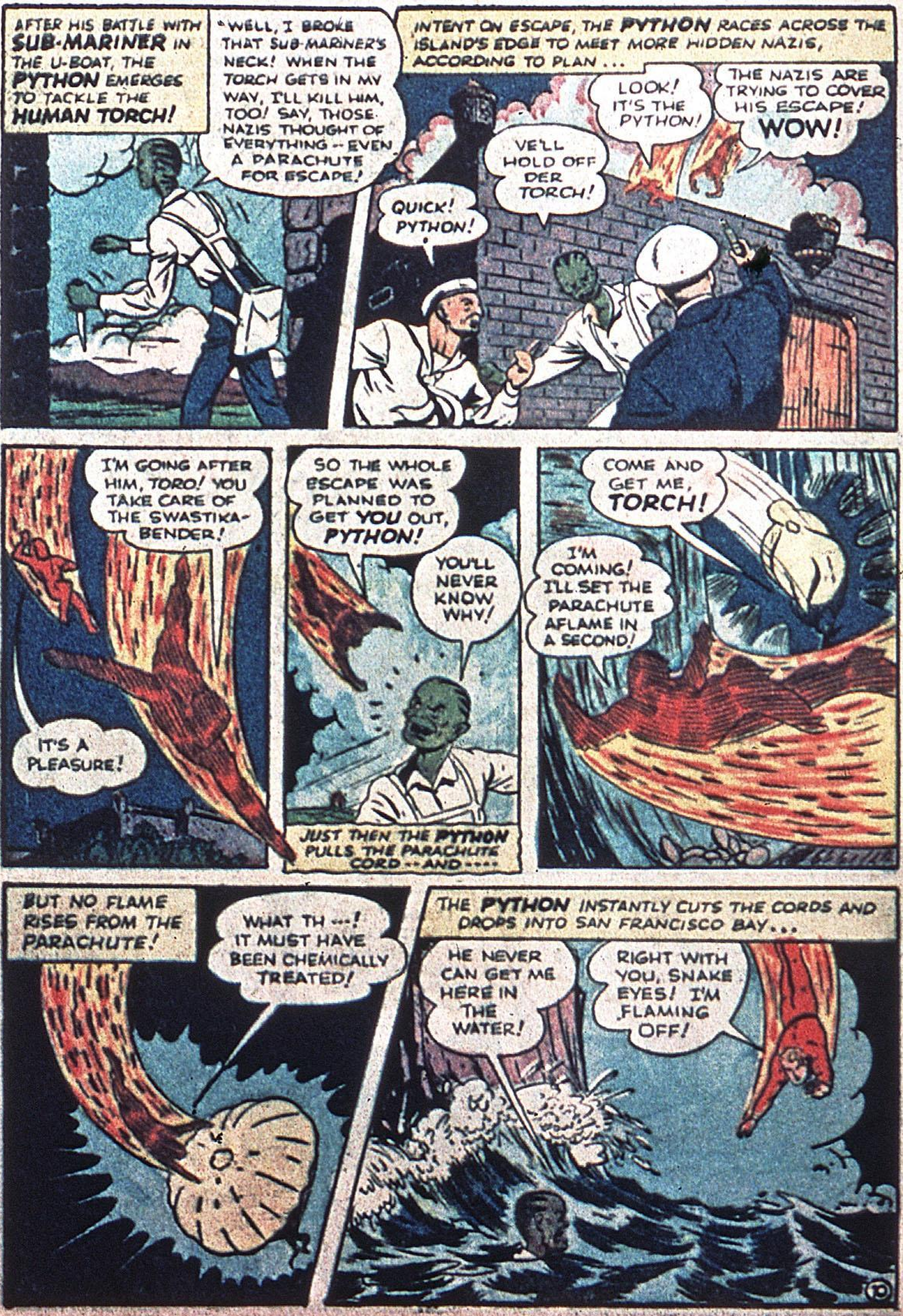

YOU'RE NOT THROUGH WITH ME YET, WATER BOY!
GOT ME OFF BALANCE! YOU SNAKE!
OTHER NAZIS SUDDENLY RUSH IN...
HERE'S THE OLD AIRPLANE PUNCH!
IT'S SUB-MARINER!
KILL HIM!
HE'S DANGEROUS!
AS SUB-MARINER TURNS TO FACE THE NAZIS!...
THIS HAND GRENADE WILL BE HIS DOOM!
WHAT IF I KILL A COUPLE OF NAZIS, TOO!
CACKLING GOLDFISH! --A GRENADE!
GOT IT! -- NOW TO GIVE IT BACK!
BUT THE PYTHON SUDDENLY RUSHES TOWARD SUB-MARINER!...
THIS WIRE FROM THE ROCK DRILL WILL DO THE TRICK!
WHAT IN --!
THERE'S 100,000 VOLTS OF ELECTRICITY! IT'LL KILL ANYONE! -EVEN THE SUB-MARINER!
I GRAB GRENADE CHUST IN TIME! YA!
7

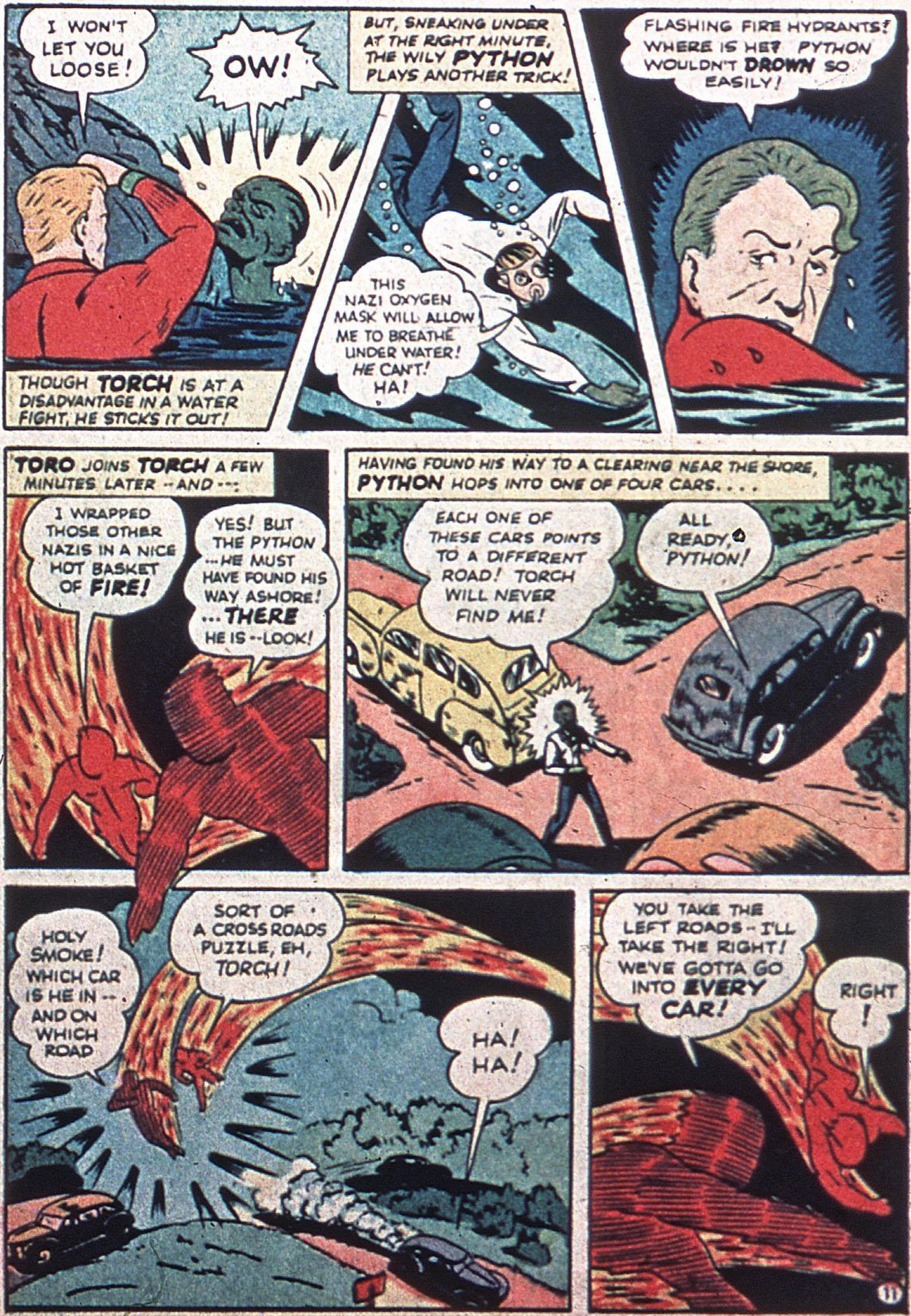

THROW HIM INTO THE WATER WITH THE OTHER DEAD FISH!
YA, HERR PYTHON! HITLER VILL REVARD YOU FOR DISS!
DOT'S DER END OF DER SUB-MARINER!
IT'S ONLY THE BEGINNING FOR THE PYTHON! NEXT I'LL FIX THE HUMAN TORCH! GET GOING! YOU NAZI BUMS!
LEAVING SUB-MARINER FOR DEAD, THE NAZI SUB SWIFTLY PUSHES THROUGH THE FALSE ROCK AND HEADS FOR THE OPEN WATER-----
... BUT, LITTLE DO THE NAZIS REALIZE THE REACTION THAT THE WATER HAS HAD UPON THE SUB-MARINER ...
COCK-EYED CLAMS! MY HEAD'S ON A MERRY-GO-ROUND! -- NOW! -- IT'S CLEARING! ---
HIS ARMS CHURN THE WATERS OF SAN FRANCISCO BAY AFTER THE SUBMARINE -- UNTIL ---
THERE SHE IS! NOW TO GET MISTER PYTHON! AND BREAK HIS NO-GOOD NECK!
HE OPENS THE HATCH AND CRASHES IN ON THE ASTONISHED NAZI CREW ...
YOU SLIMY EELS! --- WHERE'S THE PYTHON?
OW!
OUCH!
... A FEW MINUTES LATER ...
I'VE LOOKED EVERYWHERE, BUT I CAN'T FIND THE PYTHON! --LET ME THINK!
OH-OH! I JUST REMEMBERED I HAVE A CALL TO MAKE ON MR. TORCH!

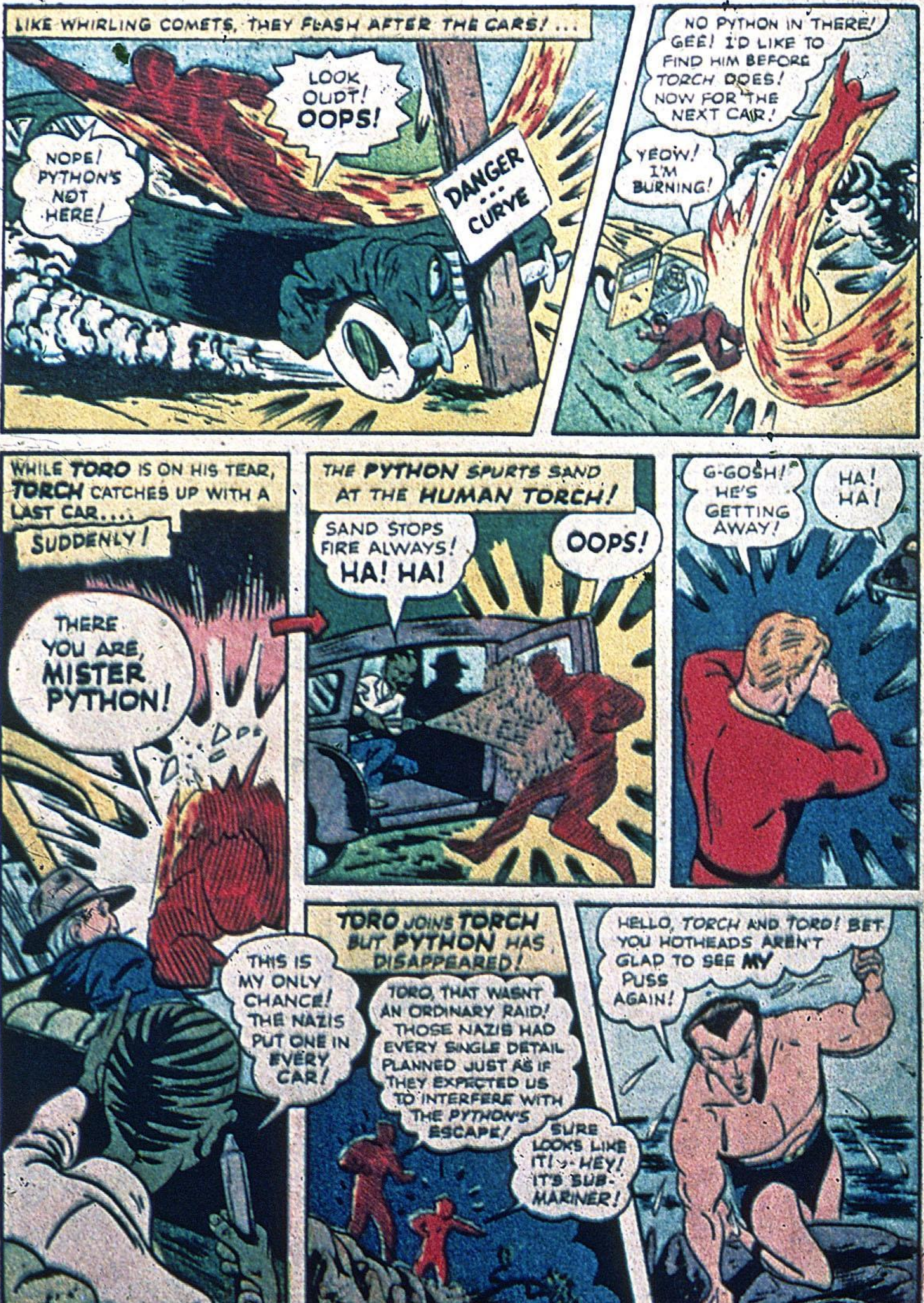
CHAPTER 2 OF HUMAN TORCH VS. SUB-MARINER

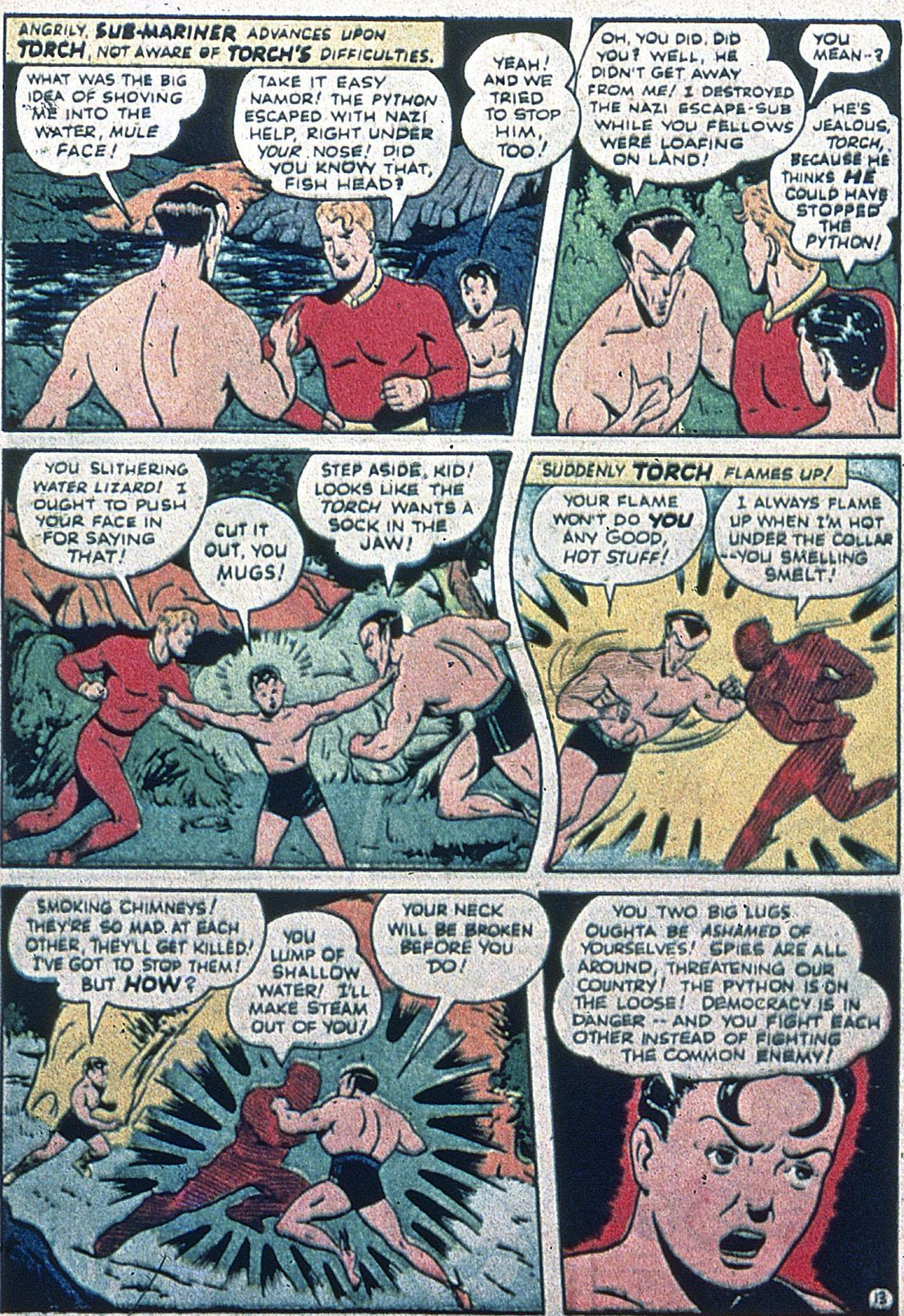
in PYTHON'S POWER

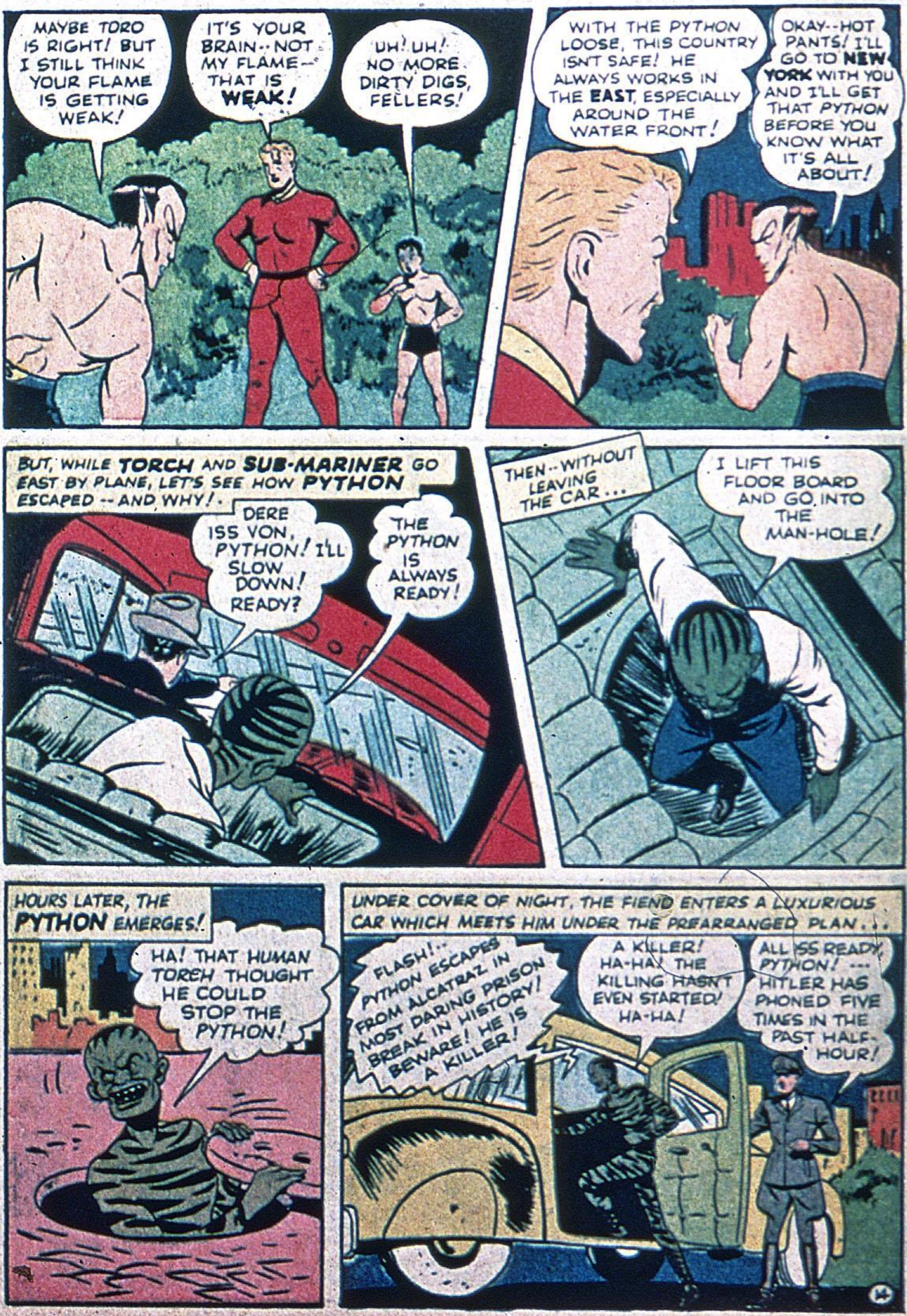

BUT... WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THE PYTHON, THE MOST DANGEROUS MAN IN AMERICA??? ON LAND, OVER AND ABOVE ALCATRAZ ISLAND, THE HUMAN TORCH AND TORO HAVE BEEN WATCHING -- AND THEY WONDER IF AN ESCARE FROM "THE ROCK" IS POSSIBLE....
I HAVEN'T SEEN ANY PRISONER GET OUT, TORO!
ME, NEITHER! WHAT'S THIS NAZI ATTACK ABOUT, ANYWAY?
?
DUNNO! BUT NOBODY'LL GET OFF THIS ISLAND UNSEEN! NOT EVEN THE REST OF THE NAZI FORCE!
HOW ABOUT THE OTHER WALLS, TORCH!

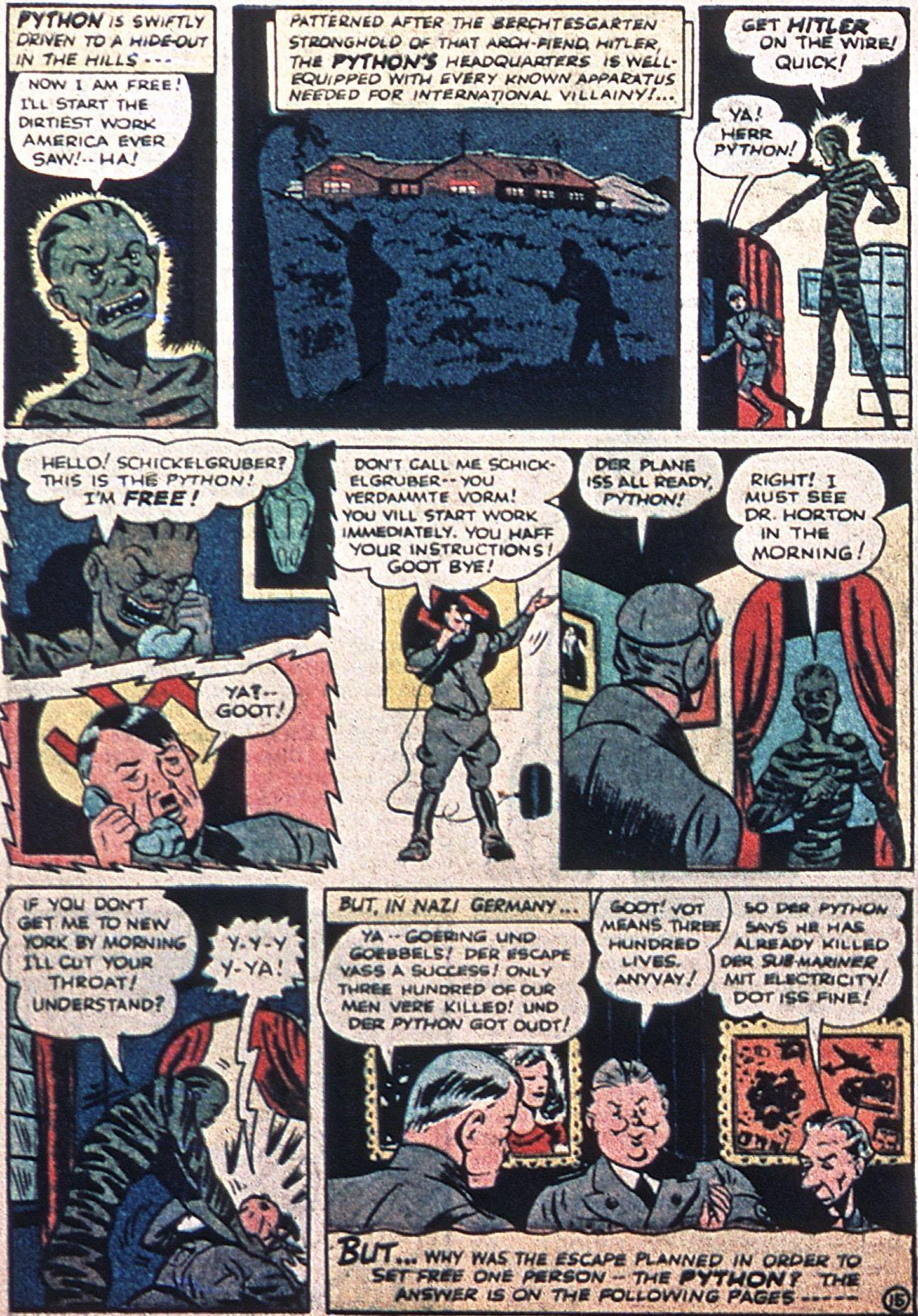

AFTER HIS BATTLE WITH SUB-MARINER IN THE U-BOAT, THE PYTHON EMERGES TO TACKLE THE HUMAN TORCH!
"WELL, I BROKE THAT SUB-MARINER'S NECK! WHEN THE TORCH GETS IN MY WAY, I'LL KILL HIM, TOO! SAY, THOSE NAZIS THOUGHT OF EVERYTHING -- EVEN A PARACHUTE FOR ESCAPE!
INTENT ON ESCAPE, THE PYTHON RACES ACROSS THE ISLAND'S EDGE TO MEET MORE HIDDEN NAZIS, ACCORDING TO PLAN ...
LOOK! IT'S THE PYTHON!
THE NAZIS ARE TRYING TO COVER HIS ESCAPE! WOW!
VE'LL HOLD OFF DER TORCH!
QUICK! PYTHON!
I'M GOING AFTER HIM, TORO! YOU TAKE CARE OF THE SWASTIKA-BENDER!
IT'S A PLEASURE!
SO THE WHOLE ESCAPE WAS PLANNED TO GET YOU OUT, PYTHON!
YOU'LL NEVER KNOW WHY!
JUST THEN THE PYTHON PULLS THE PARACHUTE CORD -- AND ----
COME AND GET ME, TORCH!
I'M COMING! I'LL SET THE PARACHUTE AFLAME IN A SECOND!
BUT NO FLAME RISES FROM THE PARACHUTE!
WHAT TH ---! IT MUST HAVE BEEN CHEMICALLY TREATED!
THE PYTHON INSTANTLY CUTS THE CORDS AND DROPS INTO SAN FRANCISCO BAY...
HE NEVER CAN GET ME HERE IN THE WATER!
RIGHT WITH YOU, SNAKE EYES! I'M FLAMING OFF!


I WON'T LET YOU LOOSE!
OW!
THOUGH TORCH IS AT A DISADVANTAGE IN A WATER FIGHT, HE STICKS IT OUT!
BUT, SNEAKING UNDER AT THE RIGHT MINUTE, THE WILY PYTHON PLAYS ANOTHER TRICK!
THIS NAZI OXYGEN MASK WILL ALLOW ME TO BREATHE UNDER WATER! HE CAN'T! HA!
FLASHING FIRE HYDRANTS! WHERE IS HE? PYTHON WOULDN'T DROWN SO EASILY!
TORO JOINS TORCH A FEW MINUTES LATER --AND --:
I WRAPPED THOSE OTHER NAZIS IN A NICE HOT BASKET OF FIRE!
YES! BUT THE PYTHON --HE MUST HAVE FOUND HIS WAY ASHORE! ...THERE HE IS --LOOK!
HAVING FOUND HIS WAY TO A CLEARING NEAR THE SHORE, PYTHON HOPS INTO ONE OF FOUR CARS....
EACH ONE OF THESE CARS POINTS TO A DIFFERENT ROAD! TORCH WILL NEVER FIND ME!
ALL READY, PYTHON!
HOLY SMOKE! WHICH CAR IS HE IN -- AND ON WHICH ROAD
SORT OF A CROSS ROADS PUZZLE, EH, TORCH!
HA! HA!
YOU TAKE THE LEFT ROADS -- I'LL TAKE THE RIGHT! WE'VE GOTTA GO INTO EVERY CAR!
RIGHT!


LIKE WHIRLING COMETS, THEY FLASH AFTER THE CARS! ...
LOOK OUDT! OOPS!
NOPE! PYTHON'S NOT HERE!
DANGER ... CURVE
NO PYTHON IN THERE! GEE! I'D LIKE TO FIND HIM BEFORE TORCH DOES! NOW FOR THE NEXT CAR!
YEOW! I'M BURNING!
WHILE TORO IS ON HIS TEAR, TORCH CATCHES UP WITH A LAST CAR....
SUDDENLY!
THERE YOU ARE, MISTER PYTHON!
THIS IS MY ONLY CHANCE! THE NAZIS PUT ONE IN EVERY CAR!
THE PYTHON SPURTS SAND AT THE HUMAN TORCH!
SAND STOPS FIRE ALWAYS! HA! HA!
OOPS!
G-GOSH! HE'S GETTING AWAY!
HA! HA!
TORO JOINS TORCH BUT PYTHON HAS DISAPPEARED!
TORO, THAT WASNT AN ORDINARY RAID! THOSE NAZIS HAD EVERY SINGLE DETAIL PLANNED JUST AS IF THEY EXPECTED US TO INTERFERE WITH THE PYTHON'S ESCAPE!
SURE LOOKS LIKE IT! -- HEY! IT'S SUB-MARINER!
HELLO, TORCH AND TORO! BET YOU HOTHEADS AREN'T GLAD TO SEE MY PUSS AGAIN!


ANGRILY, SUB-MARINER ADVANCES UPON TORCH, NOT AWARE OF TORCH'S DIFFICULTIES.
WHAT WAS THE BIG IDEA OF SHOVING ME INTO THE WATER, MULE FACE!
TAKE IT EASY NAMOR! THE PYTHON ESCAPED WITH NAZI HELP, RIGHT UNDER YOUR NOSE! DID YOU KNOW THAT, FISH HEAD?
YEAH! AND WE TRIED TO STOP HIM, TOO!
OH, YOU DID, DID YOU? WELL, HE DIDN'T GET AWAY FROM ME! I DESTROYED THE NAZI ESCAPE-SUB WHILE YOU FELLOWS WERE LOAFING ON LAND!
YOU MEAN--?
HE'S JEALOUS, TORCH, BECAUSE HE THINKS HE COULD HAVE STOPPED THE PYTHON!
YOU SLITHERING WATER LIZARD! I OUGHT TO PUSH YOUR FACE IN FOR SAYING THAT!
CUT IT OUT, YOU MUGS!
STEP ASIDE, KID! LOOKS LIKE THE TORCH WANTS A SOCK IN THE JAW!
SUDDENLY TORCH FLAMES UP!
YOUR FLAME WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD, HOT STUFF!
I ALWAYS FLAME UP WHEN I'M HOT UNDER THE COLLAR --YOU SMELLING SMELT!
SMOKING CHIMNEYS! THEY'RE SO MAD AT EACH OTHER, THEY'LL GET KILLED! I'VE GOT TO STOP THEM! BUT HOW?
YOU LUMP OF SHALLOW WATER! I'LL MAKE STEAM OUT OF YOU!
YOUR NECK WILL BE BROKEN BEFORE YOU DO!
YOU TWO BIG LUGS OUGHTA BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELVES! SPIES ARE ALL AROUND, THREATENING OUR COUNTRY! THE PYTHON IS ON THE LOOSE! DEMOCRACY IS IN DANGER -- AND YOU FIGHT EACH OTHER INSTEAD OF FIGHTING THE COMMON ENEMY!


MAYBE TORO IS RIGHT! BUT I STILL THINK YOUR FLAME IS GETTING WEAK!
IT'S YOUR BRAIN--NOT MY FLAME--THAT IS **WEAK**!
UH! UH! NO MORE DIRTY DIGS, FELLERS!
WITH THE PYTHON LOOSE, THIS COUNTRY ISN'T SAFE! HE ALWAYS WORKS IN THE **EAST**, ESPECIALLY AROUND THE WATER FRONT!
OKAY--HOT PANTS! I'LL GO TO **NEW YORK** WITH YOU AND I'LL GET THAT *PYTHON* BEFORE YOU KNOW WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT!
BUT, WHILE **TORCH** AND **SUB-MARINER** GO EAST BY PLANE, LET'S SEE HOW **PYTHON** ESCAPED -- AND WHY!.
DERE ISS VON, *PYTHON*! I'LL SLOW DOWN! READY?
THE PYTHON IS ALWAYS READY!
THEN--WITHOUT LEAVING THE CAR...
I LIFT THIS FLOOR BOARD AND GO INTO THE MAN-HOLE!
HOURS LATER, THE **PYTHON** EMERGES!
HA! THAT HUMAN TORCH THOUGHT HE COULD STOP THE *PYTHON*!
UNDER COVER OF NIGHT, THE FIEND ENTERS A LUXURIOUS CAR WHICH MEETS HIM UNDER THE PREARRANGED PLAN...
FLASH!-- PYTHON ESCAPES FROM ALCATRAZ IN MOST DARING PRISON BREAK IN HISTORY! HE IS BEWARE! HE IS A KILLER!
A KILLER! HA-HA! THE KILLING HASN'T EVEN STARTED! HA-HA!
ALL ISS READY, *PYTHON*! --- HITLER HAS PHONED FIVE TIMES IN THE PAST HALF-HOUR!


PYTHON IS SWIFTLY DRIVEN TO A HIDE-OUT IN THE HILLS ---
NOW I AM FREE! I'LL START THE DIRTIEST WORK AMERICA EVER SAW!--HA!
PATTERNED AFTER THE BERCHTESGARTEN STRONGHOLD OF THAT ARCH-FIEND HITLER, THE PYTHON'S HEADQUARTERS IS WELL-EQUIPPED WITH EVERY KNOWN APPARATUS NEEDED FOR INTERNATIONAL VILLAINY!...
GET HITLER ON THE WIRE! QUICK!
YA! HERR PYTHON!
HELLO! SCHICKELGRUBER? THIS IS THE PYTHON! I'M FREE!
YA?-- GOOT!
DON'T CALL ME SCHICKELGRUBER-- YOU VERDAMMTE VORM! YOU VILL START WORK IMMEDIATELY. YOU HAFF YOUR INSTRUCTIONS! GOOT BYE!
DER PLANE ISS ALL READY, PYTHON!
RIGHT! I MUST SEE DR. HORTON IN THE MORNING!
IF YOU DON'T GET ME TO NEW YORK BY MORNING I'LL CUT YOUR THROAT! UNDERSTAND?
Y-Y-Y Y-YA!
BUT, IN NAZI GERMANY...
YA -- GOERING UND GOEBBELS! DER ESCAPE VASS A SUCCESS! ONLY THREE HUNDRED OF OUR MEN VERE KILLED! UND DER PYTHON GOT OUDT!
GOOT! VOT MEANS THREE HUNDRED LIVES, ANYVAY!
SO DER PYTHON SAYS HE HAS ALREADY KILLED DER SUB-MARINER MIT ELECTRICITY! DOT ISS FINE!
BUT... WHY WAS THE ESCAPE PLANNED IN ORDER TO SET FREE ONE PERSON -- THE PYTHON? THE ANSWER IS ON THE FOLLOWING PAGES -----

]

THE MEN HITLER FEARS

IT WAS SUMMER 1942.

DER FEUHRER was in one of his white hot moods! Tears flowed from his eyes like droplets of juice squeezed from a lemon. The beautiful objects of art stolen from the conquered peoples of Europe shook and shimmied throughout the halls of Berchtesgarten as Hitler's falsetto shrieks pierced the air in sharp daggers of repeated sound!

Yes, Adolf Hitler was crying, screaming—thumping a table with sheer despair!!

"Twenty-Vive more of our best zpies killed! Last week ve lost tree dousand men und four battleships!" he sobbed, throwing the latest communique from the Nazi High Command on the table.

He inhaled a deep breath of the hushed air in the room, withdrew a silk, perfumed handkerchief, and violently blew his stubby nose . . . There was no other sound. The men seated around the council table—Goebbels, Goering, Von Ribbentrop—hardly breathed, certainly said not a word. A chill tingled the spine of each as they heard Der Feuhrer suddenly shout: "Vhy? VHY?? . . . It's because of Der Human Torch und der SUB-MARINER!"

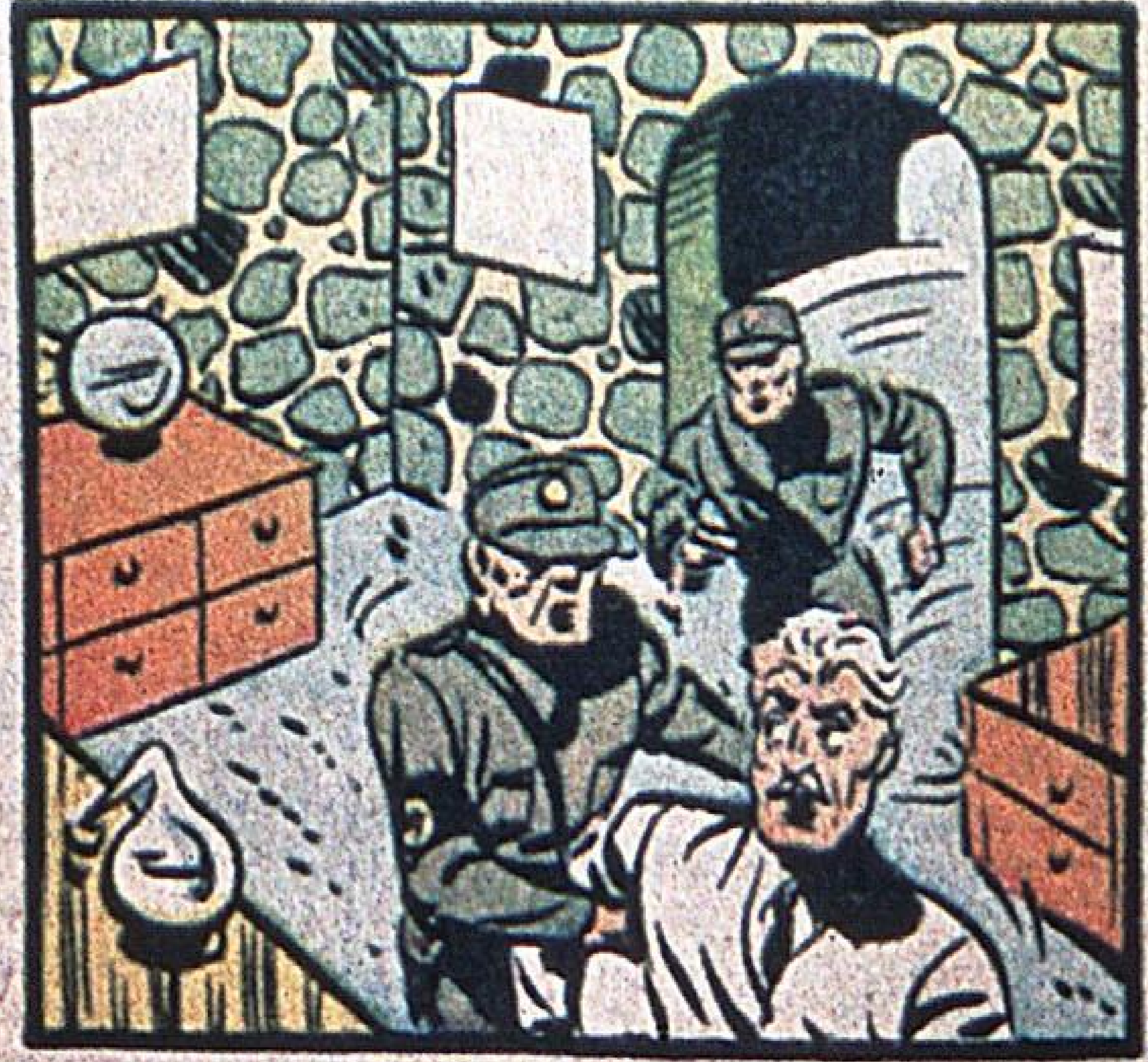
"DESE TWO ARE DIFFERENT from all odders! Ve cannot plan any invasion of America vith dese two around! Ve must get *rid* of them! Ja!" The man whom some call "Schicklegruber" dabbed at his wet eyes! "Der Human Torch und Sub-Mariner hev done more damage to der Nazi movement dann all der underground movements in Europe!" he snorted, shimmying both sides of his black moustache as he spoke. "Zoon dere vill be no Nazis left in America to do der Fifth Column vork for us! Our invasion vill fail! Ve vill all hev ropes around our necks if dot happens! Ja!"

Der Feuhrer twirled a clenched fist—and narrowly missed hitting himself on the jaw as he swiftly shot his index finger forth and pointed to Goering!

"You—Goering! You're smart SOMETIMES! How ken ve get rid of der Human Torch und Sub-Mariner??? Answer quick!"

Paunchy Goering thought faster than he had ever thought before. He knew that a slow reply would mean a fast purge! He scraped a chair backwards with his nervous fingers, then ventured: "Adolf! Vot a man haas *vonce* made he can make again! Diss scientist, Dr. Horton, made der Human Torch!"

Goebbels leaned forward, thin hands grasping the arms of his chair. "Ja, Adolf! Ve vill hev der Gestapo agents in America seize Dr. Horton—und make him trick der Human Torch into destruction!"



BEADY EYED VON RIBBENTROP watched Hitler's reaction. In a tone as quiet and deadly as a boa constrictor's, he asked: "I thought dot Dr. Horton vass *dead!*"

"No," hissed Hitler, pulling at his upper lip, "our Gestapo men in America hev found dot he's alive und is really conducting special experiments for der United States' government!"

"Goot! Goot!" Dirty work was afoot and the old gleam came back into Goering's eyes. "Ve'll get hold of Horton und find out der secret of der machine dot made der Human Torch!"

Hitler smiled for the first time. "Ja. Dot is an *idea*, Goering! First ve'll get rid of der Human Torch—or make him work mit us! Den ve vill haf only der Sub-Mariner left! Ja!"

Der Feuhrer turned on his heel and took three long strides over to his private bookshelf. His effeminate fingers quickly removed all volumes of Marvel comics, and he carried them to the table. "Ve must hev der VORST, ROTTENEST, MEANEST, SLIMIEST KILLER in America to get Human Torch und Sub-Mariner out of the vay vor us! He must truly be a man worthy of any vone of us!"

"Ja-ja," chorused Goering, Goebbels and Von Ribbentrop!

The pages were swiftly scanned by four pairs of treacherous eyes. Suddenly four fingers pointed forth into one of the books, and four hoarse voices called out: "The Python! The PYTHON! Dot is surely der man for us!"

"THE PYTHON," said Hitler, "is positively der vorst villain in history! He iss just der man to do der job! He iss now in Alcatraz prison! Ve must set him free—if ve need a whole army und navy to do it!"

Goering jumped out of his seat! He gave the Nazi salute to no one in particular, then screamed: "Und vonce der Python iss out of Alcatraz—he vill get der Human Torch und Sub-Mariner out of der vay IN ORDER VOR US TO INVADE AMERICA! Heil Hitler!"

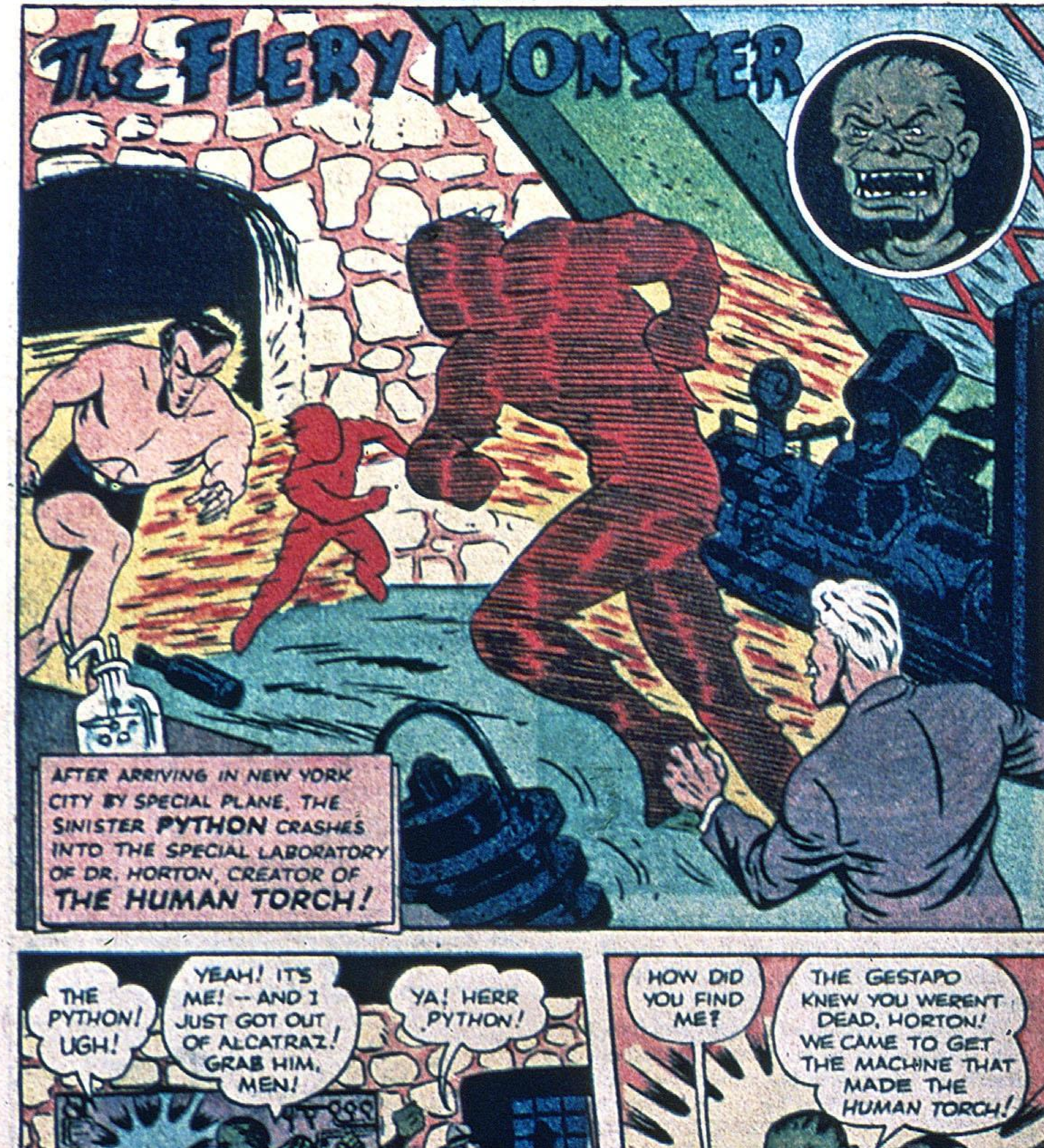
DER FEUHRER SAT on the edge of the table and looked at Goering. "You, Goering, vill plan der escape. Attack by land und sea. If you fail—you know vot vill happen to you! If you are successful—I vill giff you, Goebbels und Von Ribbentrop der vone hundred und sixty-second story of der Empire State Building ven ve capture New York—soon!"

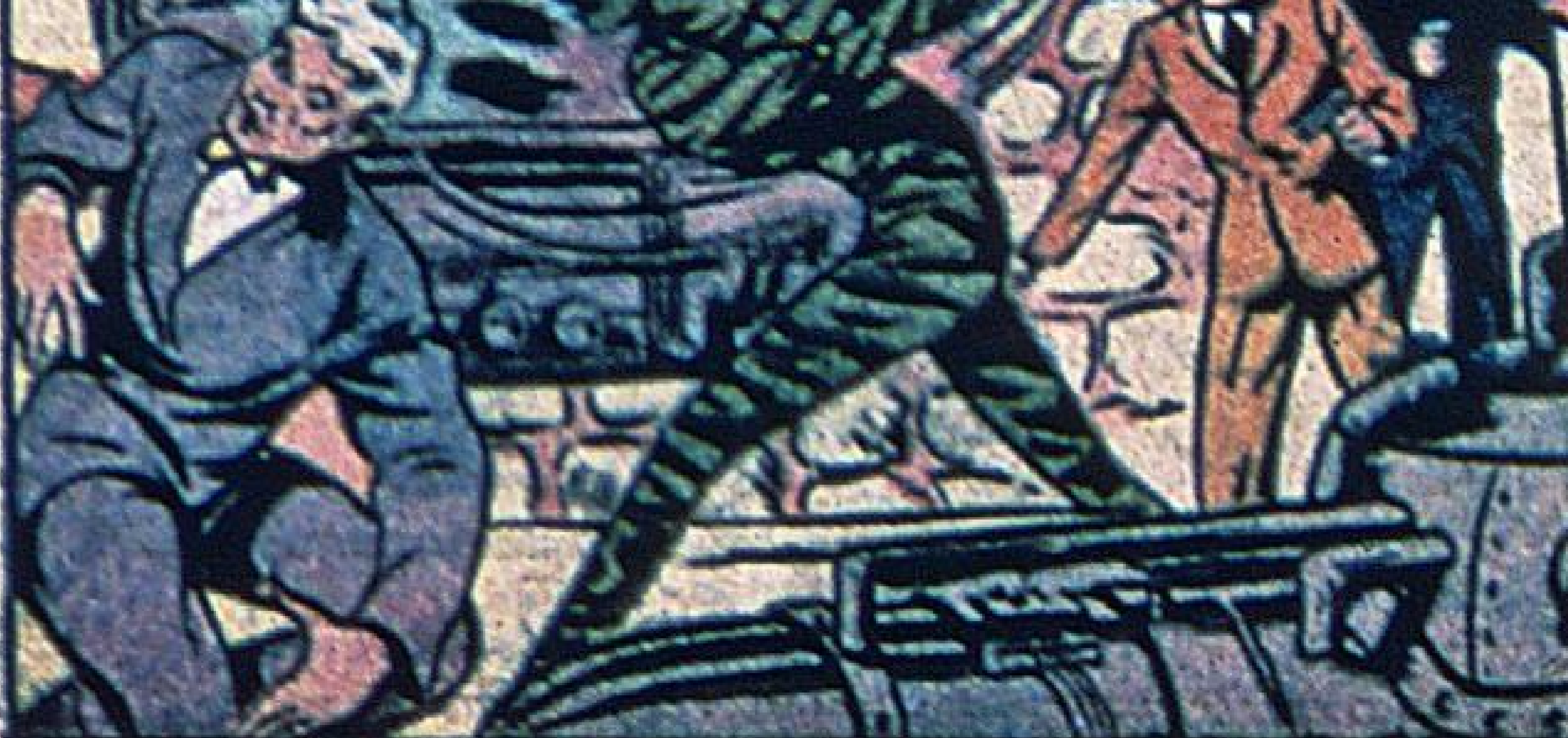
The three high Nazis leaped up and heiled their leader. "Ah, dot iss a vonderful present! Ve vill do our super-best! Ja! Der hundred und sixty-second story of der Empire State Building!" They turned and goose-stepped out of the room.

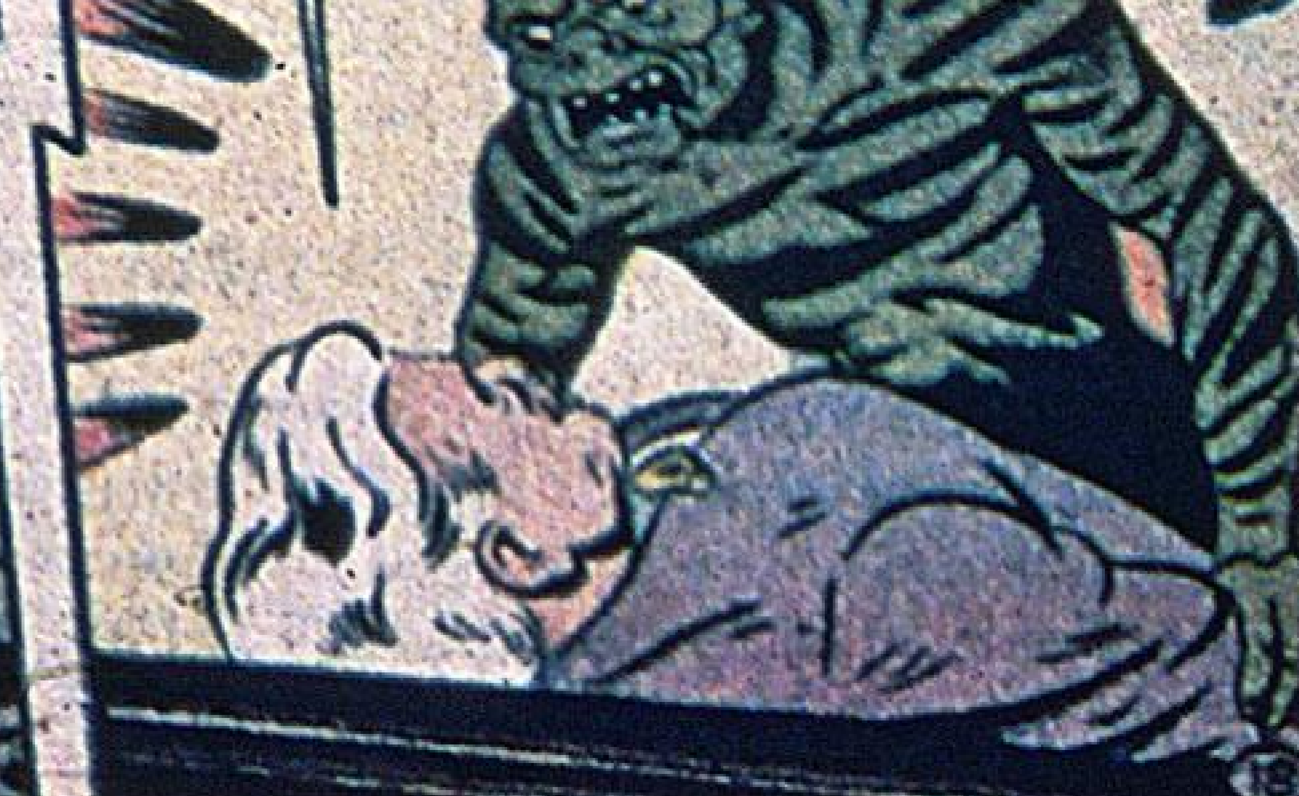
HITLER WATCHED AFTER THEM for a brief minute, then walked into his bedroom, picked up some *ersatz* cologne and, as he sprayed the delicate fragrance over his coat lapels and under his arms, muttered: "Ha! If those dopes only knew that the Empire State Building does NOT have any vone hundred and sixty-second story!"

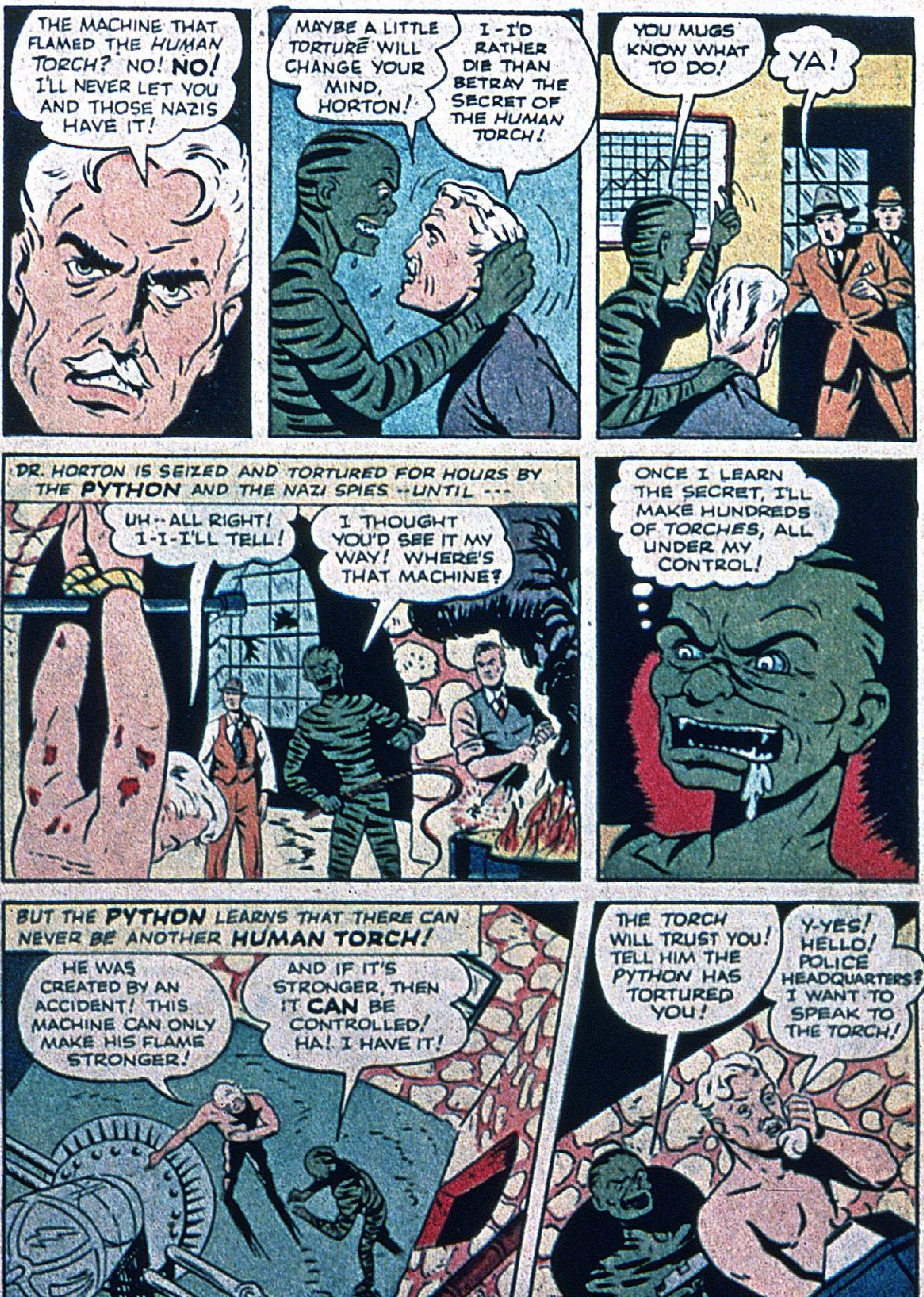
(NOW TURN THE PAGE . . .)

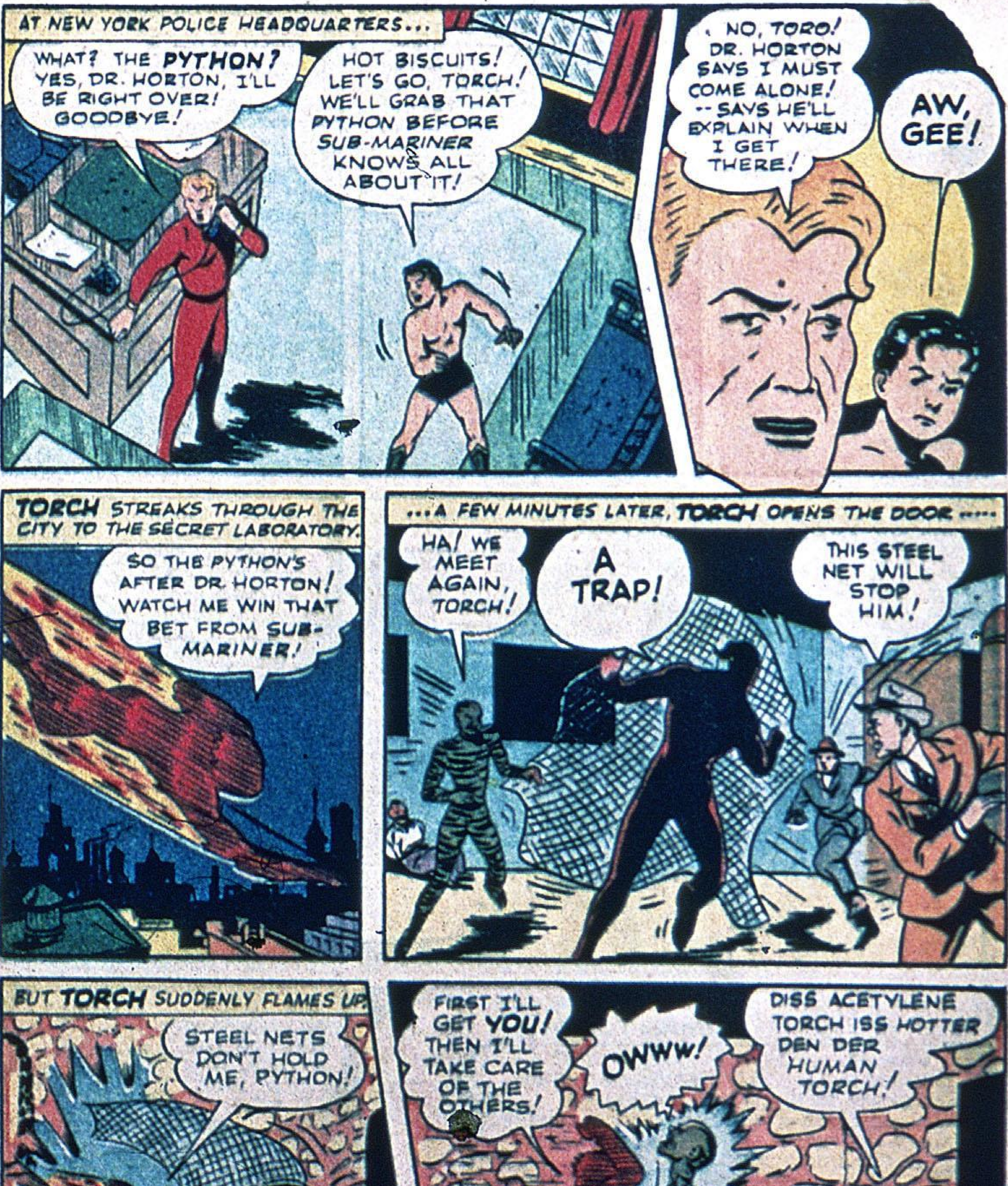
CHAPTER 3 OF HUMAN TORCH vs. SUB-MARINER

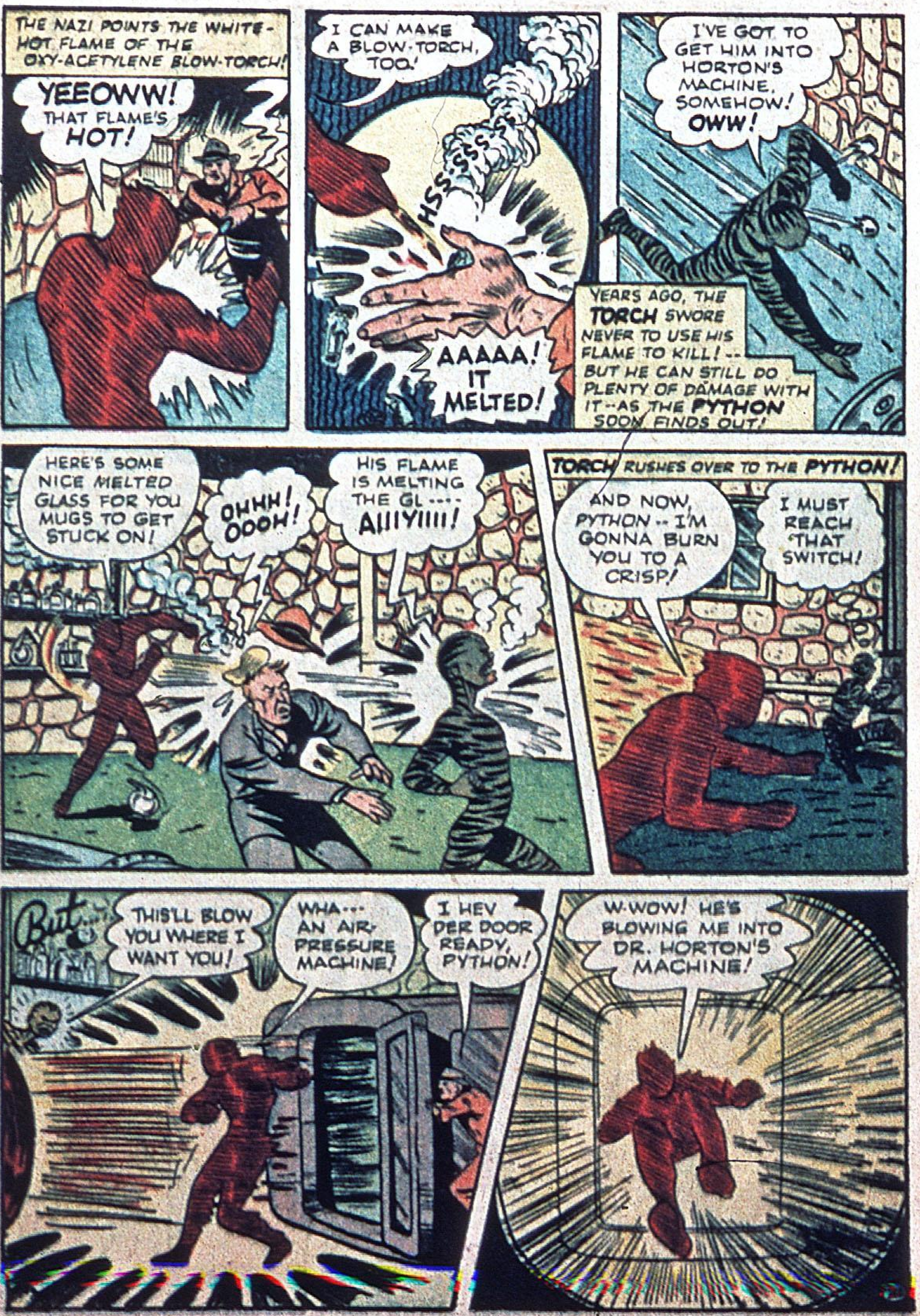

The Fiery Monster
AFTER ARRIVING IN NEW YORK CITY BY SPECIAL PLANE, THE SINISTER PYTHON CRASHES INTO THE SPECIAL LABORATORY OF DR. HORTON, CREATOR OF THE HUMAN TORCH!

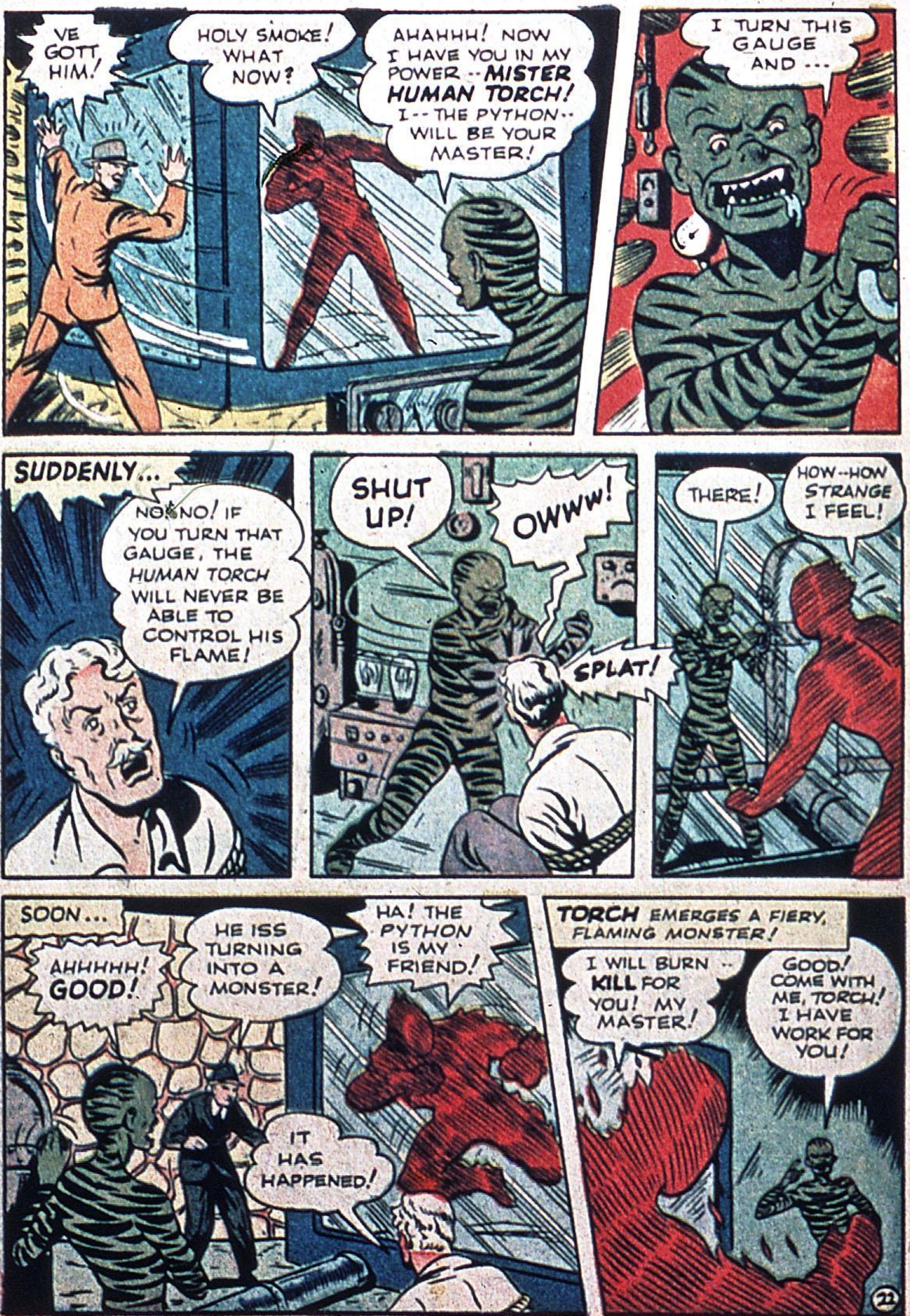

THE PYTHON! UGH!
YEAH! IT'S ME! -- AND I JUST GOT OUT OF ALCATRAZ! GRAB HIM, MEN!
YA! HERR PYTHON!

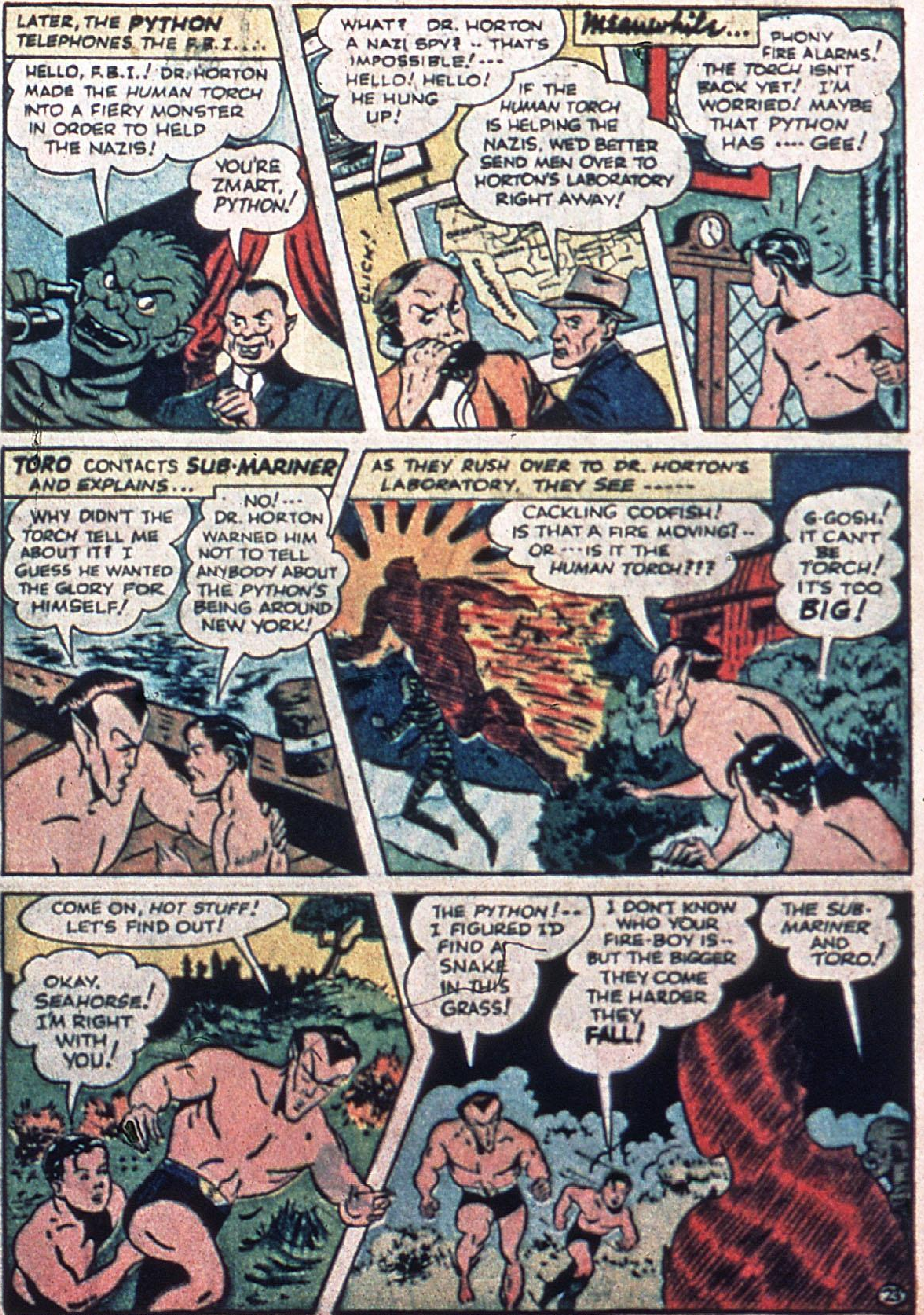

HOW DID YOU FIND ME?
THE GESTAPO KNEW YOU WERENT DEAD, HORTON! WE CAME TO GET THE MACHINE THAT MADE THE HUMAN TORCH!

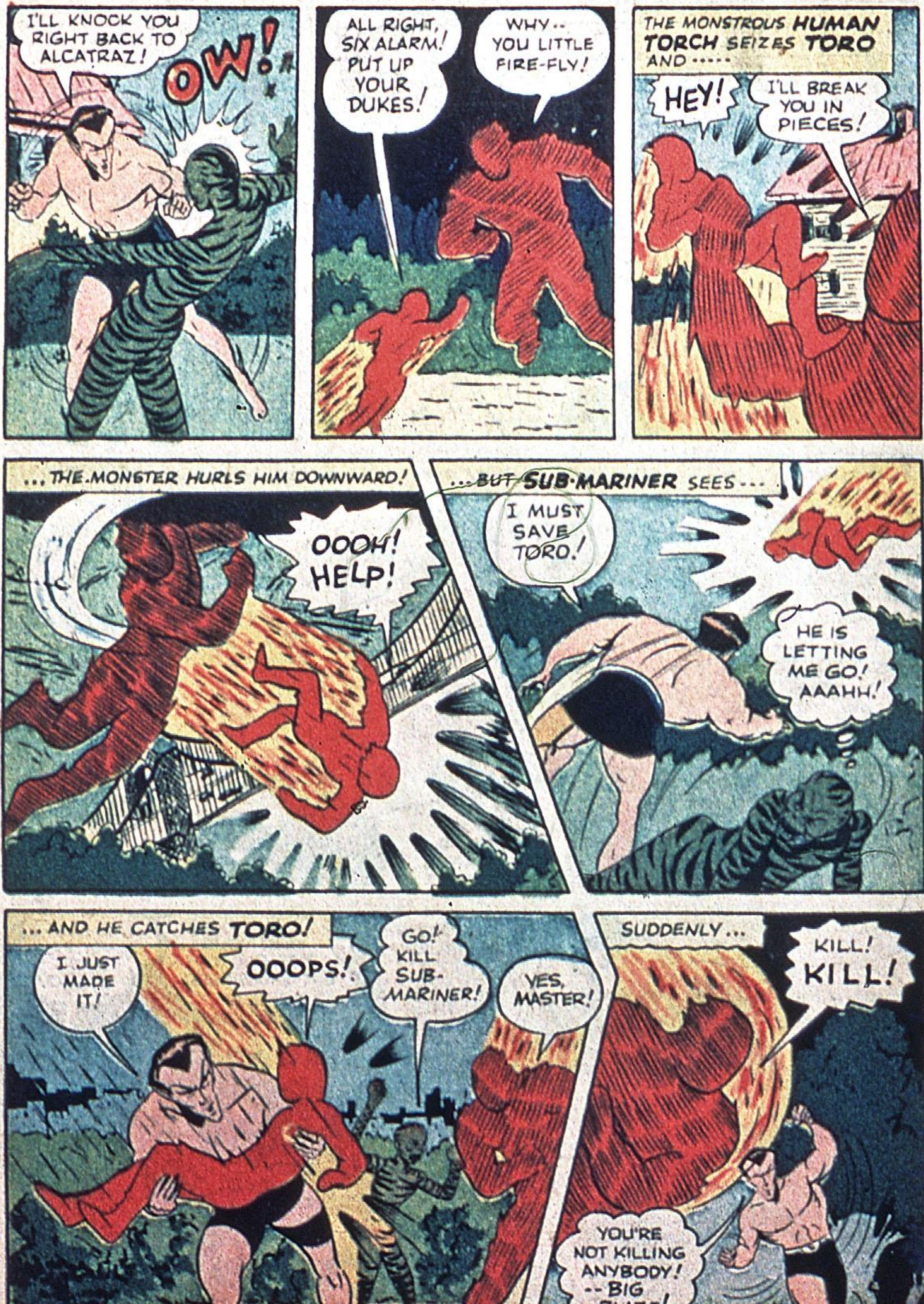

THE MACHINE THAT FLAMED THE *HUMAN TORCH*? NO! **NO!** I'LL NEVER LET YOU AND THOSE NAZIS HAVE IT!
MAYBE A LITTLE *TORTURE* WILL CHANGE YOUR MIND, HORTON!
I-I'D RATHER DIE THAN BETRAY THE SECRET OF THE *HUMAN TORCH*!
YOU MUGS KNOW WHAT TO DO!
YA!
DR. HORTON IS SEIZED AND TORTURED FOR HOURS BY THE **PYTHON** AND THE NAZI SPIES --UNTIL ---
UH--ALL RIGHT! I-I-I'LL TELL!
I THOUGHT YOU'D SEE IT MY WAY! WHERE'S THAT MACHINE?
ONCE I LEARN THE SECRET, I'LL MAKE HUNDREDS OF *TORCHES*, ALL UNDER MY CONTROL!
BUT THE **PYTHON** LEARNS THAT THERE CAN NEVER BE ANOTHER **HUMAN TORCH**!
HE WAS CREATED BY AN ACCIDENT! THIS MACHINE CAN ONLY MAKE HIS FLAME STRONGER!
AND IF IT'S STRONGER, THEN IT **CAN** BE CONTROLLED! HA! I HAVE IT!
THE *TORCH* WILL TRUST YOU! TELL HIM THE *PYTHON* HAS TORTURED YOU!
Y-YES! HELLO! POLICE HEADQUARTERS? I WANT TO SPEAK TO THE *TORCH*!

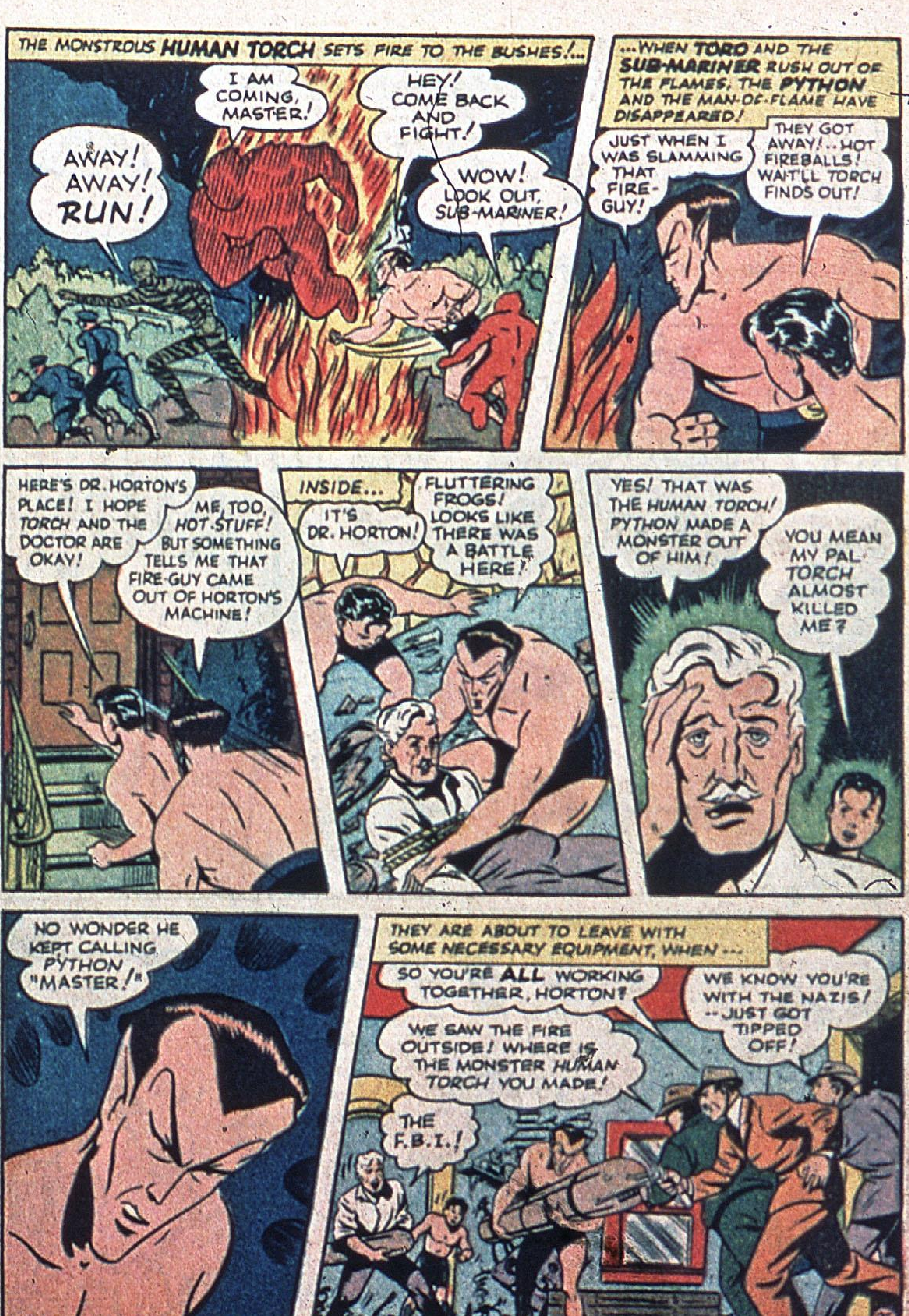

AT NEW YORK POLICE HEADQUARTERS...
WHAT? THE PYTHON? YES, DR. HORTON, I'LL BE RIGHT OVER! GOODBYE!
HOT BISCUITS! LET'S GO, TORCH! WE'LL GRAB THAT PYTHON BEFORE SUB-MARINER KNOWS ALL ABOUT IT!
NO, TORO! DR. HORTON SAYS I MUST COME ALONE! -- SAYS HE'LL EXPLAIN WHEN I GET THERE!
AW, GEE!
TORCH STREAKS THROUGH THE CITY TO THE SECRET LABORATORY.
SO THE PYTHON'S AFTER DR. HORTON! WATCH ME WIN THAT BET FROM SUB-MARINER!
...A FEW MINUTES LATER, TORCH OPENS THE DOOR .....
HA! WE MEET AGAIN, TORCH!
A TRAP!
THIS STEEL NET WILL STOP HIM!
BUT TORCH SUDDENLY FLAMES UP.
STEEL NETS DON'T HOLD ME, PYTHON!
FIRST I'LL GET YOU! THEN I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE OTHERS!
OWWW!
DISS ACETYLENE TORCH ISS HOTTER DEN DER HUMAN TORCH!


THE NAZI POINTS THE WHITE-HOT FLAME OF THE OXY-ACETYLENE BLOW-TORCH!
YEEOWW! THAT FLAME'S HOT!
I CAN MAKE A BLOW-TORCH, TOO!
HSS-SSSS
AAAAA! IT MELTED!
I'VE GOT TO GET HIM INTO HORTON'S MACHINE, SOMEHOW! OWW!
YEARS AGO, THE TORCH SWORE NEVER TO USE HIS FLAME TO KILL! -- BUT HE CAN STILL DO PLENTY OF DAMAGE WITH IT -- AS THE PYTHON SOON FINDS OUT!
HERE'S SOME NICE MELTED GLASS FOR YOU MUGS TO GET STUCK ON!
OHHH! OOOH!
HIS FLAME IS MELTING THE GL ---- AIIIYIIII!
TORCH RUSHES OVER TO THE PYTHON!
AND NOW, PYTHON -- I'M GONNA BURN YOU TO A CRISP!
I MUST REACH THAT SWITCH!
But...
THIS'LL BLOW YOU WHERE I WANT YOU!
WHA --- AN AIR-PRESSURE MACHINE!
I HEV DER DOOR READY, PYTHON!
W-WOW! HE'S BLOWING ME INTO DR. HORTON'S MACHINE!

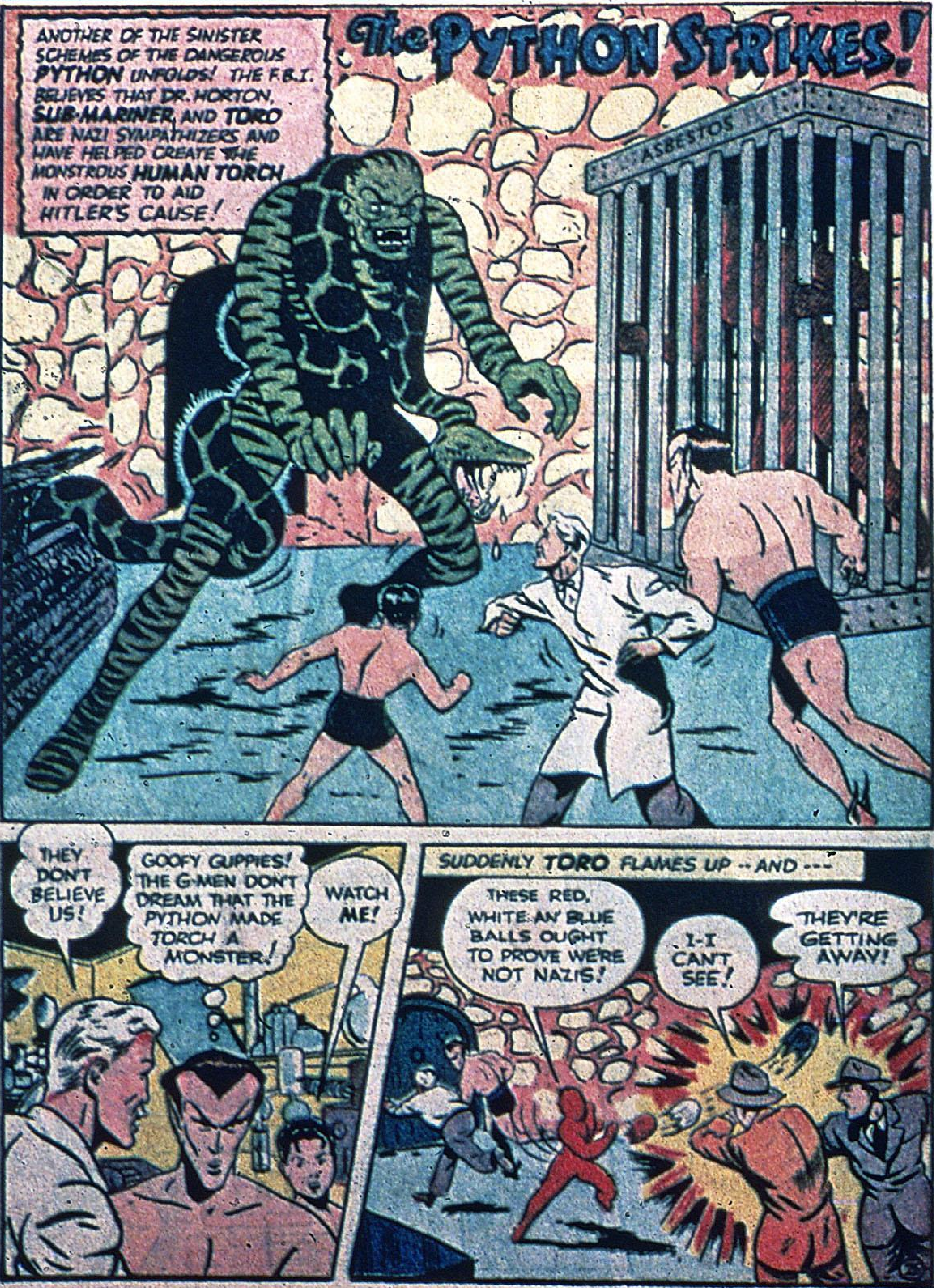

VE GOTT HIM!
HOLY SMOKE! WHAT NOW?
AHAHHH! NOW I HAVE YOU IN MY POWER --**MISTER HUMAN TORCH!** I--THE PYTHON-- WILL BE YOUR MASTER!
I TURN THIS GAUGE AND ...
SUDDENLY...
NO-NO! IF YOU TURN THAT GAUGE, THE *HUMAN TORCH* WILL NEVER BE ABLE TO CONTROL HIS FLAME!
SHUT UP!
OWWW!
SPLAT!
THERE!
HOW--HOW *STRANGE* I FEEL!
SOON...
AHHHHH! **GOOD!**
HE ISS TURNING INTO A MONSTER!
HA! THE *PYTHON* IS MY FRIEND!
IT HAS HAPPENED!
TORCH EMERGES A FIERY, FLAMING MONSTER!
I WILL BURN -- **KILL** FOR YOU! MY MASTER!
GOOD! COME WITH ME, *TORCH!* I HAVE WORK FOR YOU!

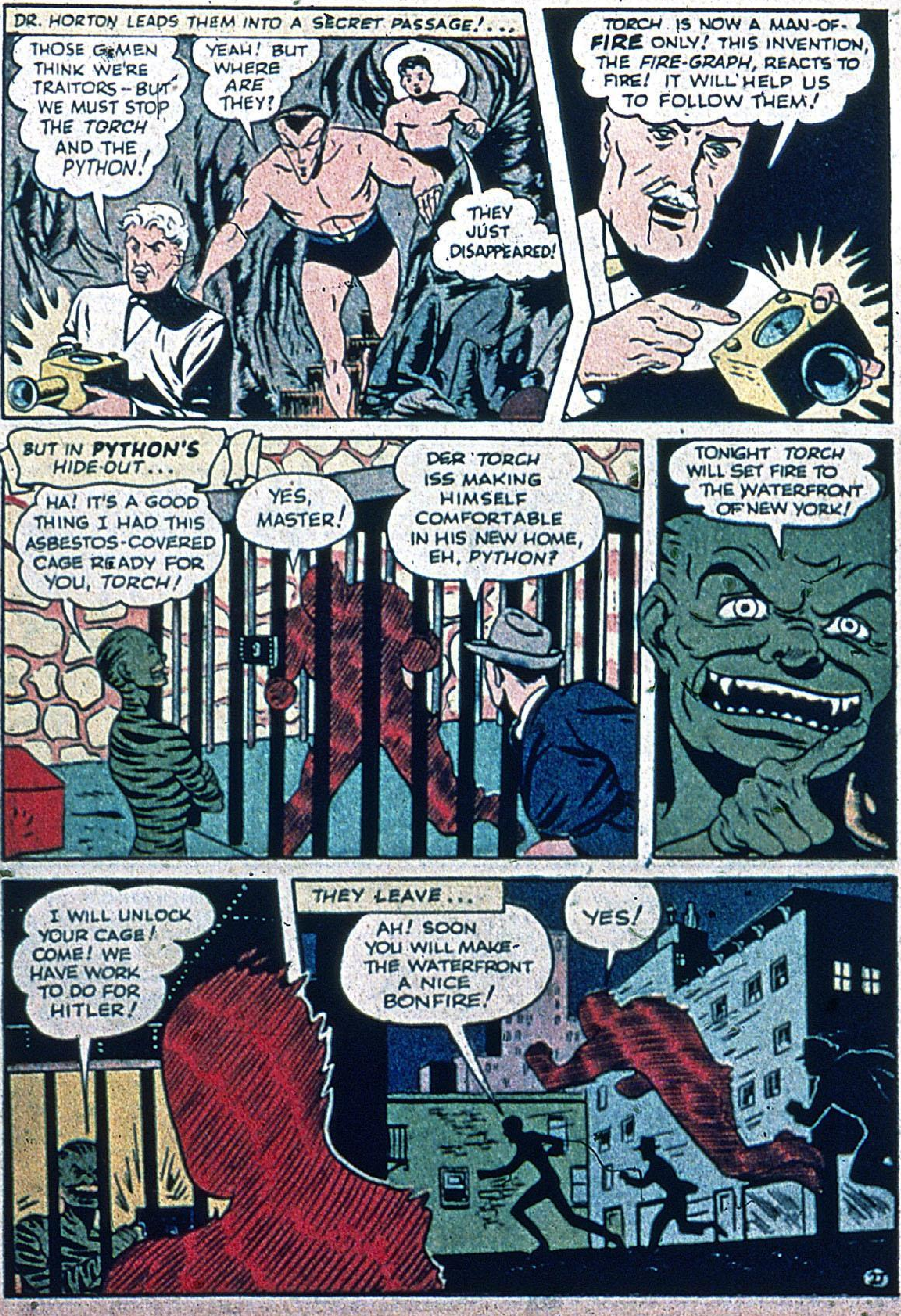

LATER, THE PYTHON TELEPHONES THE F.B.I....
HELLO, F.B.I.! DR. HORTON MADE THE HUMAN TORCH INTO A FIERY MONSTER IN ORDER TO HELP THE NAZIS!
YOU'RE ZMART, PYTHON!
WHAT? DR. HORTON A NAZI SPY? -- THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! --- HELLO! HELLO! HE HUNG UP!
CLICK!
IF THE HUMAN TORCH IS HELPING THE NAZIS, WE'D BETTER SEND MEN OVER TO HORTON'S LABORATORY RIGHT AWAY!
Meanwhile...
PHONY FIRE ALARMS! THE TORCH ISN'T BACK YET! I'M WORRIED! MAYBE THAT PYTHON HAS .... GEE!
TORO CONTACTS SUB-MARINER AND EXPLAINS...
WHY DIDN'T THE TORCH TELL ME ABOUT IT? I GUESS HE WANTED THE GLORY FOR HIMSELF!
NO! ... DR. HORTON WARNED HIM NOT TO TELL ANYBODY ABOUT THE PYTHON'S BEING AROUND NEW YORK!
AS THEY RUSH OVER TO DR. HORTON'S LABORATORY, THEY SEE -----
CACKLING CODFISH! IS THAT A FIRE MOVING? -- OR --- IS IT THE HUMAN TORCH???
G-GOSH! IT CAN'T BE TORCH! IT'S TOO BIG!
COME ON, HOT STUFF! LET'S FIND OUT!
OKAY, SEAHORSE! I'M RIGHT WITH YOU!
THE PYTHON! -- I FIGURED I'D FIND A SNAKE IN THIS GRASS!
I DON'T KNOW WHO YOUR FIRE-BOY IS -- BUT THE BIGGER THEY COME THE HARDER THEY FALL!
THE SUB-MARINER AND TORO!

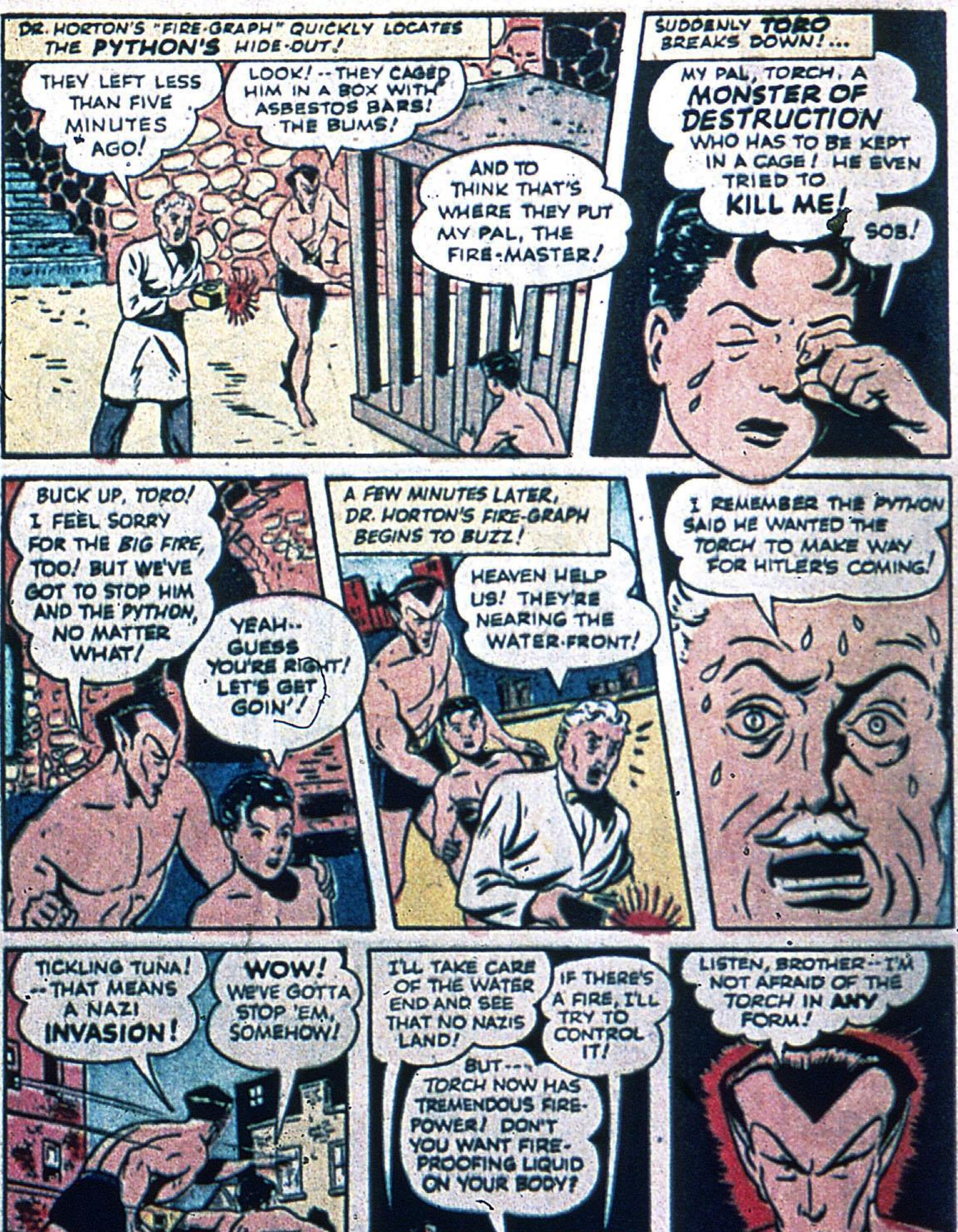

I'LL KNOCK YOU RIGHT BACK TO ALCATRAZ!
OW!
ALL RIGHT, SIX ALARM! PUT UP YOUR DUKES!
WHY.. YOU LITTLE FIRE-FLY!
THE MONSTROUS HUMAN TORCH SEIZES TORO AND.....
HEY!
I'LL BREAK YOU IN PIECES!
...THE MONSTER HURLS HIM DOWNWARD!
OOOH! HELP!
...BUT SUB-MARINER SEES...
I MUST SAVE TORO!
HE IS LETTING ME GO! AAAHH!
...AND HE CATCHES TORO!
I JUST MADE IT!
OOOPS!
GO! KILL SUB-MARINER!
YES, MASTER!
SUDDENLY...
KILL! KILL!
YOU'RE NOT KILLING ANYBODY! --BIG BLAZE!
24

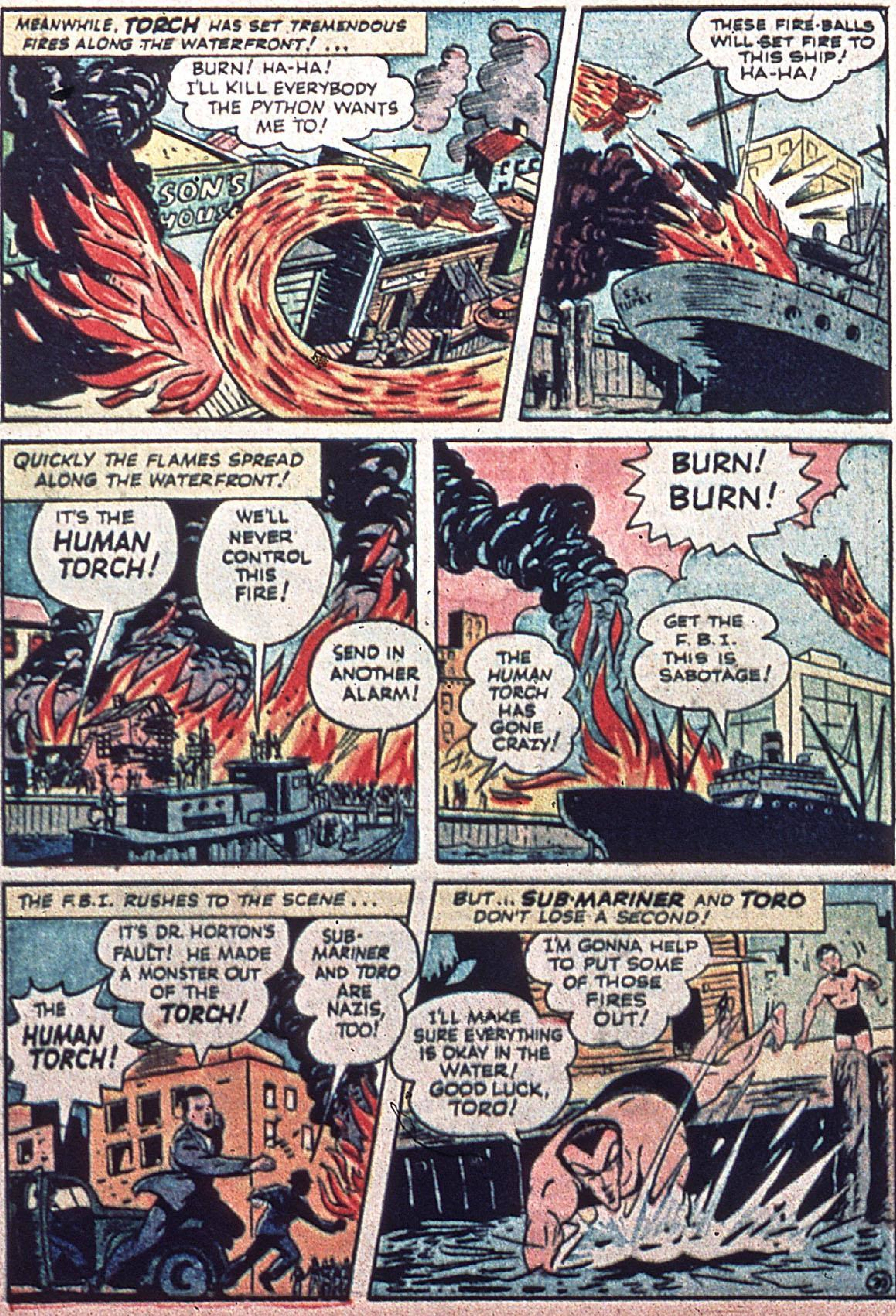

THE MONSTROUS HUMAN TORCH SETS FIRE TO THE BUSHES!...
I AM COMING, MASTER!
HEY! COME BACK AND FIGHT!
AWAY! AWAY! RUN!
WOW! LOOK OUT, SUB-MARINER!
...WHEN TORO AND THE SUB-MARINER RUSH OUT OF THE FLAMES, THE PYTHON AND THE MAN-OF-FLAME HAVE DISAPPEARED!
JUST WHEN I WAS SLAMMING THAT FIRE-GUY!
THEY GOT AWAY!..HOT FIREBALLS! WAIT'LL TORCH FINDS OUT!
HERE'S DR. HORTON'S PLACE! I HOPE TORCH AND THE DOCTOR ARE OKAY!
ME, TOO, HOT-STUFF! BUT SOMETHING TELLS ME THAT FIRE-GUY CAME OUT OF HORTON'S MACHINE!
INSIDE...
IT'S DR. HORTON!
FLUTTERING FROGS! LOOKS LIKE THERE WAS A BATTLE HERE!
YES! THAT WAS THE HUMAN TORCH! PYTHON MADE A MONSTER OUT OF HIM!
YOU MEAN MY PAL TORCH ALMOST KILLED ME?
NO WONDER HE KEPT CALLING PYTHON "MASTER!"
THEY ARE ABOUT TO LEAVE WITH SOME NECESSARY EQUIPMENT, WHEN ...
SO YOU'RE ALL WORKING TOGETHER, HORTON?
WE KNOW YOU'RE WITH THE NAZIS! --JUST GOT TIPPED OFF!
WE SAW THE FIRE OUTSIDE! WHERE IS THE MONSTER HUMAN TORCH YOU MADE!
THE F.B.I.!

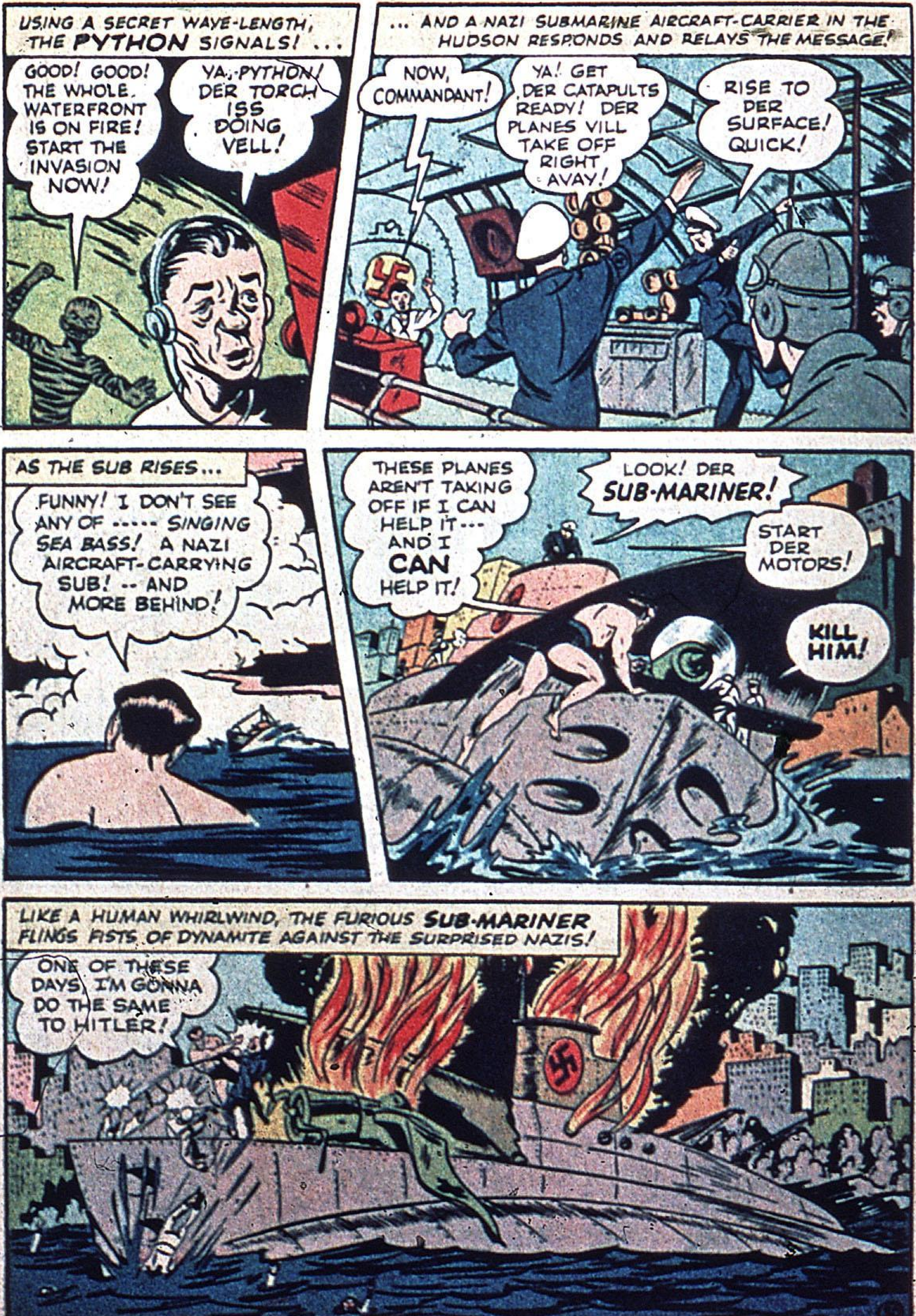
CHAPTER 4 OF HUMAN TORCH vs. SUB-MARINER

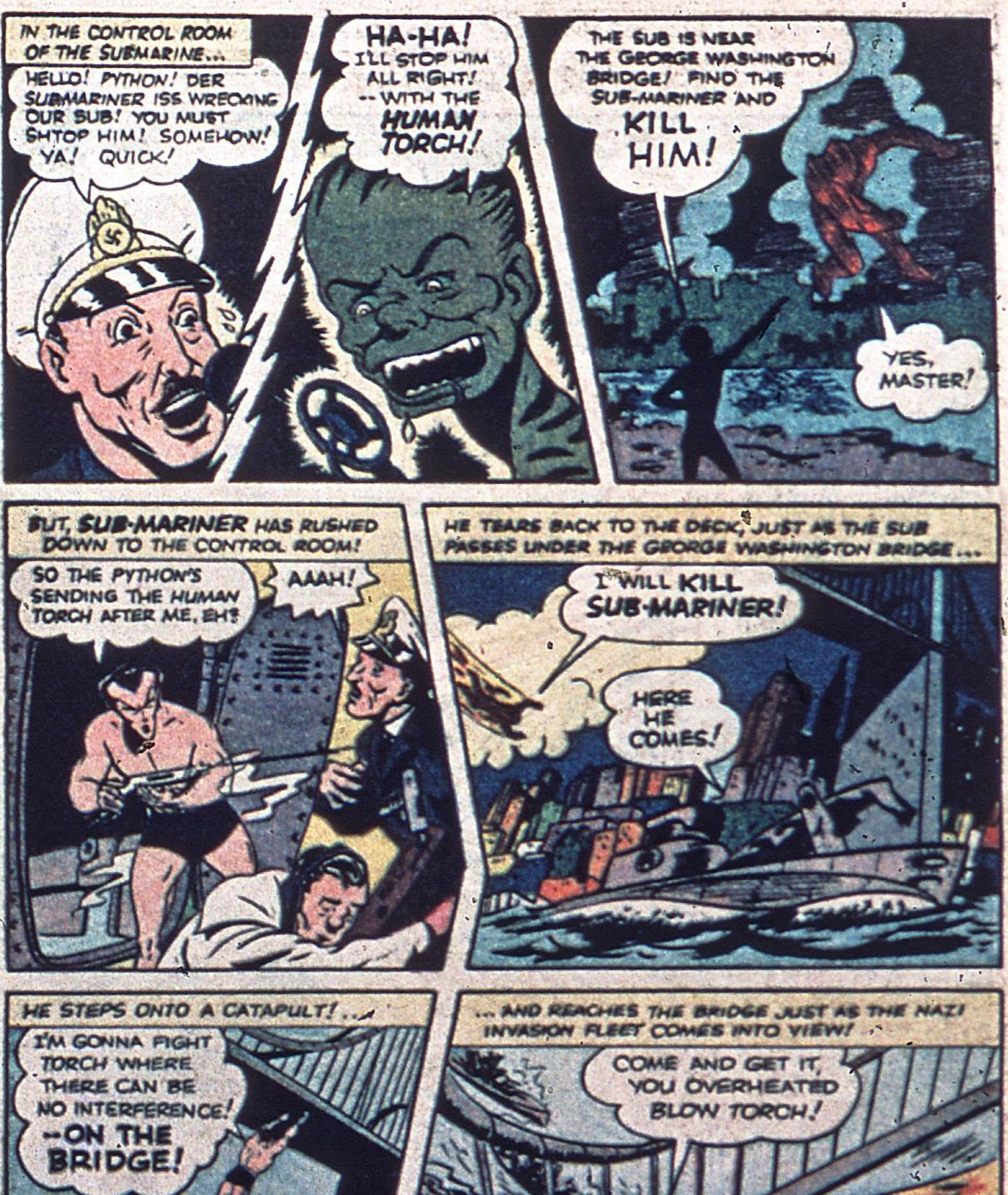

The PYTHON STRIKES!
ANOTHER OF THE SINISTER SCHEMES OF THE DANGEROUS PYTHON UNFOLDS! THE F.B.I. BELIEVES THAT DR. HORTON, SUB-MARINER, AND TORO ARE NAZI SYMPATHIZERS AND HAVE HELPED CREATE THE MONSTROUS HUMAN TORCH IN ORDER TO AID HITLER'S CAUSE!
ASBESTOS
THEY DON'T BELIEVE US!
GOOFY GUPPIES! THE G-MEN DON'T DREAM THAT THE PYTHON MADE TORCH A MONSTER!
WATCH ME!
SUDDENLY TORO FLAMES UP -- AND ---
THESE RED, WHITE AN' BLUE BALLS OUGHT TO PROVE WE'RE NOT NAZIS!
I-I CAN'T SEE!
THEY'RE GETTING AWAY!


DR. HORTON LEADS THEM INTO A SECRET PASSAGE!...
THOSE G-MEN THINK WE'RE TRAITORS--BUT WE MUST STOP THE *TORCH* AND THE *PYTHON!*
YEAH! BUT WHERE ARE THEY?
THEY JUST DISAPPEARED!
TORCH IS NOW A MAN-OF-**FIRE** ONLY! THIS INVENTION, THE *FIRE-GRAPH*, REACTS TO FIRE! IT WILL HELP US TO FOLLOW THEM!
BUT IN **PYTHON'S** HIDE-OUT...
HA! IT'S A GOOD THING I HAD THIS ASBESTOS-COVERED CAGE READY FOR YOU, *TORCH!*
YES, MASTER!
DER *TORCH* ISS MAKING HIMSELF COMFORTABLE IN HIS NEW HOME, EH, *PYTHON?*
TONIGHT *TORCH* WILL SET FIRE TO THE WATERFRONT OF NEW YORK!
I WILL UNLOCK YOUR CAGE! COME! WE HAVE WORK TO DO FOR HITLER!
THEY LEAVE...
AH! SOON YOU WILL MAKE THE WATERFRONT A NICE BONFIRE!
YES!


DR. HORTON'S "FIRE-GRAPH" QUICKLY LOCATES THE PYTHON'S HIDE-OUT!
THEY LEFT LESS THAN FIVE MINUTES AGO!
LOOK! --THEY CAGED HIM IN A BOX WITH ASBESTOS BARS! THE BUMS!
AND TO THINK THAT'S WHERE THEY PUT MY PAL, THE FIRE-MASTER!
SUDDENLY TORO BREAKS DOWN!...
MY PAL, TORCH, A MONSTER OF DESTRUCTION WHO HAS TO BE KEPT IN A CAGE! HE EVEN TRIED TO KILL ME!
SOB!
BUCK UP, TORO! I FEEL SORRY FOR THE BIG FIRE, TOO! BUT WE'VE GOT TO STOP HIM AND THE PYTHON, NO MATTER WHAT!
YEAH-- GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT! LET'S GET GOIN'!
A FEW MINUTES LATER, DR. HORTON'S FIRE-GRAPH BEGINS TO BUZZ!
HEAVEN HELP US! THEY'RE NEARING THE WATER-FRONT!
I REMEMBER THE PYTHON SAID HE WANTED THE TORCH TO MAKE WAY FOR HITLER'S COMING!
TICKLING TUNA! --THAT MEANS A NAZI INVASION!
WOW! WE'VE GOTTA STOP 'EM, SOMEHOW!
I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE WATER END AND SEE THAT NO NAZIS LAND!
IF THERE'S A FIRE, I'LL TRY TO CONTROL IT!
BUT--- TORCH NOW HAS TREMENDOUS FIRE-POWER! DON'T YOU WANT FIRE-PROOFING LIQUID ON YOUR BODY?
LISTEN, BROTHER--I'M NOT AFRAID OF THE TORCH IN ANY FORM!


MEANWHILE, TORCH HAS SET TREMENDOUS FIRES ALONG THE WATERFRONT! ...
BURN! HA-HA! I'LL KILL EVERYBODY THE PYTHON WANTS ME TO!
SON'S
HOUS
THESE FIRE-BALLS WILL SET FIRE TO THIS SHIP! HA-HA!
QUICKLY THE FLAMES SPREAD ALONG THE WATERFRONT!
IT'S THE HUMAN TORCH!
WE'LL NEVER CONTROL THIS FIRE!
SEND IN ANOTHER ALARM!
BURN! BURN!
THE HUMAN TORCH HAS GONE CRAZY!
GET THE F.B.I. THIS IS SABOTAGE!
THE F.B.I. RUSHES TO THE SCENE ...
THE HUMAN TORCH!
IT'S DR. HORTON'S FAULT! HE MADE A MONSTER OUT OF THE TORCH!
SUB-MARINER AND TORO ARE NAZIS, TOO!
BUT... SUB-MARINER AND TORO DON'T LOSE A SECOND!
I'M GONNA HELP TO PUT SOME OF THOSE FIRES OUT!
I'LL MAKE SURE EVERYTHING IS OKAY IN THE WATER! GOOD LUCK, TORO!


USING A SECRET WAVE-LENGTH, THE PYTHON SIGNALS! ...
GOOD! GOOD! THE WHOLE WATERFRONT IS ON FIRE! START THE INVASION NOW!
YA,-PYTHON! DER TORCH ISS DOING VELL!
... AND A NAZI SUBMARINE AIRCRAFT-CARRIER IN THE HUDSON RESPONDS AND RELAYS THE MESSAGE!
NOW, COMMANDANT!
YA! GET DER CATAPULTS READY! DER PLANES VILL TAKE OFF RIGHT AVAY!
RISE TO DER SURFACE! QUICK!
AS THE SUB RISES...
FUNNY! I DON'T SEE ANY OF ----- SINGING SEA BASS! A NAZI AIRCRAFT-CARRYING SUB! -- AND MORE BEHIND!
THESE PLANES AREN'T TAKING OFF IF I CAN HELP IT--- AND I CAN HELP IT!
LOOK! DER SUB-MARINER!
START DER MOTORS!
KILL HIM!
LIKE A HUMAN WHIRLWIND, THE FURIOUS SUB-MARINER FLINGS FISTS OF DYNAMITE AGAINST THE SURPRISED NAZIS!
ONE OF THESE DAYS, I'M GONNA DO THE SAME TO HITLER!

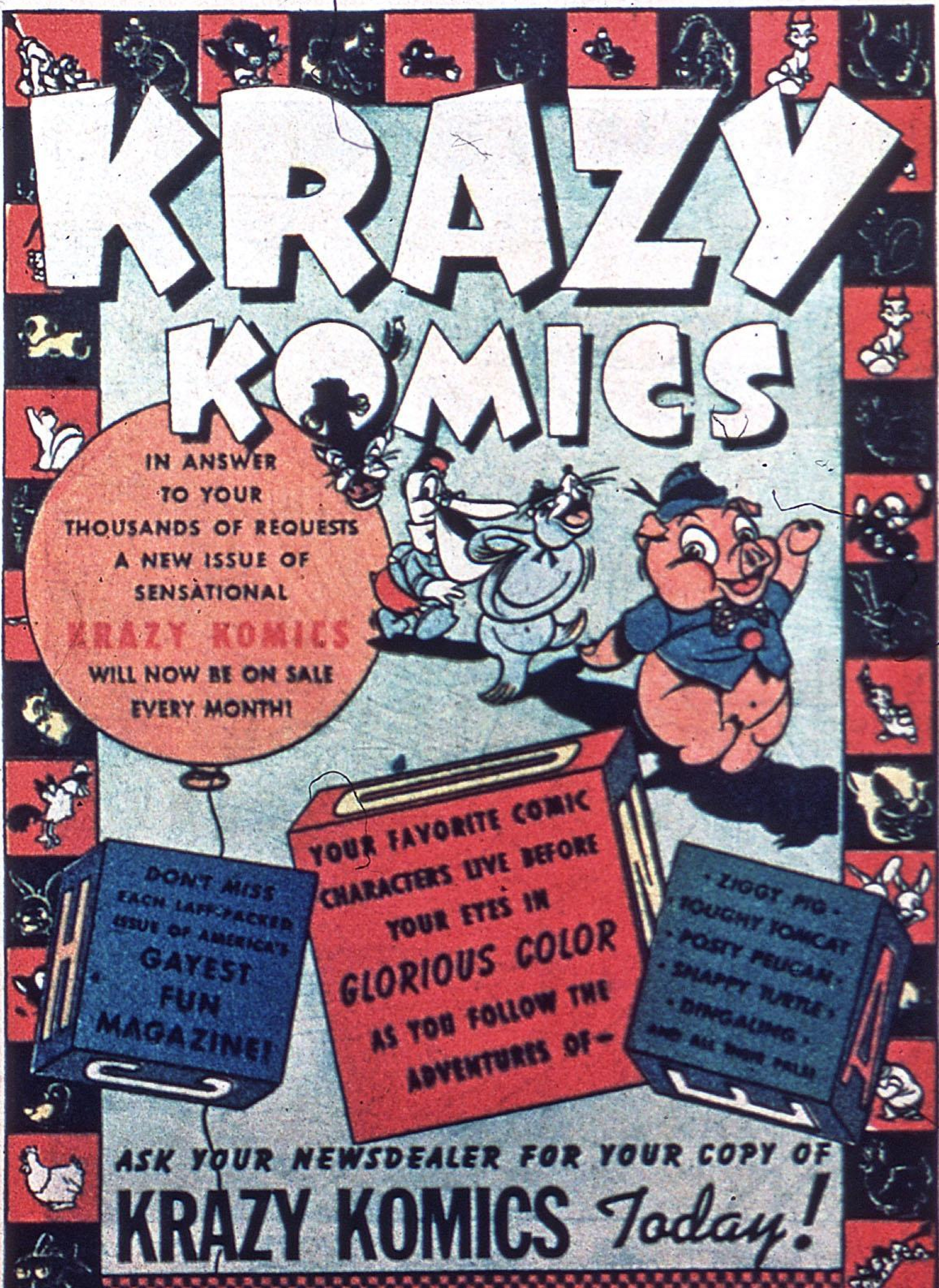

IN THE CONTROL ROOM OF THE SUBMARINE...
HELLO! PYTHON! DER SUBMARINER ISS WRECKING OUR SUB! YOU MUST SHTOP HIM! SOMEHOW! YA! QUICK!
HA-HA! I'LL STOP HIM ALL RIGHT! --WITH THE HUMAN TORCH!
THE SUB IS NEAR THE GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE! FIND THE SUB-MARINER AND KILL HIM!
YES, MASTER!
BUT, SUB-MARINER HAS RUSHED DOWN TO THE CONTROL ROOM!
SO THE PYTHON'S SENDING THE HUMAN TORCH AFTER ME, EH?
AAAH!
HE TEARS BACK TO THE DECK, JUST AS THE SUB PASSES UNDER THE GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE...
I WILL KILL SUB-MARINER!
HERE HE COMES!
HE STEPS ONTO A CATAPULT!...
I'M GONNA FIGHT TORCH WHERE THERE CAN BE NO INTERFERENCE! --ON THE BRIDGE!
...AND REACHES THE BRIDGE JUST AS THE NAZI INVASION FLEET COMES INTO VIEW!
COME AND GET IT, YOU OVERHEATED BLOW TORCH!
YOU'LL BE FRIED, - SUB-MACKEREL, WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH YOU!
5

AS THE POWERFUL SUBMARINES OF NAZIDOM STEAM DOWN THE HUDSON, THE MIGHTY AMERICAN DEFENDERS OF OUR EASTERN COAST OPEN THEIR SHORE BATTERIES! . . . .

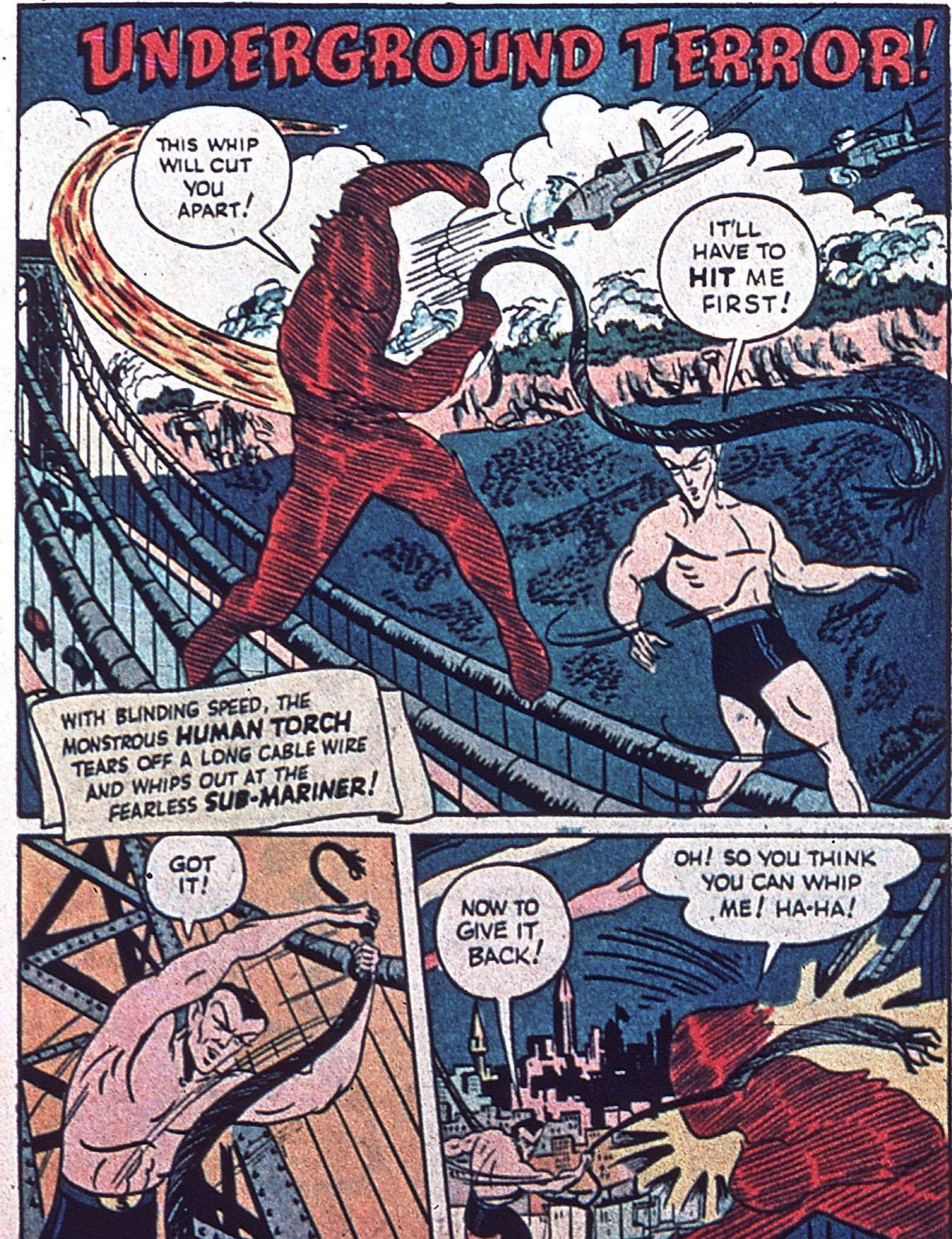
. . . SOON THE AIR BECOMES A VERITABLE **INFERNO** OF SOUND AND EXPLOSION -- OF GUN-BARKS FROM DEFENDER AND INVADER! . . . TRULY AN EPIC BATTLE IN HISTORY!

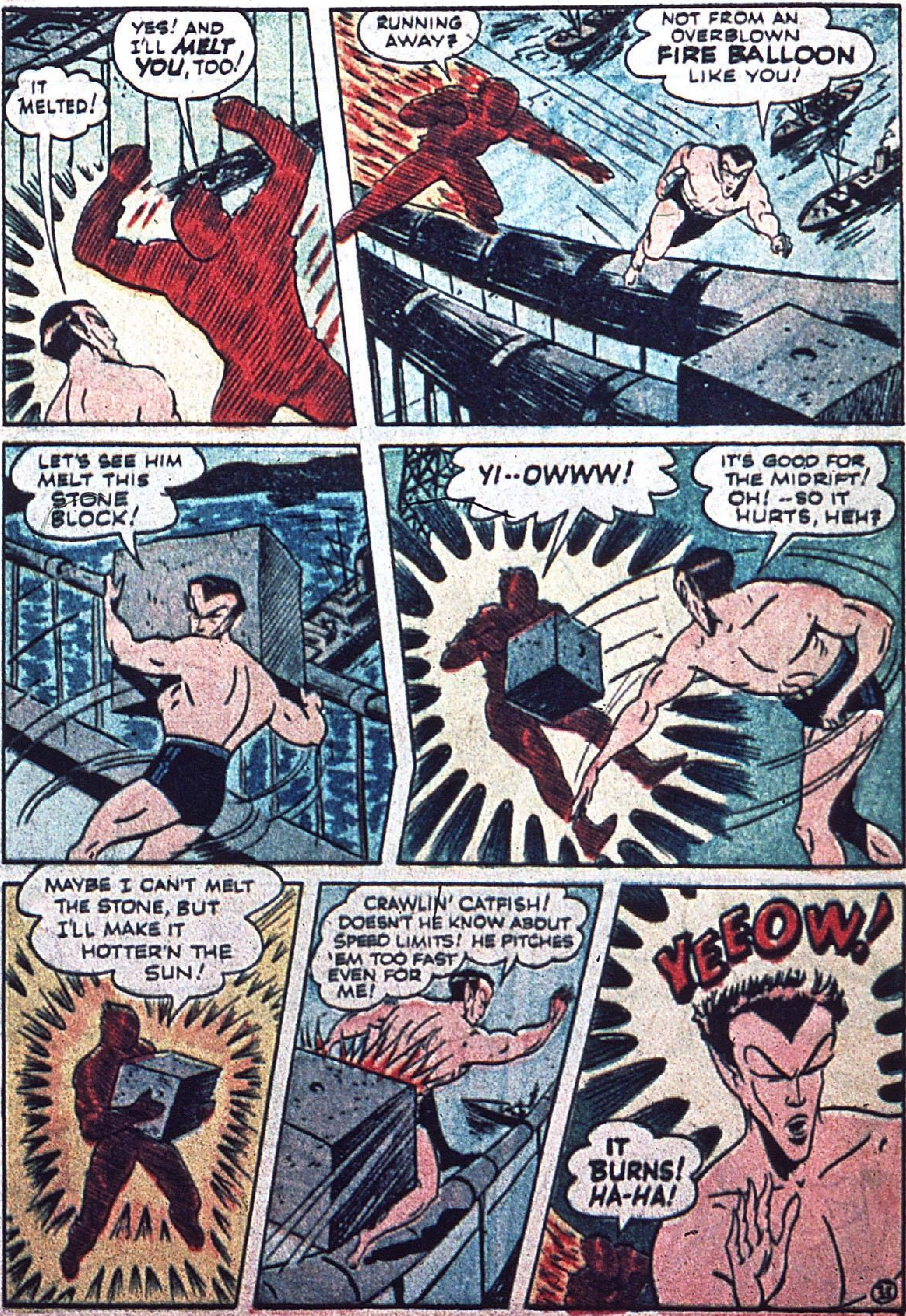
ON THE GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE -- HIGH ABOVE -- THERE IS ANOTHER EPIC BATTLE ABOUT TO BE FOUGHT! . . . IT IS THE BATTLE BETWEEN **FIRE** AND **WATER**! . . .

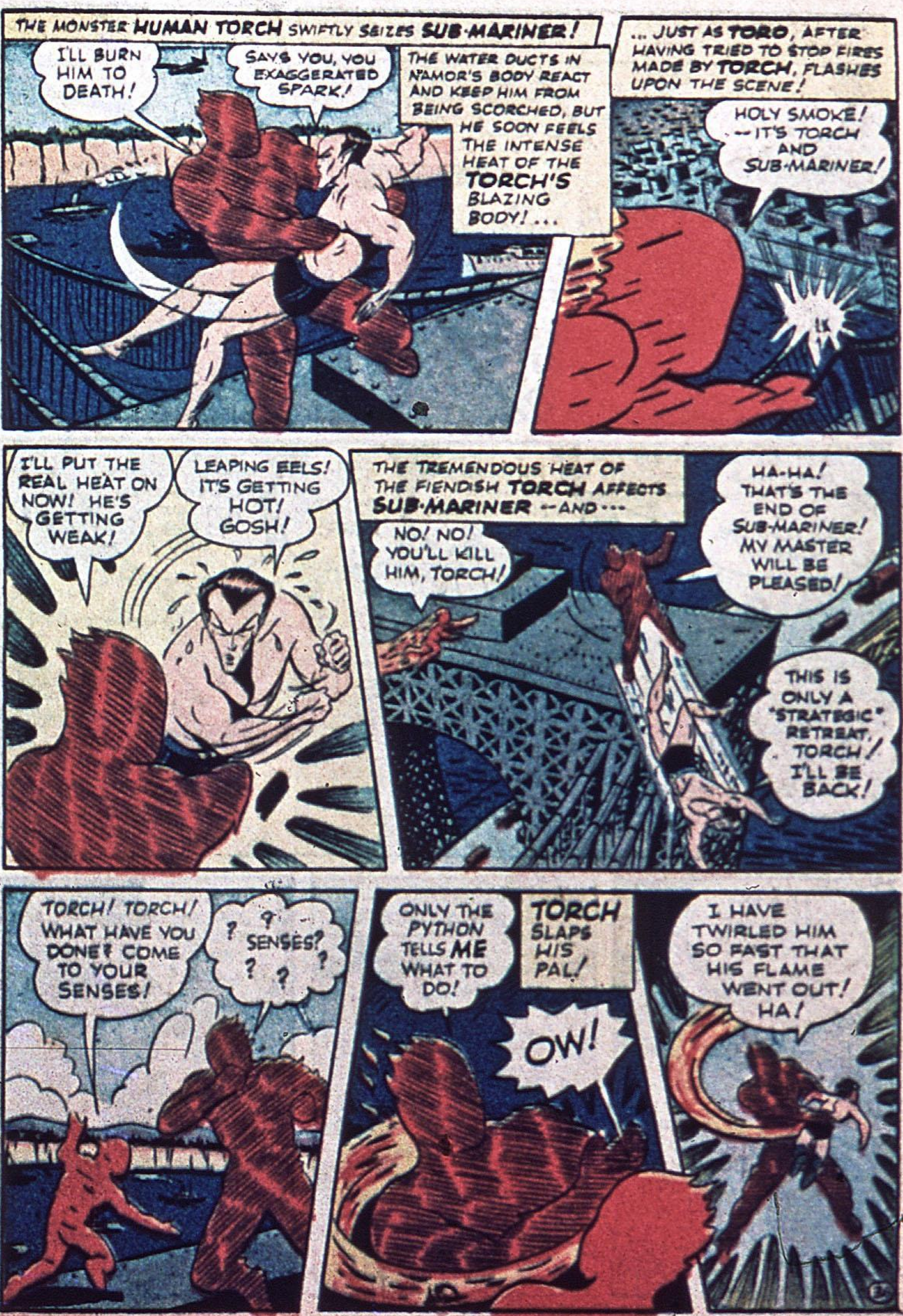
. . . THE **SUB-MARINER** VERSUS THE **PYTHON'S** MONSTROUS, HYPNOTIZED **HUMAN TORCH!**

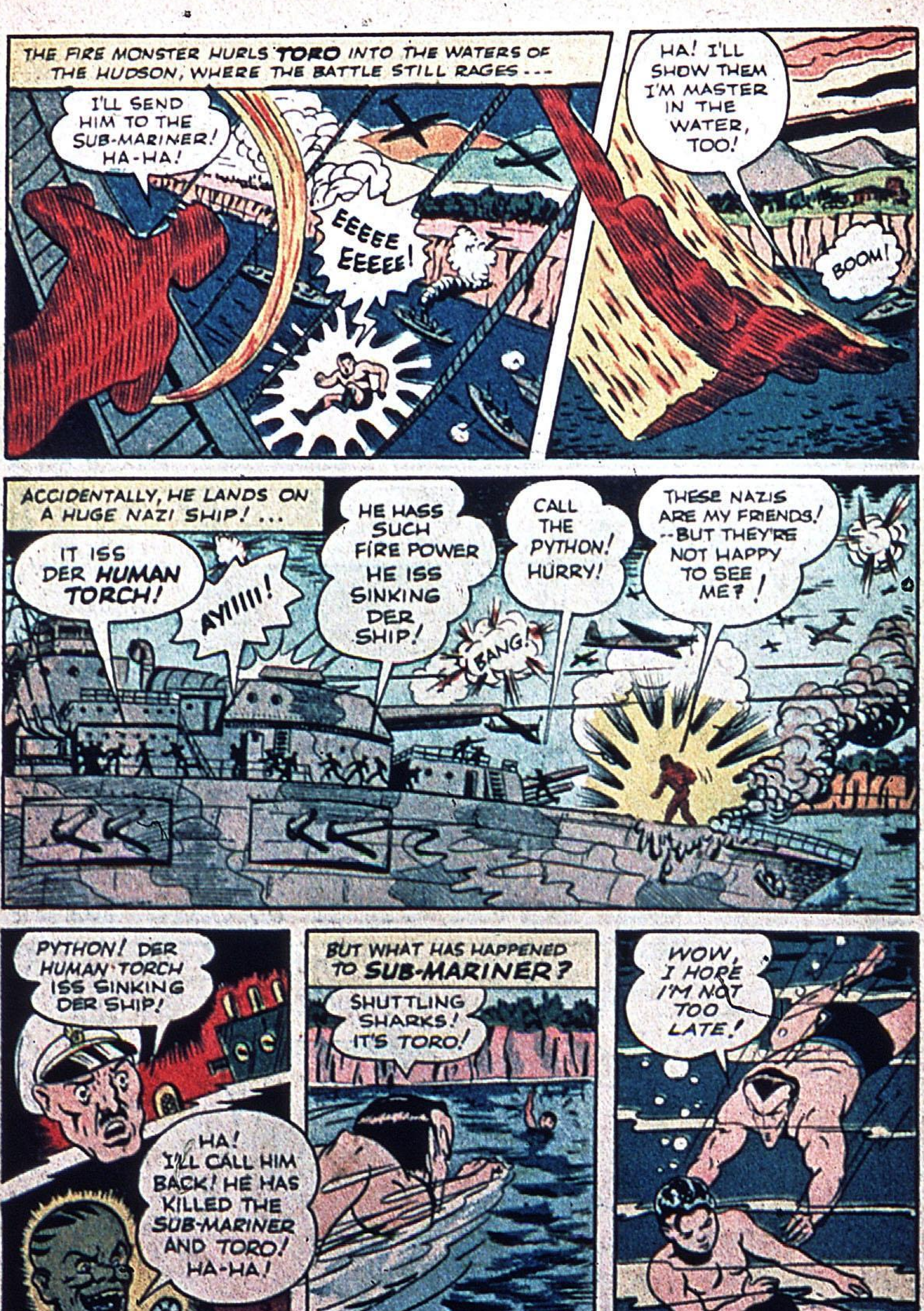

KRAZY KOMICS
IN ANSWER TO YOUR THOUSANDS OF REQUESTS A NEW ISSUE OF SENSATIONAL KRAZY KOMICS WILL NOW BE ON SALE EVERY MONTH!
DON'T MISS EACH LAFF-PACKED ISSUE OF AMERICA'S GAYEST FUN MAGAZINE!
YOUR FAVORITE COMIC CHARACTERS LIVE BEFORE YOUR EYES IN GLORIOUS COLOR AS YOU FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF—
· ZIGGY PIG · TOUGHY TOMCAT · POSTY PELICAN · SNAPPY TURTLE · DINGALING · AND ALL THEIR PALS!
ASK YOUR NEWSDEALER FOR YOUR COPY OF
KRAZY KOMICS Today!

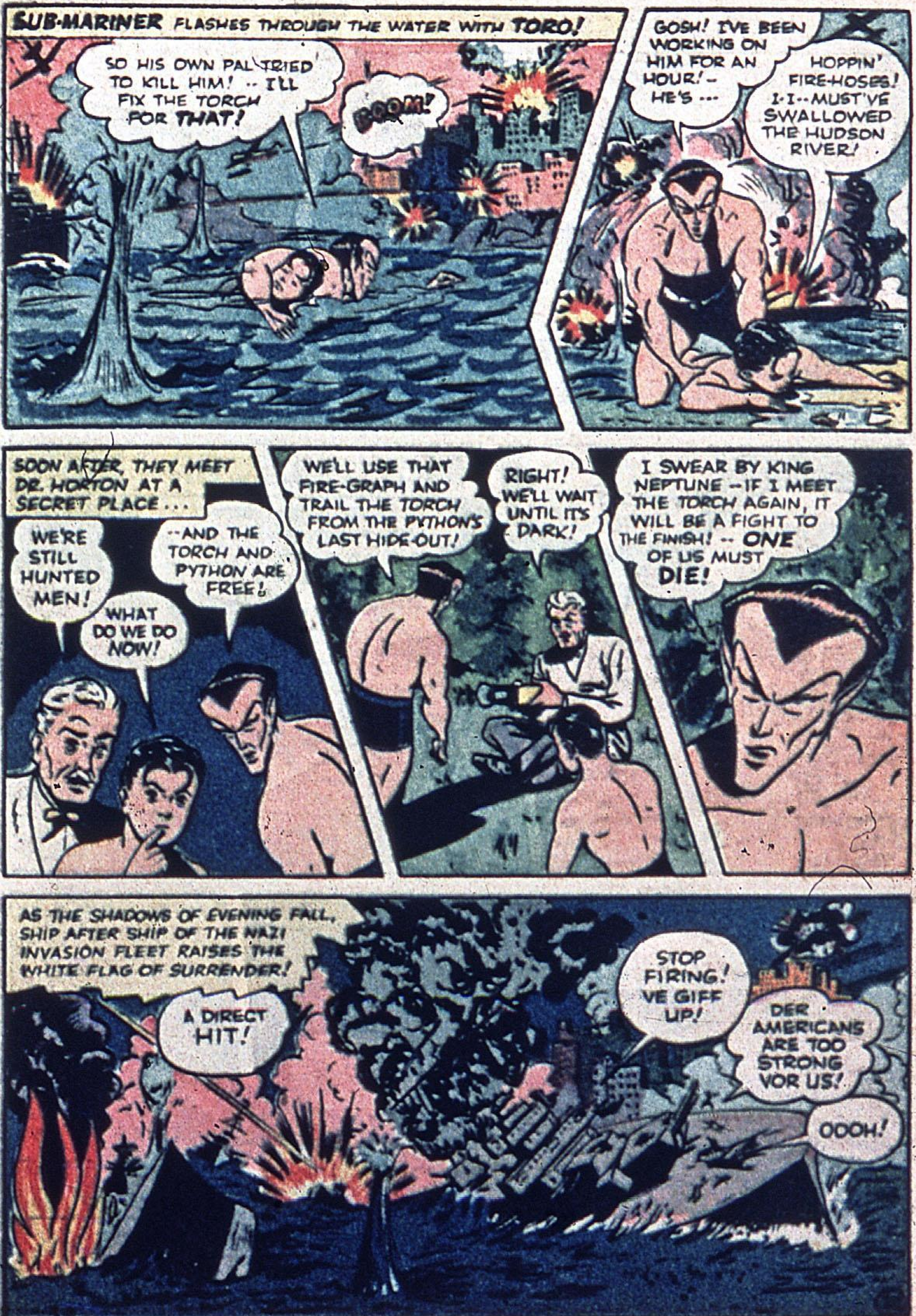
CHAPTER 5 OF HUMAN TORCH vs. SUB-MARINER

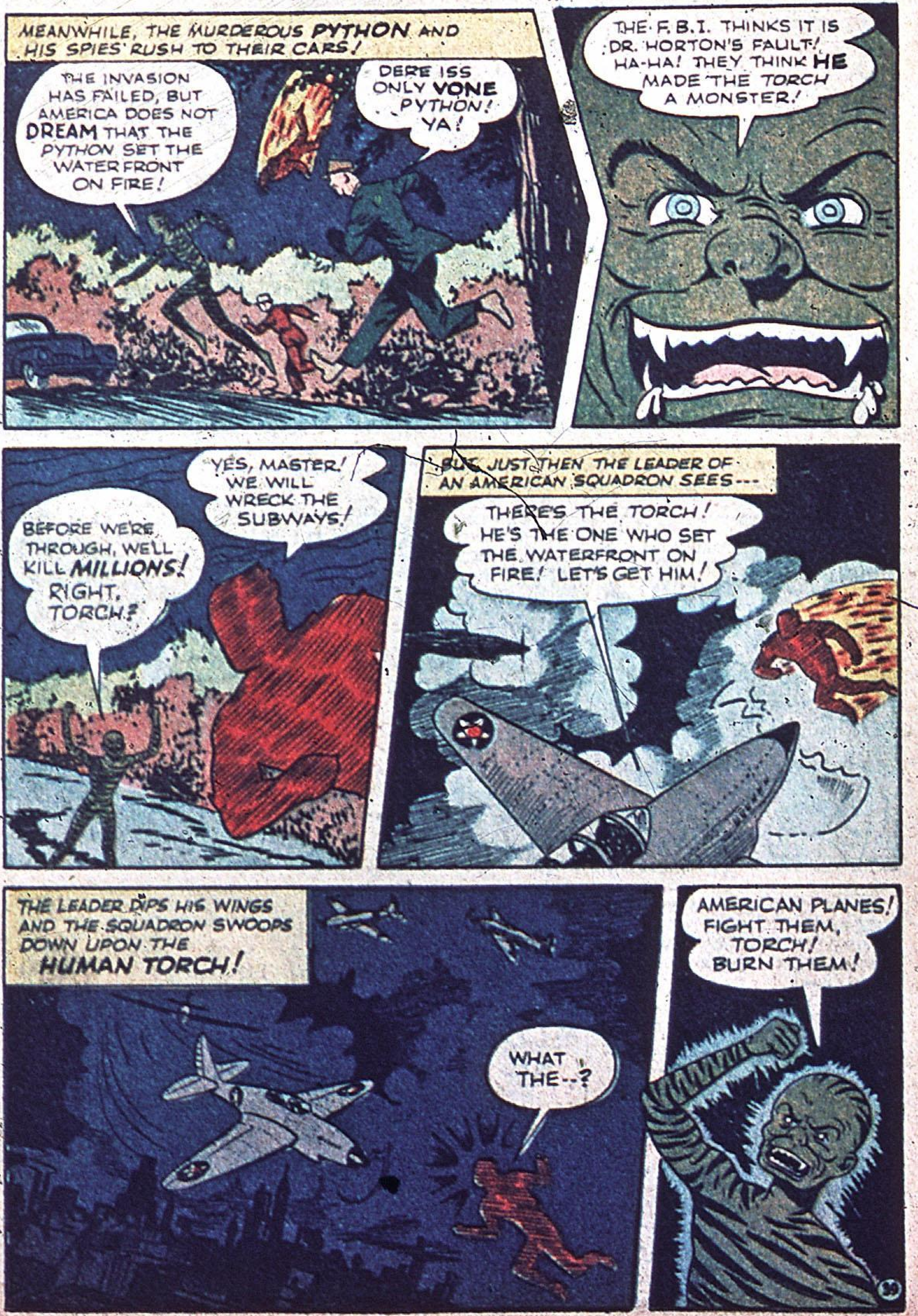

UNDERGROUND TERROR!
THIS WHIP WILL CUT YOU APART!
IT'LL HAVE TO HIT ME FIRST!
WITH BLINDING SPEED, THE MONSTROUS HUMAN TORCH TEARS OFF A LONG CABLE WIRE AND WHIPS OUT AT THE FEARLESS SUB-MARINER!
GOT IT!
NOW TO GIVE IT BACK!
OH! SO YOU THINK YOU CAN WHIP ME! HA-HA!

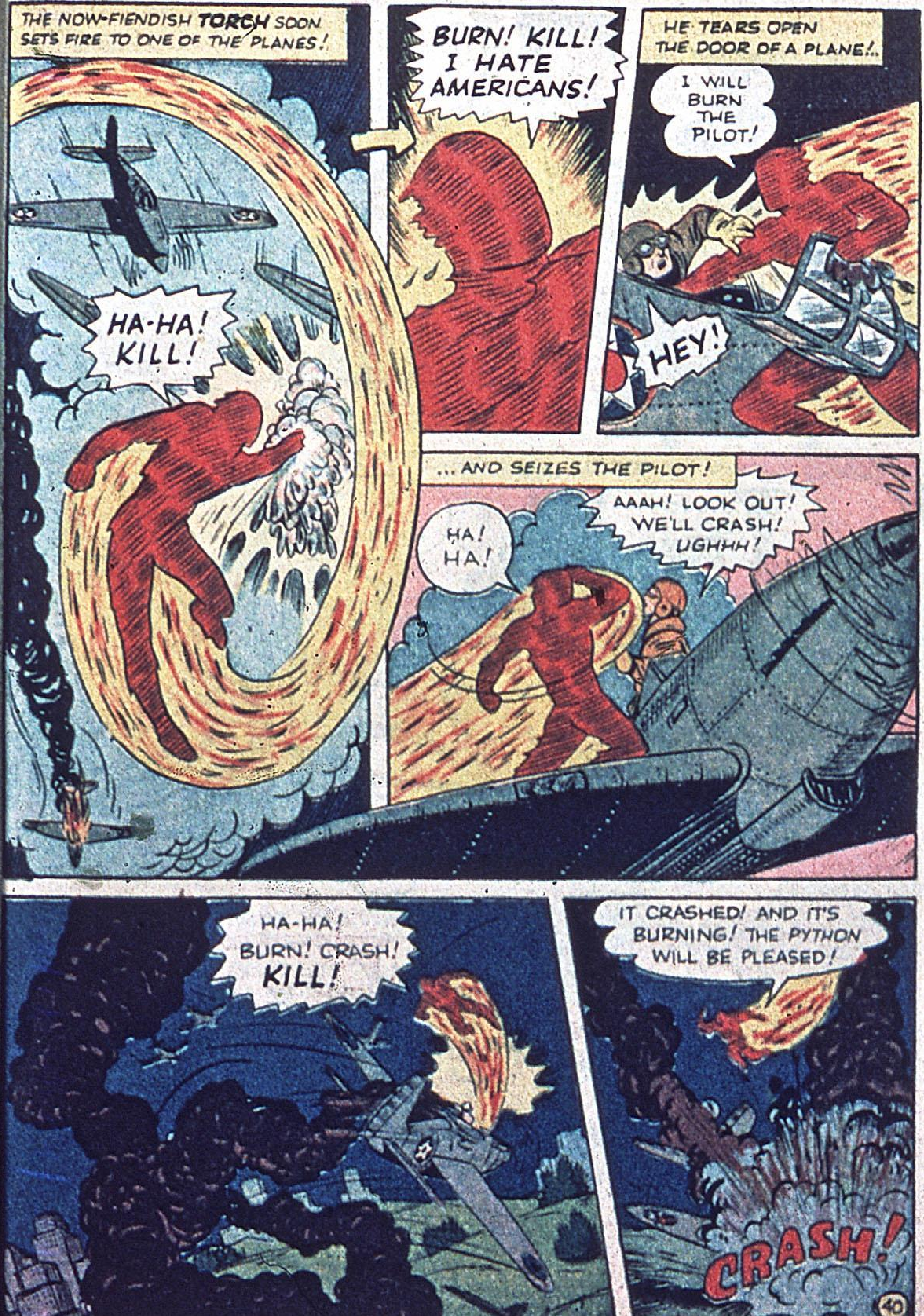

YES! AND I'LL MELT YOU, TOO!
IT MELTED!
RUNNING AWAY?
NOT FROM AN OVERBLOWN FIRE BALLOON LIKE YOU!
LET'S SEE HIM MELT THIS STONE BLOCK!
YI--OWWW!
IT'S GOOD FOR THE MIDRIFT! OH! --SO IT HURTS, HEH?
MAYBE I CAN'T MELT THE STONE, BUT I'LL MAKE IT HOTTER'N THE SUN!
CRAWLIN' CATFISH! DOESN'T HE KNOW ABOUT SPEED LIMITS! HE PITCHES 'EM TOO FAST EVEN FOR ME!
YEEOW!
IT BURNS! HA-HA!

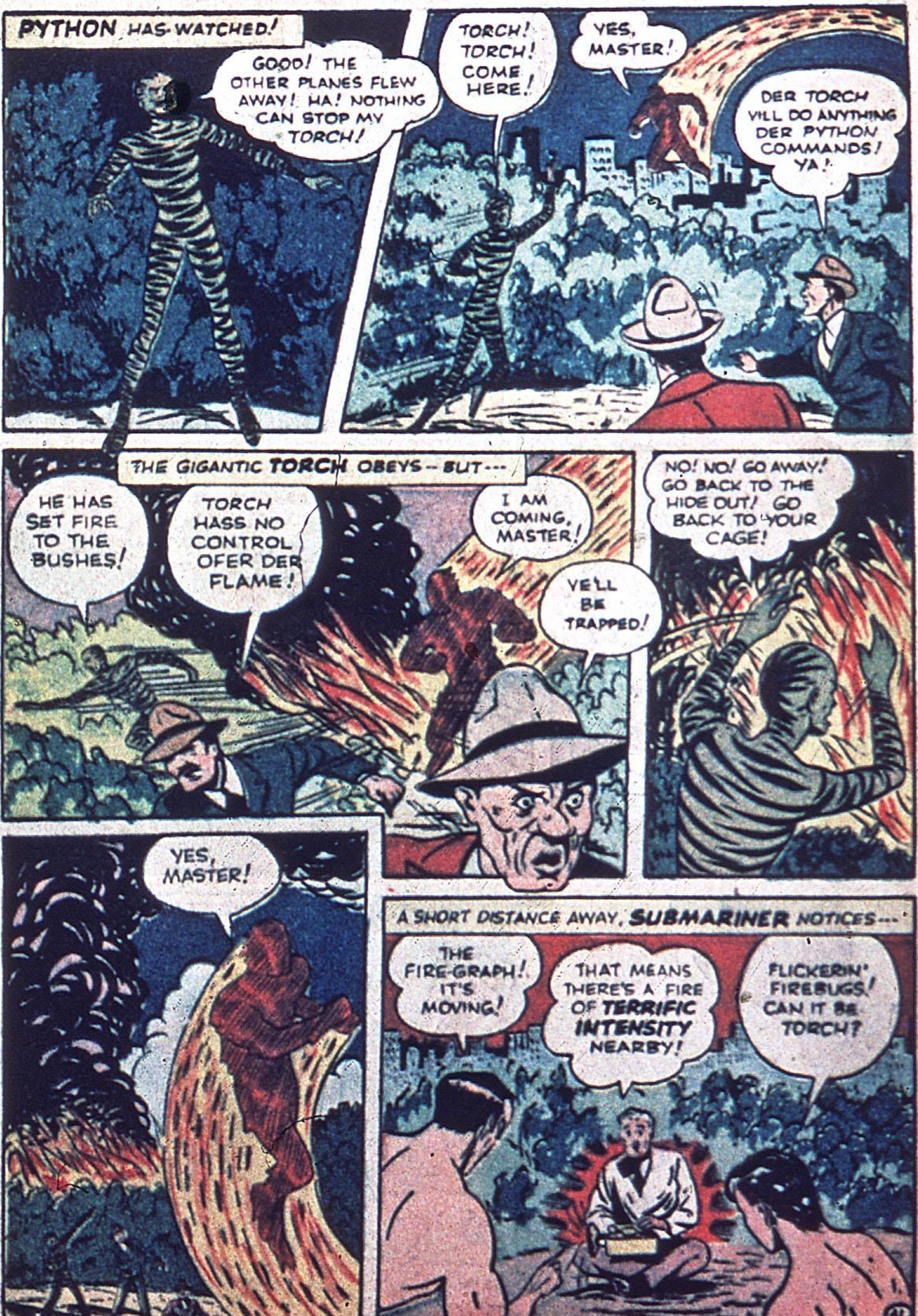

THE MONSTER HUMAN TORCH SWIFTLY SEIZES SUB-MARINER!
I'LL BURN HIM TO DEATH!
SAYS YOU, YOU EXAGGERATED SPARK!
THE WATER DUCTS IN NAMOR'S BODY REACT AND KEEP HIM FROM BEING SCORCHED, BUT HE SOON FEELS THE INTENSE HEAT OF THE TORCH'S BLAZING BODY! ...
... JUST AS TORO, AFTER HAVING TRIED TO STOP FIRES MADE BY TORCH, FLASHES UPON THE SCENE!
HOLY SMOKE! --IT'S TORCH AND SUB-MARINER!
I'LL PUT THE REAL HEAT ON NOW! HE'S GETTING WEAK!
LEAPING EELS! IT'S GETTING HOT! GOSH!
THE TREMENDOUS HEAT OF THE FIENDISH TORCH AFFECTS SUB-MARINER --AND ...
NO! NO! YOU'LL KILL HIM, TORCH!
HA-HA! THAT'S THE END OF SUB-MARINER! MY MASTER WILL BE PLEASED!
THIS IS ONLY A "STRATEGIC" RETREAT, TORCH! I'LL BE BACK!
TORCH! TORCH! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE? COME TO YOUR SENSES!
? ? SENSES? ? ? ?
ONLY THE PYTHON TELLS ME WHAT TO DO!
TORCH SLAPS HIS PAL!
OW!
I HAVE TWIRLED HIM SO FAST THAT HIS FLAME WENT OUT! HA!

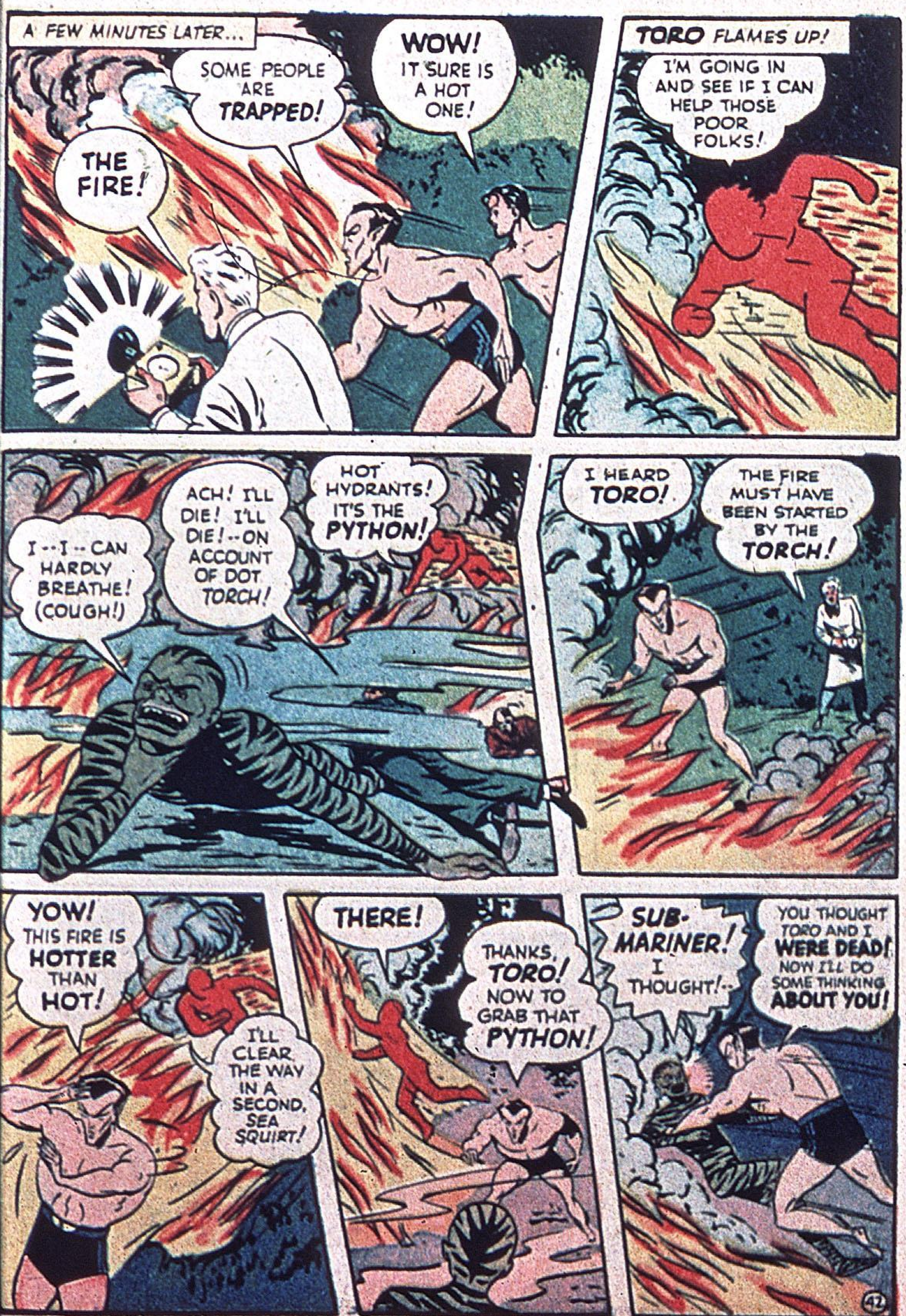

THE FIRE MONSTER HURLS TORO INTO THE WATERS OF THE HUDSON, WHERE THE BATTLE STILL RAGES ---
I'LL SEND HIM TO THE SUB-MARINER! HA-HA!
EEEEE EEEEE!
HA! I'LL SHOW THEM I'M MASTER IN THE WATER, TOO!
BOOM!
ACCIDENTALLY, HE LANDS ON A HUGE NAZI SHIP! ...
IT ISS DER HUMAN TORCH!
AYIIIII!
HE HASS SUCH FIRE POWER HE ISS SINKING DER SHIP!
CALL THE PYTHON! HURRY!
BANG!
THESE NAZIS ARE MY FRIENDS! --BUT THEY'RE NOT HAPPY TO SEE ME?!
PYTHON! DER HUMAN TORCH ISS SINKING DER SHIP!
HA! I'LL CALL HIM BACK! HE HAS KILLED THE SUB-MARINER AND TORO! HA-HA!
BUT WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO SUB-MARINER?
SHUTTLING SHARKS! IT'S TORO!
WOW, I HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE!

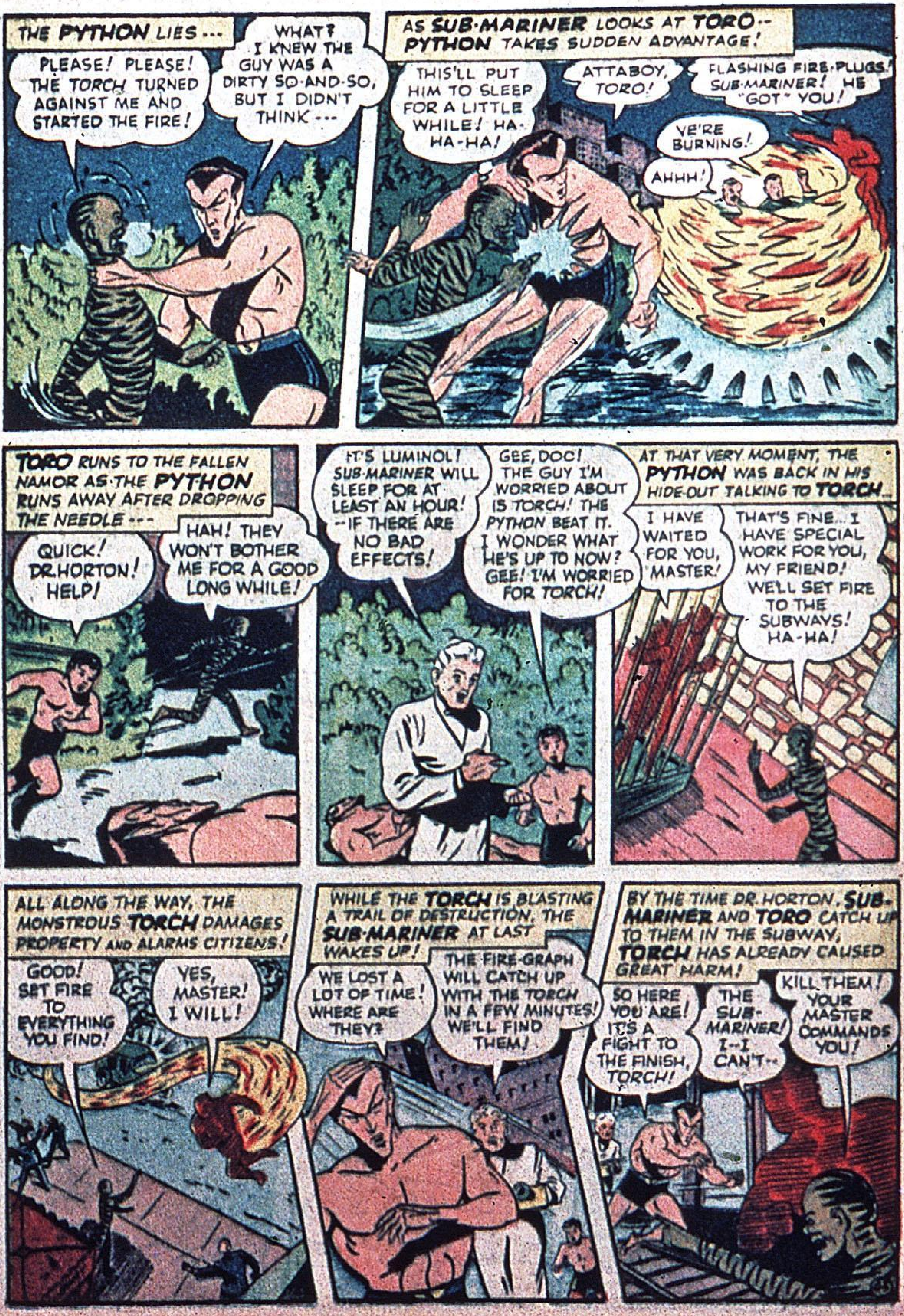

SUB-MARINER FLASHES THROUGH THE WATER WITH TORO!
SO HIS OWN PAL TRIED TO KILL HIM! -- I'LL FIX THE TORCH FOR THAT!
BOOM!
GOSH! I'VE BEEN WORKING ON HIM FOR AN HOUR! -- HE'S ...
HOPPIN' FIRE-HOSES! I-I--MUST'VE SWALLOWED THE HUDSON RIVER!
SOON AFTER, THEY MEET DR. HORTON AT A SECRET PLACE ...
WE'RE STILL HUNTED MEN!
--AND THE TORCH AND PYTHON ARE FREE!
WHAT DO WE DO NOW!
WE'LL USE THAT FIRE-GRAPH AND TRAIL THE TORCH FROM THE PYTHON'S LAST HIDE-OUT!
RIGHT! WE'LL WAIT UNTIL IT'S DARK!
I SWEAR BY KING NEPTUNE -- IF I MEET THE TORCH AGAIN, IT WILL BE A FIGHT TO THE FINISH! -- ONE OF US MUST DIE!
AS THE SHADOWS OF EVENING FALL, SHIP AFTER SHIP OF THE NAZI INVASION FLEET RAISES THE WHITE FLAG OF SURRENDER!
A DIRECT HIT!
STOP FIRING! VE GIFF UP!
DER AMERICANS ARE TOO STRONG VOR US!
OOOH!


MEANWHILE, THE MURDEROUS PYTHON AND HIS SPIES RUSH TO THEIR CARS!
THE INVASION HAS FAILED, BUT AMERICA DOES NOT DREAM THAT THE PYTHON SET THE WATERFRONT ON FIRE!
DERE ISS ONLY VONE PYTHON! YA!
THE F.B.I. THINKS IT IS DR. HORTON'S FAULT! HA-HA! THEY THINK HE MADE THE TORCH A MONSTER!
YES, MASTER! WE WILL WRECK THE SUBWAYS!
BEFORE WE'RE THROUGH, WE'LL KILL MILLIONS! RIGHT, TORCH?
BUT JUST THEN THE LEADER OF AN AMERICAN SQUADRON SEES---
THERE'S THE TORCH! HE'S THE ONE WHO SET THE WATERFRONT ON FIRE! LET'S GET HIM!
THE LEADER DIPS HIS WINGS AND THE SQUADRON SWOOPS DOWN UPON THE HUMAN TORCH!
WHAT THE--?
AMERICAN PLANES! FIGHT THEM, TORCH! BURN THEM!

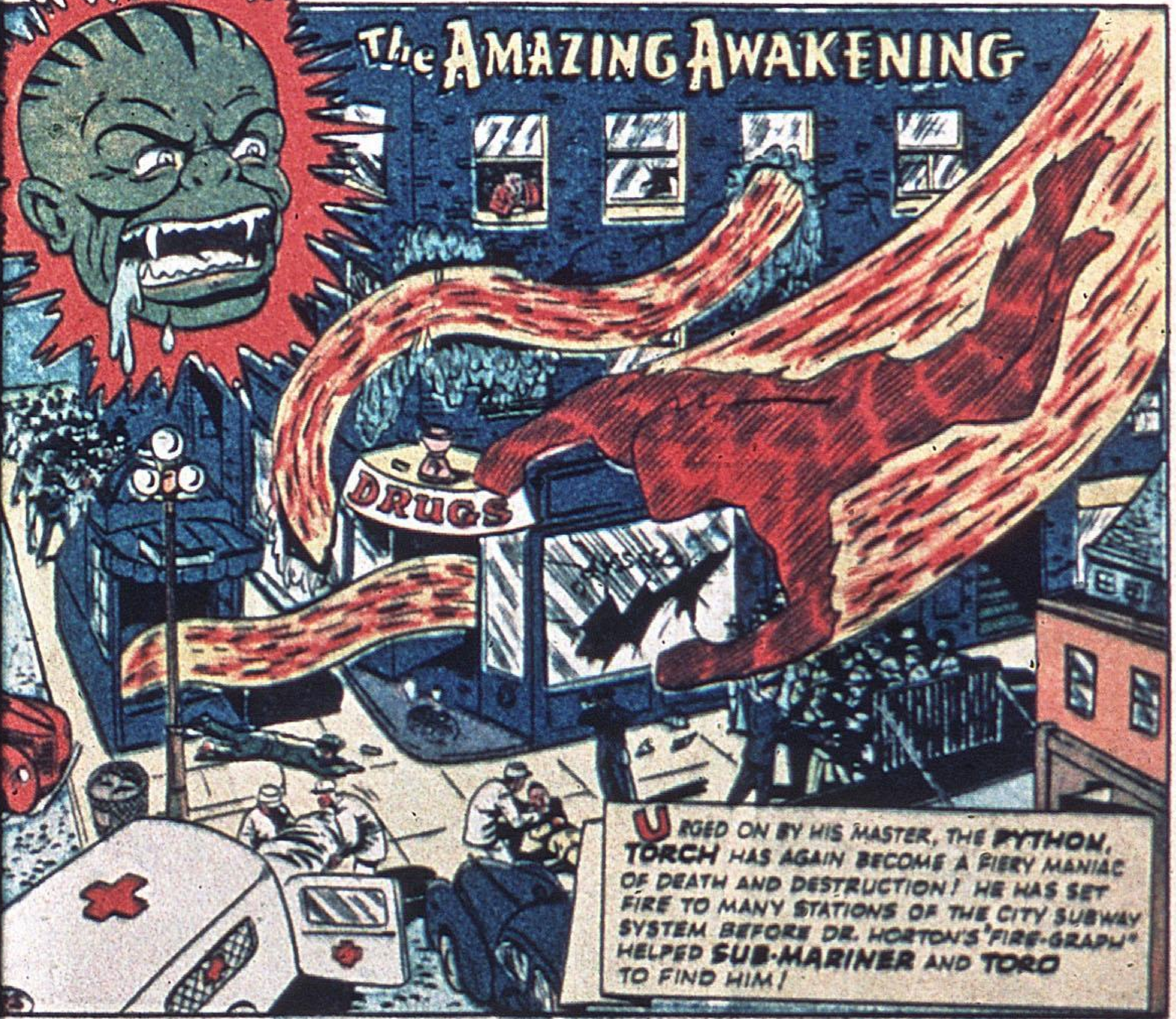

THE NOW-FIENDISH TORCH SOON SETS FIRE TO ONE OF THE PLANES!
HA-HA! KILL!
BURN! KILL! I HATE AMERICANS!
HE TEARS OPEN THE DOOR OF A PLANE!..
I WILL BURN THE PILOT!
HEY!
...AND SEIZES THE PILOT!
HA! HA!
AAAH! LOOK OUT! WE'LL CRASH! UGHHH!
HA-HA! BURN! CRASH! KILL!
IT CRASHED! AND IT'S BURNING! THE PYTHON WILL BE PLEASED!
CRASH!
40


PYTHON HAS WATCHED!
GOOD! THE OTHER PLANES FLEW AWAY! HA! NOTHING CAN STOP MY TORCH!
TORCH! TORCH! COME HERE!
YES, MASTER!
DER TORCH VILL DO ANYTHING DER PYTHON COMMANDS! YA!
THE GIGANTIC TORCH OBEYS -- BUT ---
HE HAS SET FIRE TO THE BUSHES!
TORCH HASS NO CONTROL OFER DER FLAME!
I AM COMING, MASTER!
VE'LL BE TRAPPED!
NO! NO! GO AWAY! GO BACK TO THE HIDE OUT! GO BACK TO YOUR CAGE!
YES, MASTER!
A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY, SUBMARINER NOTICES ---
THE FIRE-GRAPH! IT'S MOVING!
THAT MEANS THERE'S A FIRE OF TERRIFIC INTENSITY NEARBY!
FLICKERIN' FIREBUGS! CAN IT BE TORCH?
41

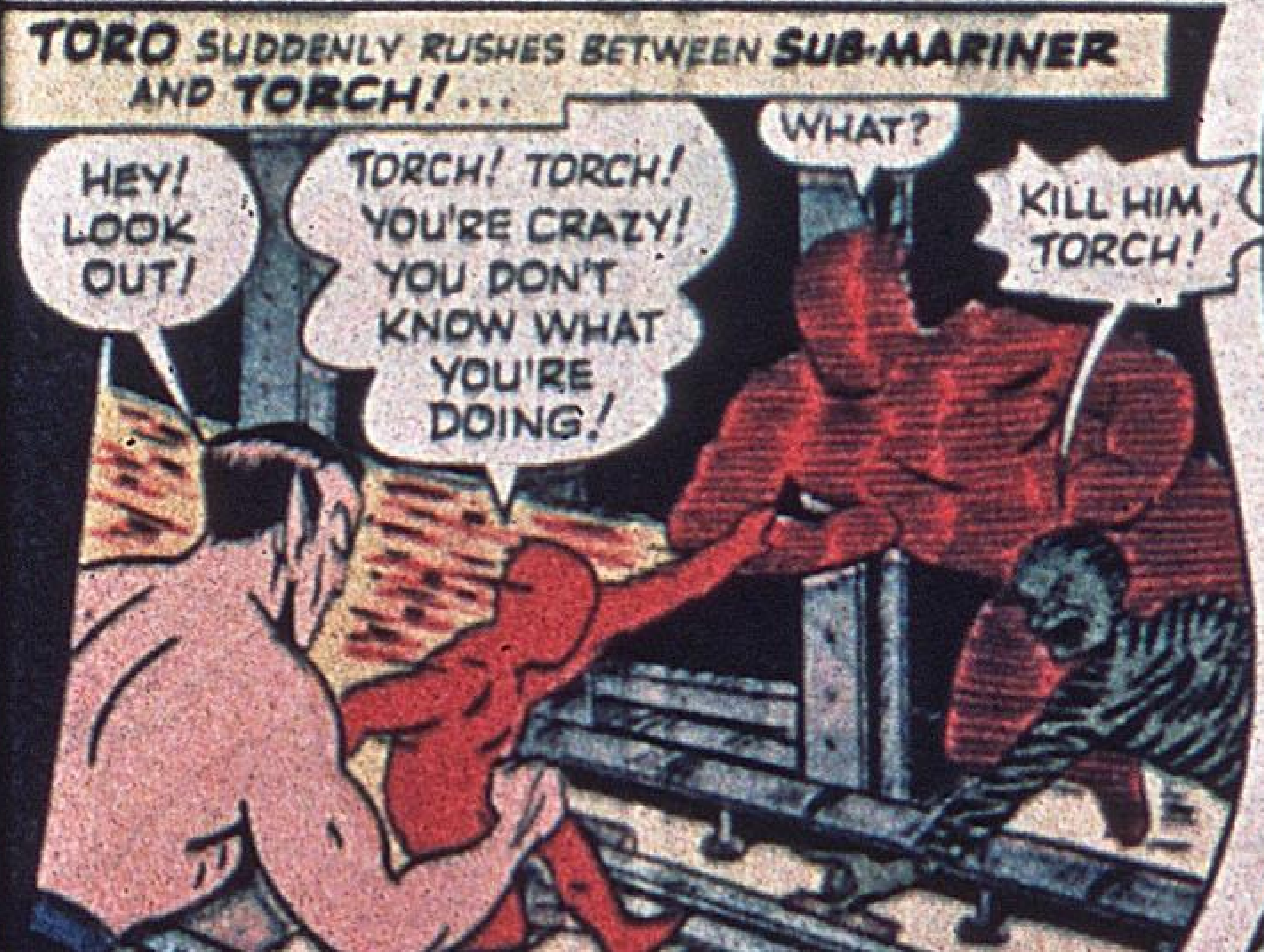

A FEW MINUTES LATER...
SOME PEOPLE ARE TRAPPED!
WOW! IT SURE IS A HOT ONE!
THE FIRE!
TORO FLAMES UP!
I'M GOING IN AND SEE IF I CAN HELP THOSE POOR FOLKS!
I--I--CAN HARDLY BREATHE! (COUGH!)
ACH! I'LL DIE! I'LL DIE!--ON ACCOUNT OF DOT TORCH!
HOT HYDRANTS! IT'S THE PYTHON!
I HEARD TORO!
THE FIRE MUST HAVE BEEN STARTED BY THE TORCH!
YOW! THIS FIRE IS HOTTER THAN HOT!
I'LL CLEAR THE WAY IN A SECOND, SEA SQUIRT!
THERE!
THANKS, TORO! NOW TO GRAB THAT PYTHON!
SUB-MARINER! I THOUGHT!--
YOU THOUGHT TORO AND I WERE DEAD! NOW I'LL DO SOME THINKING ABOUT YOU!


THE PYTHON LIES ...
PLEASE! PLEASE! THE TORCH TURNED AGAINST ME AND STARTED THE FIRE!
WHAT? I KNEW THE GUY WAS A DIRTY SO-AND-SO, BUT I DIDN'T THINK ---
AS SUB-MARINER LOOKS AT TORO-- PYTHON TAKES SUDDEN ADVANTAGE!
THIS'LL PUT HIM TO SLEEP FOR A LITTLE WHILE! HA-HA-HA!
ATTABOY, TORO!
FLASHING FIRE-PLUGS! SUB-MARINER! HE "GOT" YOU!
YE'RE BURNING!
AHHH!
TORO RUNS TO THE FALLEN NAMOR AS THE PYTHON RUNS AWAY AFTER DROPPING THE NEEDLE ---
QUICK! DR. HORTON! HELP!
HAH! THEY WON'T BOTHER ME FOR A GOOD LONG WHILE!
IT'S LUMINOL! SUB-MARINER WILL SLEEP FOR AT LEAST AN HOUR! --IF THERE ARE NO BAD EFFECTS!
GEE, DOC! THE GUY I'M WORRIED ABOUT IS TORCH! THE PYTHON BEAT IT. I WONDER WHAT HE'S UP TO NOW? GEE! I'M WORRIED FOR TORCH!
AT THAT VERY MOMENT, THE PYTHON WAS BACK IN HIS HIDE-OUT TALKING TO TORCH...
I HAVE WAITED FOR YOU, MASTER!
THAT'S FINE... I HAVE SPECIAL WORK FOR YOU, MY FRIEND! WE'LL SET FIRE TO THE SUBWAYS! HA-HA!
ALL ALONG THE WAY, THE MONSTROUS TORCH DAMAGES PROPERTY AND ALARMS CITIZENS!
GOOD! SET FIRE TO EVERYTHING YOU FIND!
YES, MASTER! I WILL!
WHILE THE TORCH IS BLASTING A TRAIL OF DESTRUCTION, THE SUB-MARINER AT LAST WAKES UP!
WE LOST A LOT OF TIME! WHERE ARE THEY?
THE FIRE-GRAPH WILL CATCH UP WITH THE TORCH IN A FEW MINUTES! WE'LL FIND THEM!
BY THE TIME DR. HORTON, SUB-MARINER AND TORO CATCH UP TO THEM IN THE SUBWAY, TORCH HAS ALREADY CAUSED GREAT HARM!
SO HERE YOU ARE! IT'S A FIGHT TO THE FINISH, TORCH!
THE SUB-MARINER! I--I CAN'T--
KILL THEM! YOUR MASTER COMMANDS YOU!

CHAPTER 6 OF HUMAN TORCH vs. SUB-MARINER

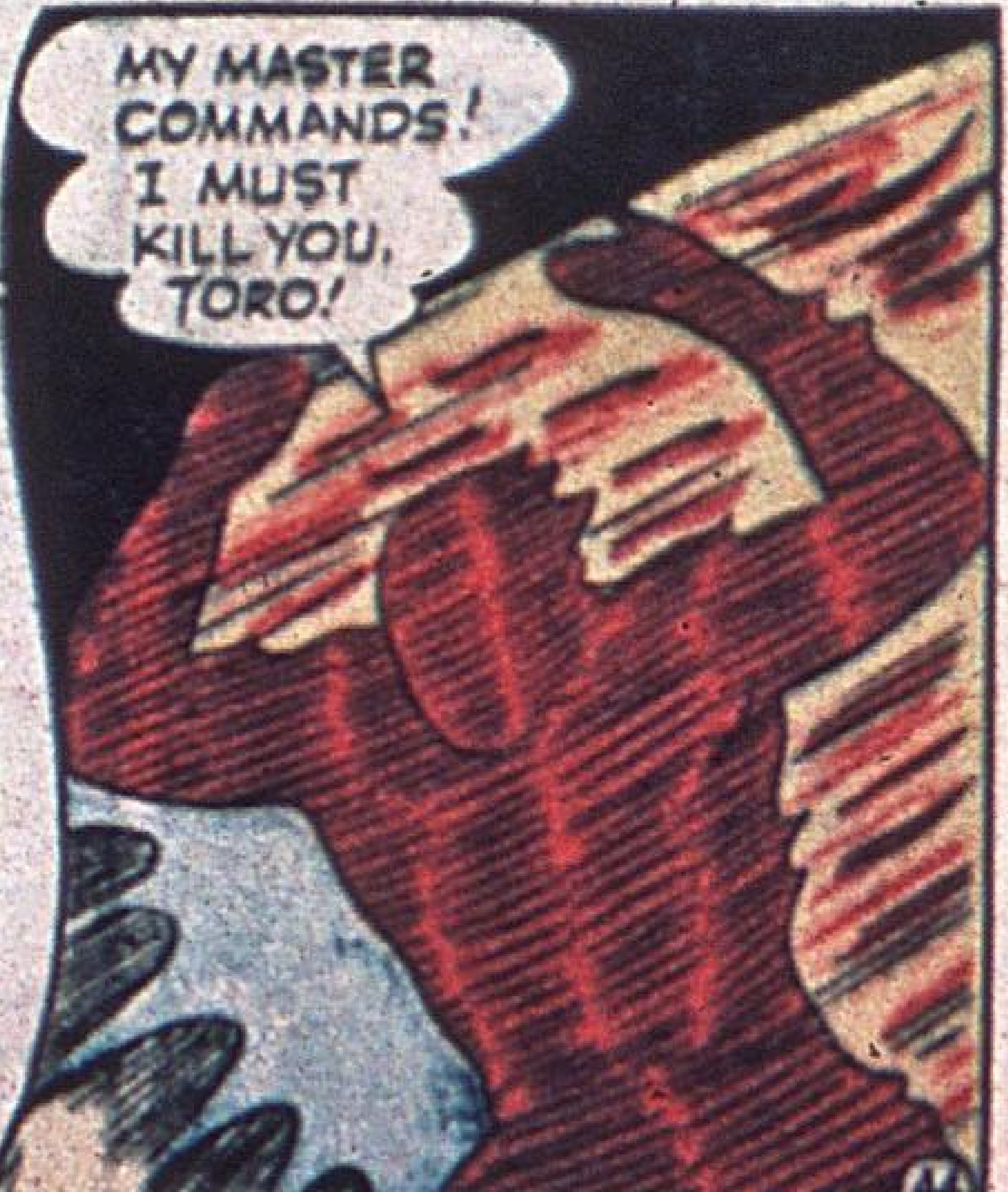

The AMAZING AWAKENING
DRUGS

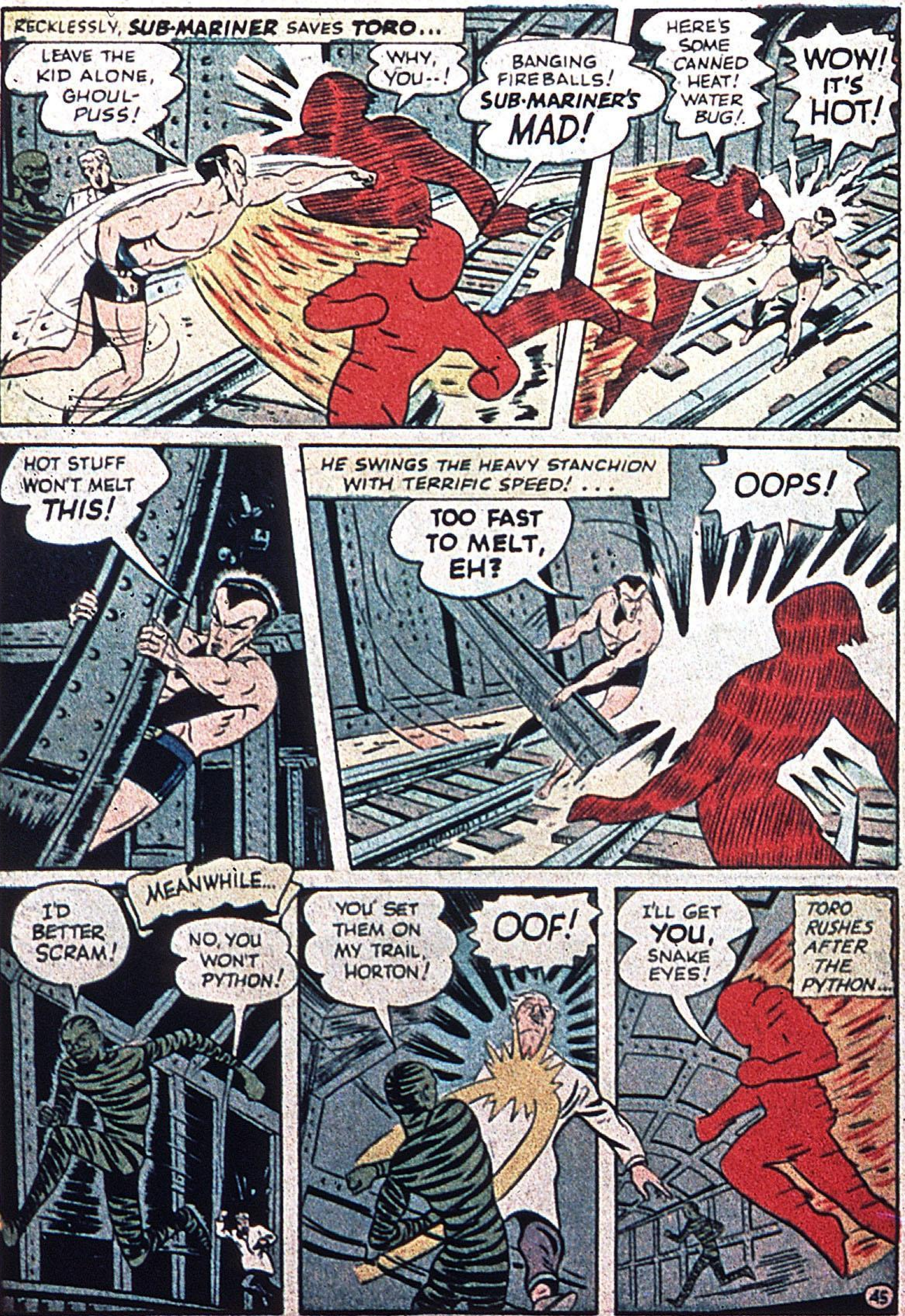
URGED ON BY HIS MASTER, THE **PYTHON**, **TORCH** HAS AGAIN BECOME A FIERY MANIAC OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION! HE HAS SET FIRE TO MANY STATIONS OF THE CITY SUBWAY SYSTEM BEFORE DR. HORTON'S "FIRE-GRAPH" HELPED **SUB-MARINER** AND **TORO** TO FIND HIM!

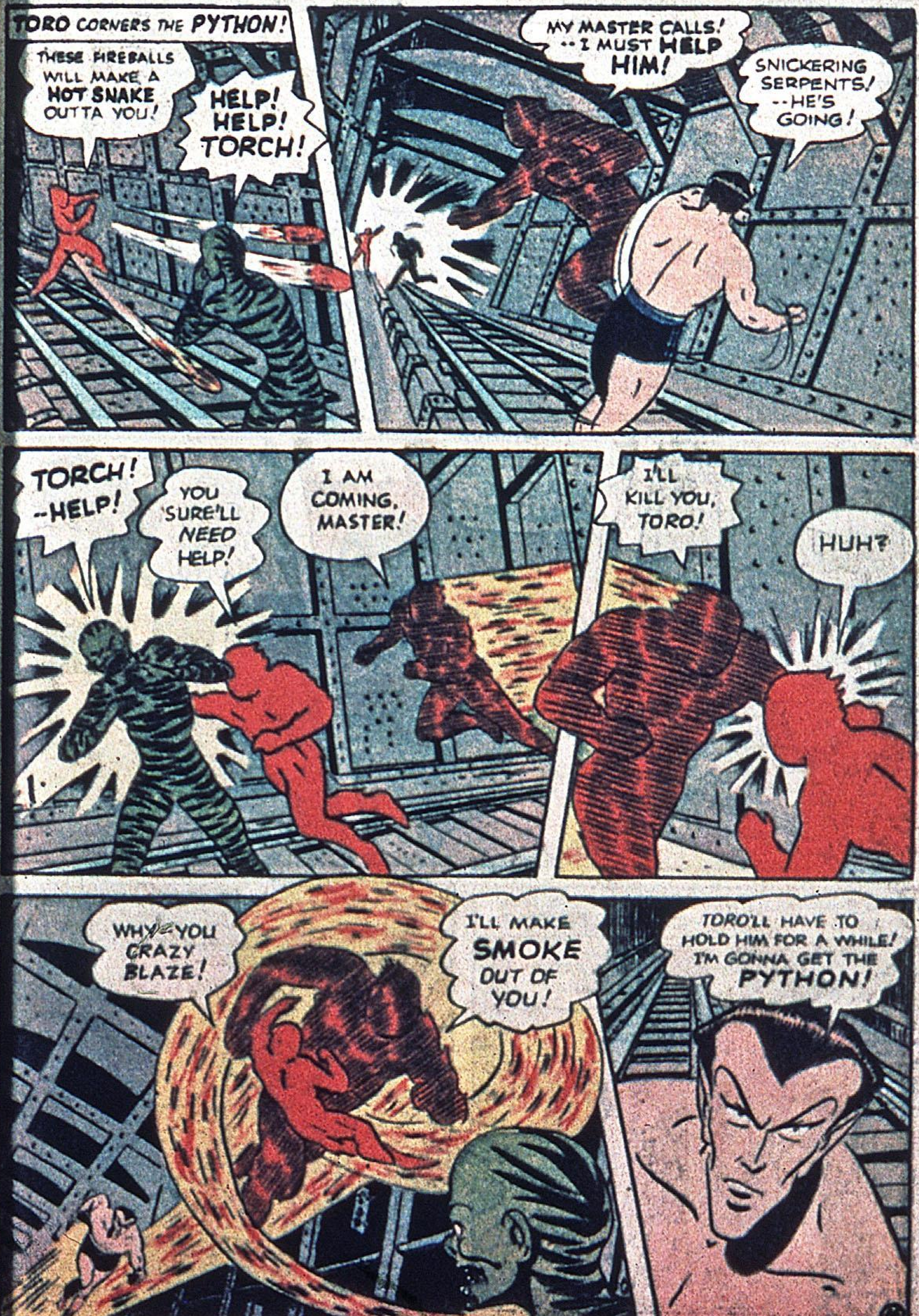


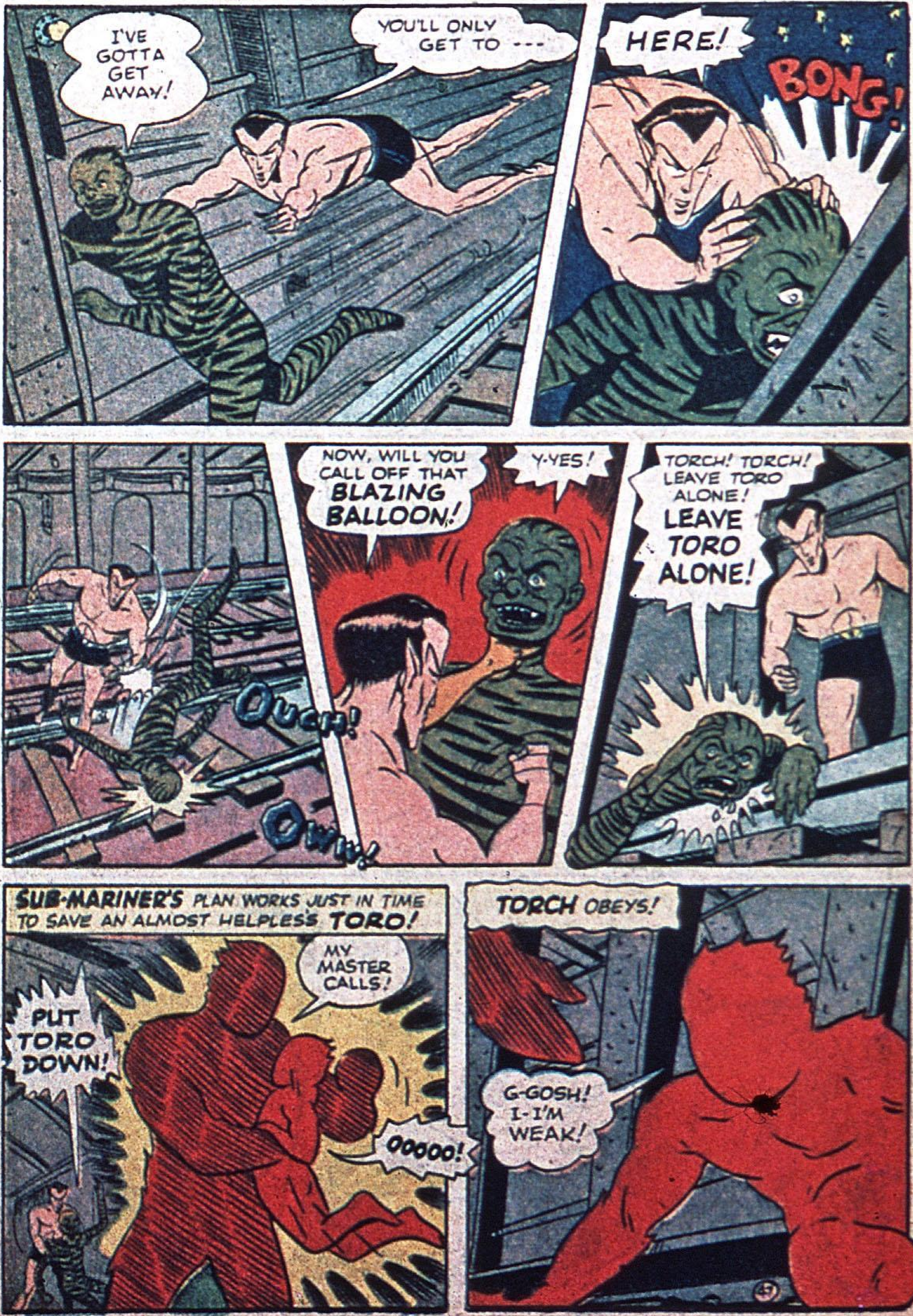
TORO SUDDENLY RUSHES BETWEEN **SUB-MARINER** AND **TORCH**!...

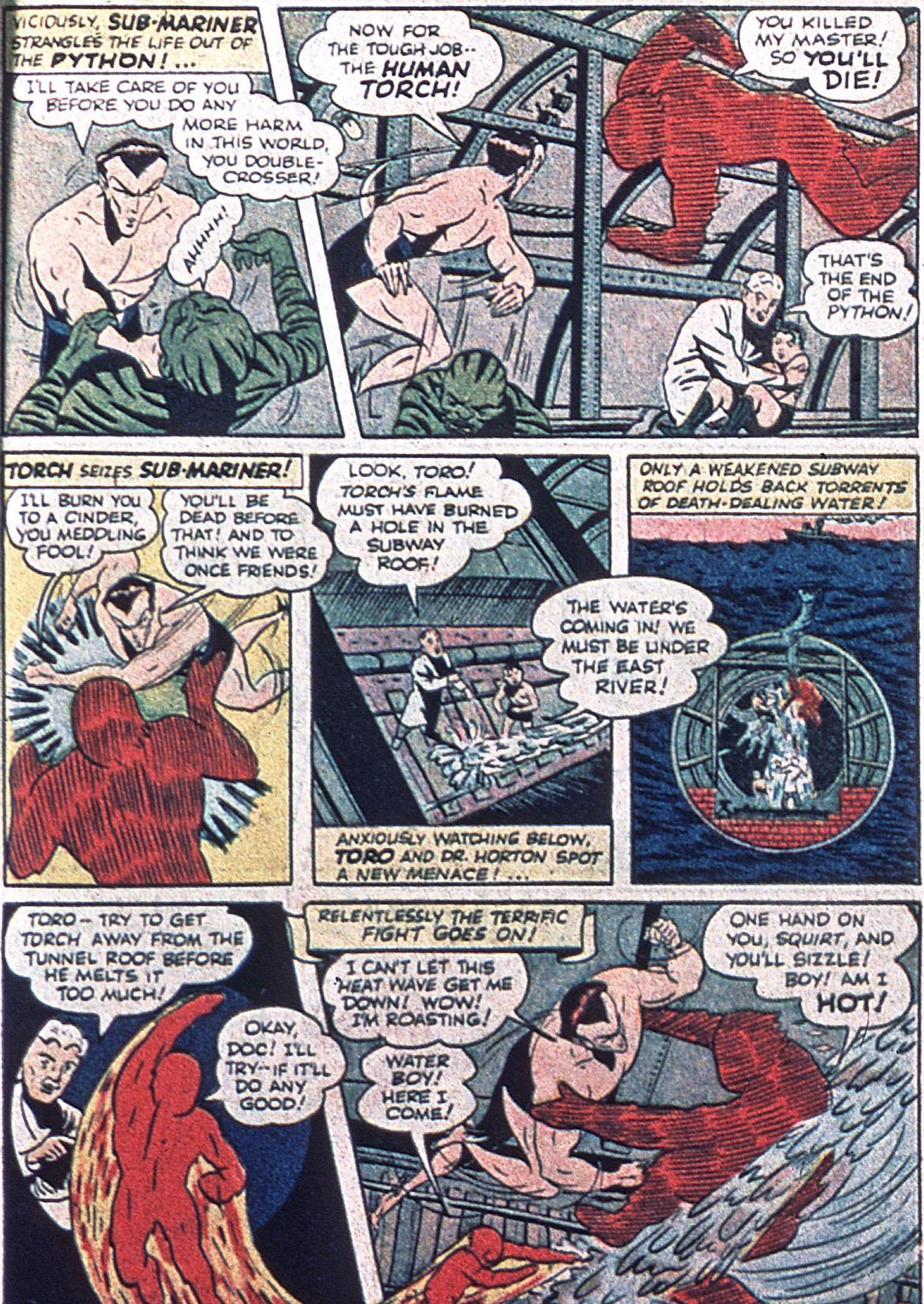
HEY! LOOK OUT!
TORCH! TORCH! YOU'RE CRAZY! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING!
WHAT?
KILL HIM, TORCH!

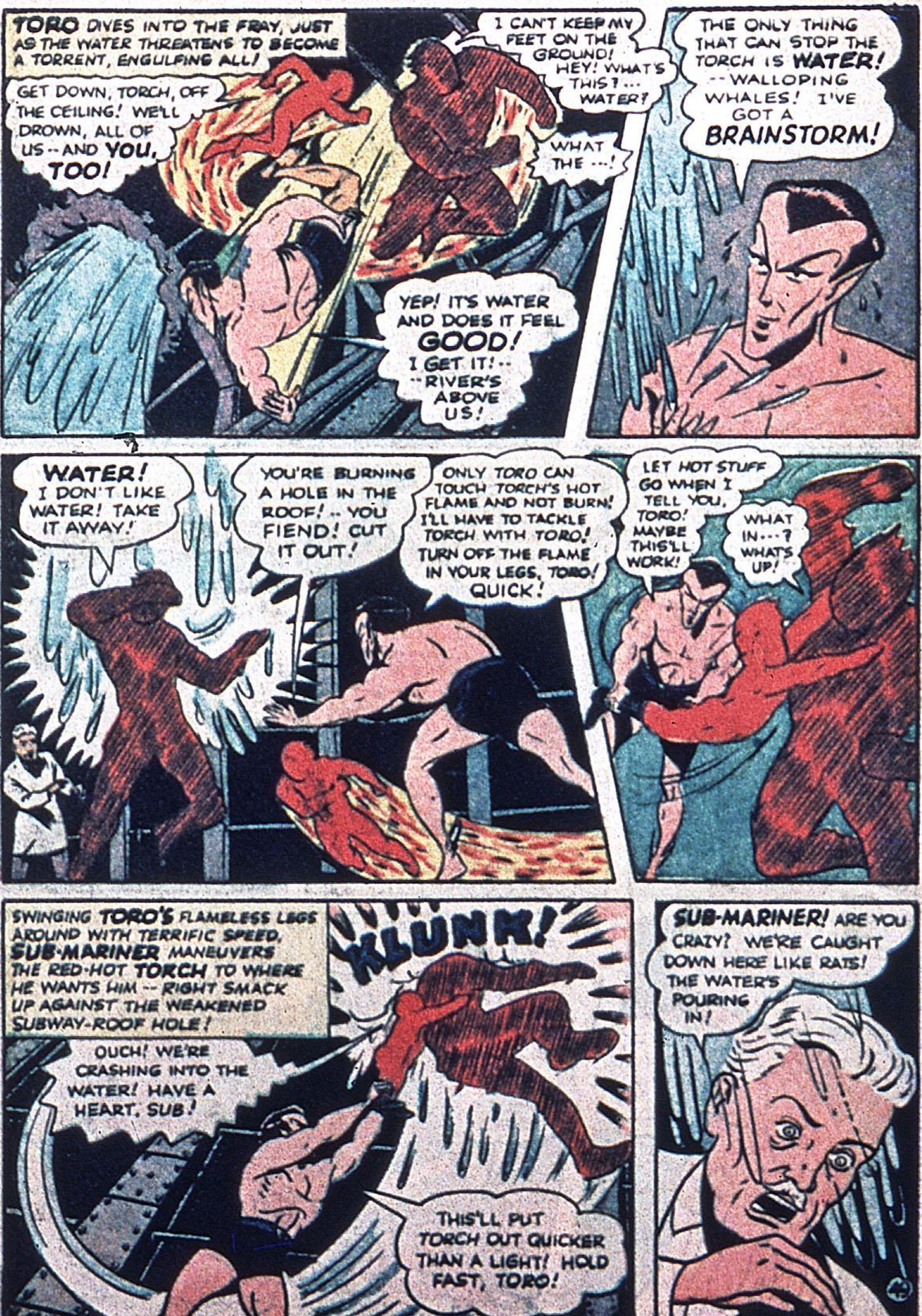

MY MASTER COMMANDS! I MUST KILL YOU, TORO!


RECKLESSLY, SUB-MARINER SAVES TORO...
LEAVE THE KID ALONE, GHOUL-PUSS!
WHY, YOU--!
BANGING FIREBALLS! SUB-MARINER'S MAD!
HERE'S SOME CANNED HEAT! WATER BUG!
WOW! IT'S HOT!
HOT STUFF WON'T MELT THIS!
HE SWINGS THE HEAVY STANCHION WITH TERRIFIC SPEED! ...
TOO FAST TO MELT, EH?
OOPS!
MEANWHILE...
I'D BETTER SCRAM!
NO, YOU WON'T PYTHON!
YOU SET THEM ON MY TRAIL, HORTON!
OOF!
I'LL GET YOU, SNAKE EYES!
TORO RUSHES AFTER THE PYTHON...


TORO CORNERS THE PYTHON!
THESE FIREBALLS WILL MAKE A HOT SNAKE OUTTA YOU!
HELP! HELP! TORCH!
MY MASTER CALLS! --I MUST HELP HIM!
SNICKERING SERPENTS! --HE'S GOING!
TORCH! --HELP!
YOU SURE'LL NEED HELP!
I AM COMING, MASTER!
I'LL KILL YOU, TORO!
HUH?
WHY—YOU CRAZY BLAZE!
I'LL MAKE SMOKE OUT OF YOU!
TORO'LL HAVE TO HOLD HIM FOR A WHILE! I'M GONNA GET THE PYTHON!


I'VE GOTTA GET AWAY!
YOU'LL ONLY GET TO ---
HERE!
BONG!
OUCH!
OWW!
NOW, WILL YOU CALL OFF THAT BLAZING BALLOON!
Y-YES!
TORCH! TORCH! LEAVE TORO ALONE! LEAVE TORO ALONE!
SUB-MARINER'S PLAN WORKS JUST IN TIME TO SAVE AN ALMOST HELPLESS TORO!
MY MASTER CALLS!
PUT TORO DOWN!
OOOOO!
TORCH OBEYS!
G-GOSH! I-I'M WEAK!


VICIOUSLY, SUB-MARINER STRANGLES THE LIFE OUT OF THE PYTHON! ...
I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU BEFORE YOU DO ANY MORE HARM IN THIS WORLD, YOU DOUBLE-CROSSER!
AHHHH!
NOW FOR THE TOUGH JOB.. THE HUMAN TORCH!
YOU KILLED MY MASTER! SO YOU'LL DIE!
THAT'S THE END OF THE PYTHON!
TORCH SEIZES SUB-MARINER!
I'LL BURN YOU TO A CINDER, YOU MEDDLING FOOL!
YOU'LL BE DEAD BEFORE THAT! AND TO THINK WE WERE ONCE FRIENDS!
LOOK, TORO! TORCH'S FLAME MUST HAVE BURNED A HOLE IN THE SUBWAY ROOF!
ANXIOUSLY WATCHING BELOW, TORO AND DR. HORTON SPOT A NEW MENACE! ...
ONLY A WEAKENED SUBWAY ROOF HOLDS BACK TORRENTS OF DEATH-DEALING WATER!
THE WATER'S COMING IN! WE MUST BE UNDER THE EAST RIVER!
TORO -- TRY TO GET TORCH AWAY FROM THE TUNNEL ROOF BEFORE HE MELTS IT TOO MUCH!
OKAY, DOC! I'LL TRY--IF IT'LL DO ANY GOOD!
RELENTLESSLY THE TERRIFIC FIGHT GOES ON!
I CAN'T LET THIS HEAT WAVE GET ME DOWN! WOW! I'M ROASTING!
WATER BOY! HERE I COME!
ONE HAND ON YOU, SQUIRT, AND YOU'LL SIZZLE! BOY! AM I HOT!


TORO DIVES INTO THE FRAY, JUST AS THE WATER THREATENS TO BECOME A TORRENT, ENGULFING ALL!
GET DOWN, TORCH, OFF THE CEILING! WE'LL DROWN, ALL OF US -- AND YOU, TOO!
I CAN'T KEEP MY FEET ON THE GROUND! HEY! WHAT'S THIS? ... WATER?
WHAT THE --!
YEP! IT'S WATER AND DOES IT FEEL GOOD! I GET IT! -- -- RIVER'S ABOVE US!
THE ONLY THING THAT CAN STOP THE TORCH IS WATER! -- WALLOPING WHALES! I'VE GOT A BRAINSTORM!
WATER! I DON'T LIKE WATER! TAKE IT AWAY!
YOU'RE BURNING A HOLE IN THE ROOF! -- YOU FIEND! CUT IT OUT!
ONLY TORO CAN TOUCH TORCH'S HOT FLAME AND NOT BURN! I'LL HAVE TO TACKLE TORCH WITH TORO! TURN OFF THE FLAME IN YOUR LEGS, TORO! QUICK!
LET HOT STUFF GO WHEN I TELL YOU, TORO! MAYBE THIS'LL WORK!
WHAT IN ...? WHAT'S UP!
SWINGING TORO'S FLAMELESS LEGS AROUND WITH TERRIFIC SPEED, SUB-MARINER MANEUVERS THE RED-HOT TORCH TO WHERE HE WANTS HIM -- RIGHT SMACK UP AGAINST THE WEAKENED SUBWAY-ROOF HOLE!
KLUNK!
OUCH! WE'RE CRASHING INTO THE WATER! HAVE A HEART, SUB!
THIS'LL PUT TORCH OUT QUICKER THAN A LIGHT! HOLD FAST, TORO!
SUB-MARINER! ARE YOU CRAZY? WE'RE CAUGHT DOWN HERE LIKE RATS! THE WATER'S POURING IN!
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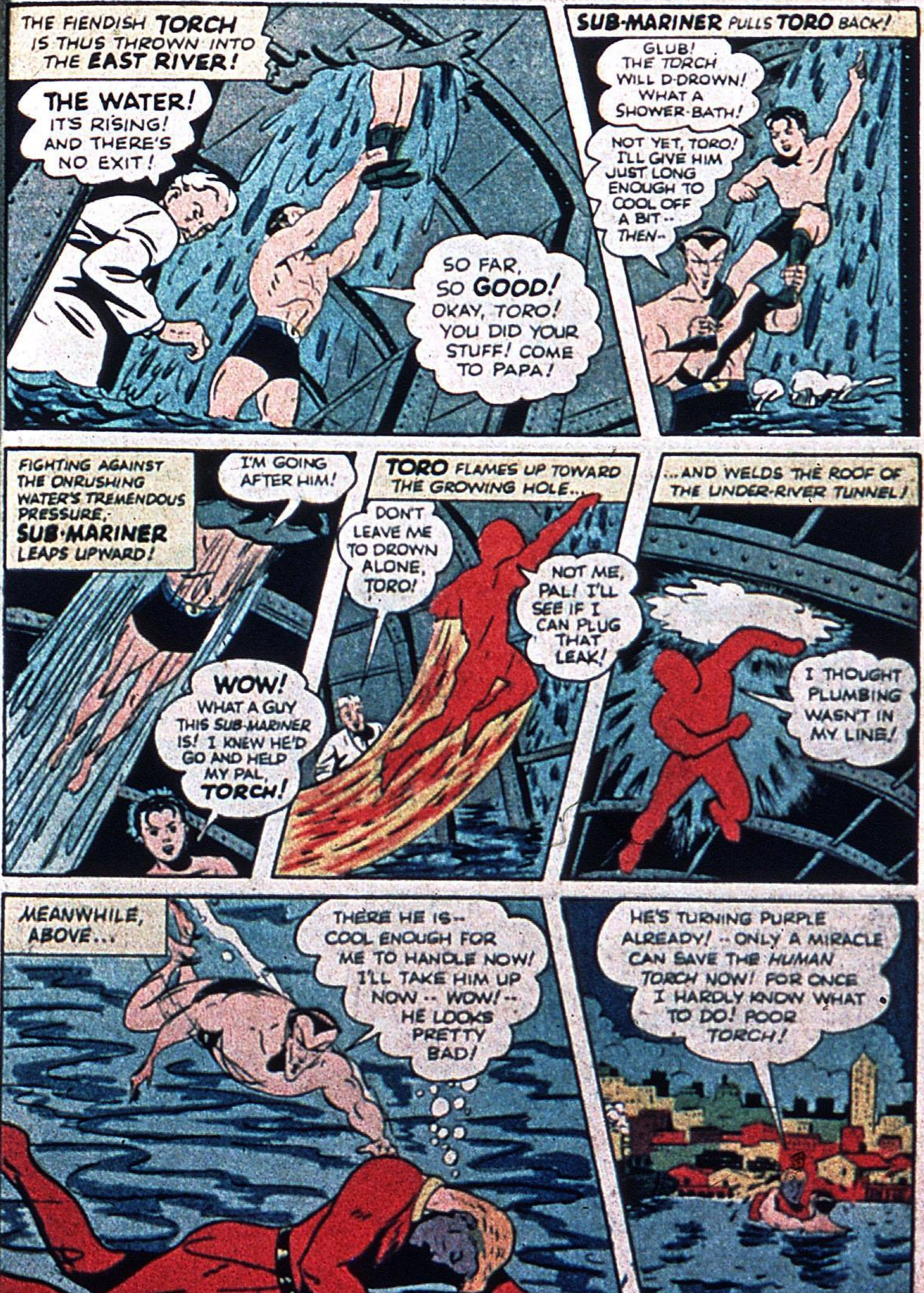
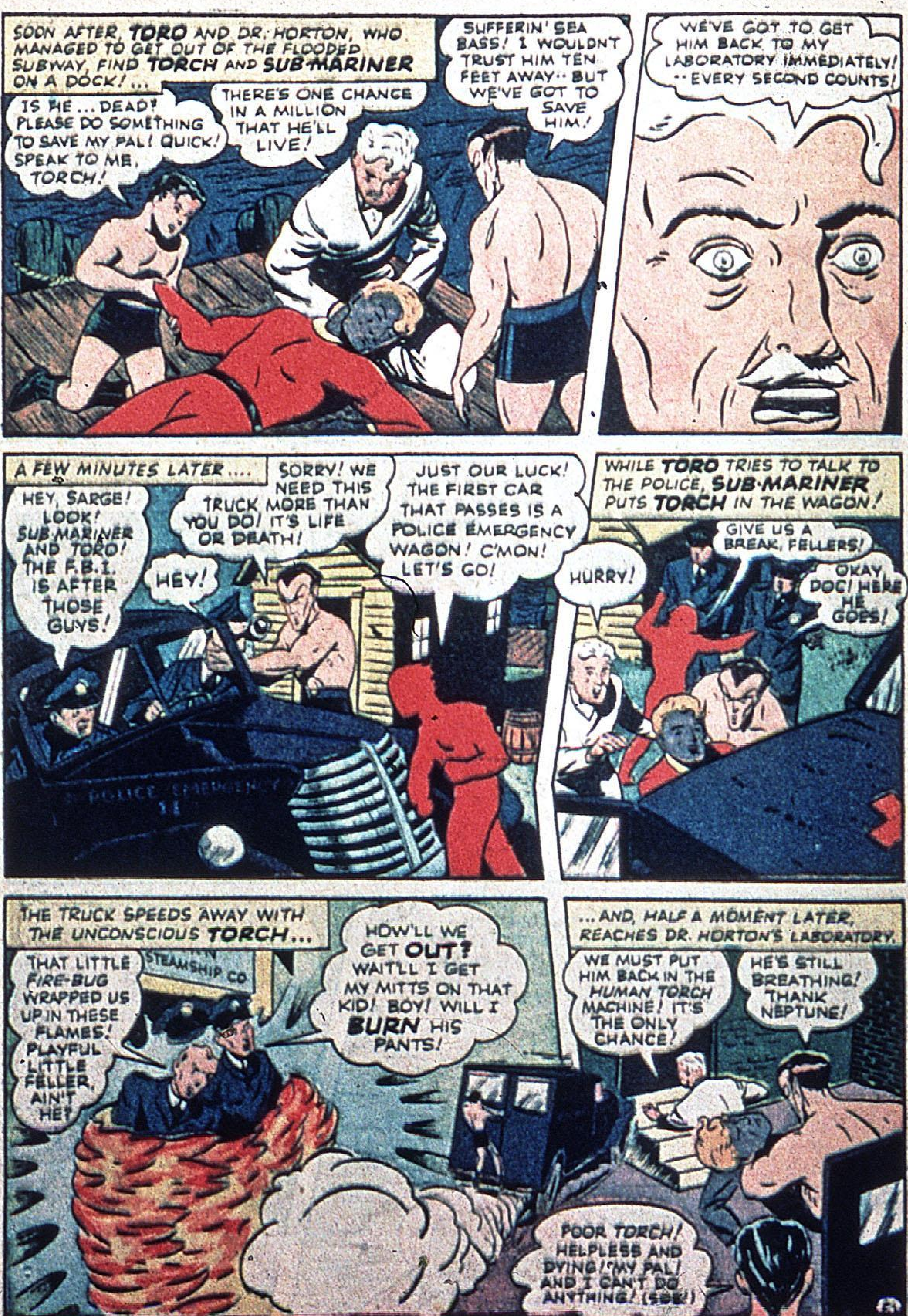
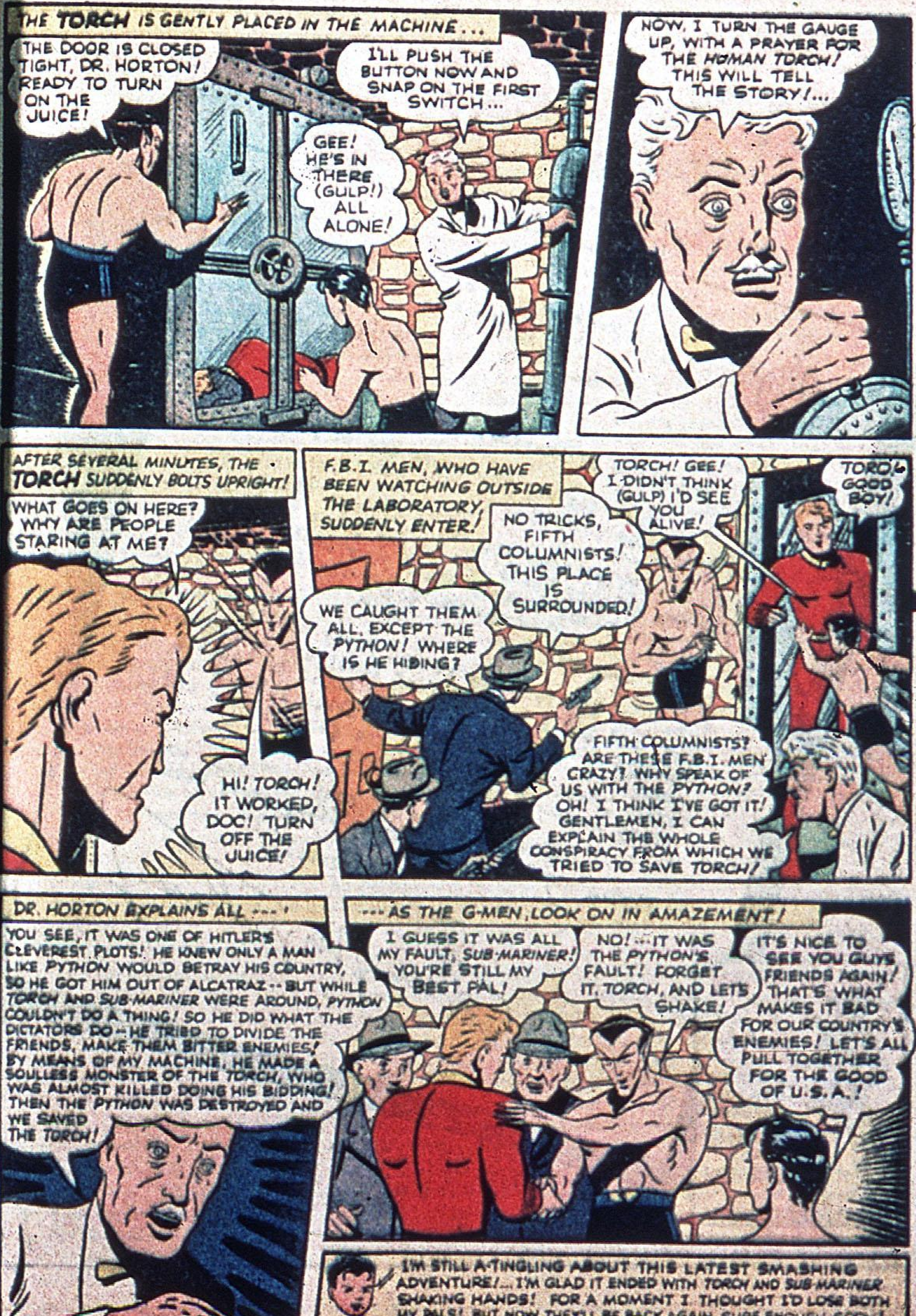
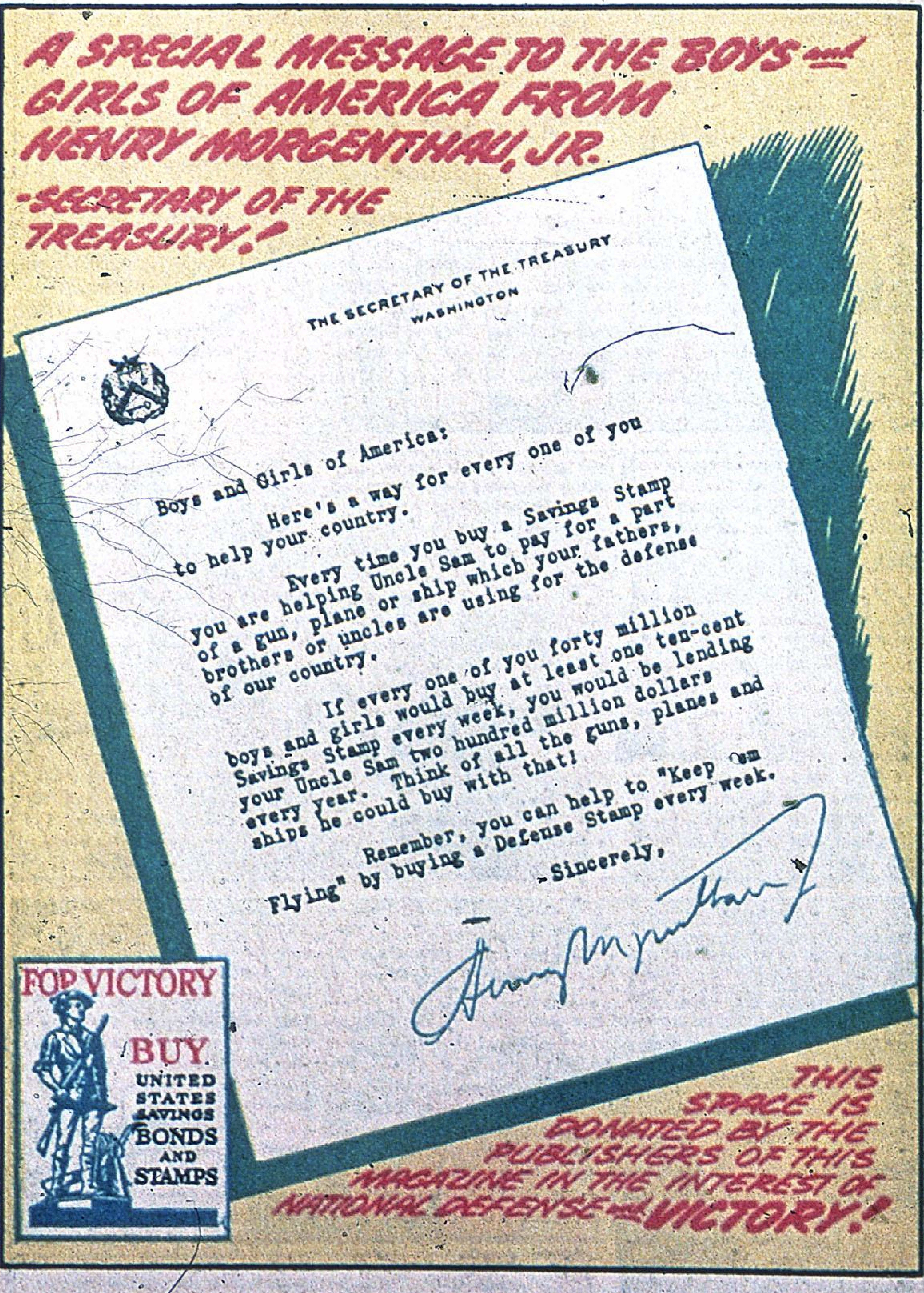

THE FIENDISH TORCH IS THUS THROWN INTO THE EAST RIVER!
THE WATER! IT'S RISING! AND THERE'S NO EXIT!
SO FAR, SO GOOD! OKAY, TORO! YOU DID YOUR STUFF! COME TO PAPA!
SUB-MARINER PULLS TORO BACK!
GLUB! THE TORCH WILL D-DROWN! WHAT A SHOWER-BATH!
NOT YET, TORO! I'LL GIVE HIM JUST LONG ENOUGH TO COOL OFF A BIT -- THEN--
FIGHTING AGAINST THE ONRUSHING WATER'S TREMENDOUS PRESSURE, SUB-MARINER LEAPS UPWARD!
I'M GOING AFTER HIM!
WOW! WHAT A GUY THIS SUB-MARINER IS! I KNEW HE'D GO AND HELP MY PAL, TORCH!
TORO FLAMES UP TOWARD THE GROWING HOLE...
DON'T LEAVE ME TO DROWN ALONE, TORO!
NOT ME, PAL! I'LL SEE IF I CAN PLUG THAT LEAK!
...AND WELDS THE ROOF OF THE UNDER-RIVER TUNNEL!
I THOUGHT PLUMBING WASN'T IN MY LINE!
MEANWHILE, ABOVE...
THERE HE IS-- COOL ENOUGH FOR ME TO HANDLE NOW! I'LL TAKE HIM UP NOW -- WOW! -- HE LOOKS PRETTY BAD!
HE'S TURNING PURPLE ALREADY! -- ONLY A MIRACLE CAN SAVE THE HUMAN TORCH NOW! FOR ONCE I HARDLY KNOW WHAT TO DO! POOR TORCH!


SOON AFTER, TORO AND DR. HORTON, WHO MANAGED TO GET OUT OF THE FLOODED SUBWAY, FIND TORCH AND SUB-MARINER ON A DOCK! ...
IS HE ... DEAD? PLEASE DO SOMETHING TO SAVE MY PAL! QUICK! SPEAK TO ME, TORCH!
THERE'S ONE CHANCE IN A MILLION THAT HE'LL LIVE!
SUFFERIN' SEA BASS! I WOULDN'T TRUST HIM TEN FEET AWAY -- BUT WE'VE GOT TO SAVE HIM!
WE'VE GOT TO GET HIM BACK TO MY LABORATORY IMMEDIATELY! -- EVERY SECOND COUNTS!
A FEW MINUTES LATER ....
HEY, SARGE! LOOK! SUB-MARINER AND TORO! THE F.B.I. IS AFTER THOSE GUYS!
HEY!
SORRY! WE NEED THIS TRUCK MORE THAN YOU DO! IT'S LIFE OR DEATH!
JUST OUR LUCK! THE FIRST CAR THAT PASSES IS A POLICE EMERGENCY WAGON! C'MON! LET'S GO!
POLICE EMERGENCY
11
WHILE TORO TRIES TO TALK TO THE POLICE, SUB-MARINER PUTS TORCH IN THE WAGON!
GIVE US A BREAK, FELLERS!
HURRY!
OKAY, DOC! HERE HE GOES!
THE TRUCK SPEEDS AWAY WITH THE UNCONSCIOUS TORCH...
THAT LITTLE FIRE-BUG WRAPPED US UP IN THESE FLAMES! PLAYFUL LITTLE FELLER, AIN'T HE?
STEAMSHIP CO
HOW'LL WE GET OUT? WAIT'LL I GET MY MITTS ON THAT KID! BOY! WILL I BURN HIS PANTS!
... AND, HALF A MOMENT LATER, REACHES DR. HORTON'S LABORATORY.
WE MUST PUT HIM BACK IN THE HUMAN TORCH MACHINE! IT'S THE ONLY CHANCE!
HE'S STILL BREATHING! THANK NEPTUNE!
POOR TORCH! HELPLESS AND DYING! MY PAL! AND I CAN'T DO ANYTHING! (SOB!)


THE TORCH IS GENTLY PLACED IN THE MACHINE...
THE DOOR IS CLOSED TIGHT, DR. HORTON! READY TO TURN ON THE JUICE!
I'LL PUSH THE BUTTON NOW AND SNAP ON THE FIRST SWITCH...
GEE! HE'S IN THERE (GULP!) ALL ALONE!
NOW, I TURN THE GAUGE UP, WITH A PRAYER FOR THE HUMAN TORCH! THIS WILL TELL THE STORY!...
AFTER SEVERAL MINUTES, THE TORCH SUDDENLY BOLTS UPRIGHT!
WHAT GOES ON HERE? WHY ARE PEOPLE STARING AT ME?
HI! TORCH! IT WORKED, DOC! TURN OFF THE JUICE!
F.B.I. MEN, WHO HAVE BEEN WATCHING OUTSIDE THE LABORATORY, SUDDENLY ENTER!
TORCH! GEE! I DIDN'T THINK (GULP) I'D SEE YOU ALIVE!
TORO! GOOD BOY!
NO TRICKS, FIFTH COLUMNISTS! THIS PLACE IS SURROUNDED!
WE CAUGHT THEM ALL, EXCEPT THE PYTHON! WHERE IS HE HIDING?
FIFTH COLUMNISTS? ARE THESE F.B.I. MEN CRAZY? WHY SPEAK OF US WITH THE PYTHON? OH! I THINK I'VE GOT IT! GENTLEMEN, I CAN EXPLAIN THE WHOLE CONSPIRACY FROM WHICH WE TRIED TO SAVE TORCH!
DR. HORTON EXPLAINS ALL ---!
YOU SEE, IT WAS ONE OF HITLER'S CLEVEREST PLOTS! HE KNEW ONLY A MAN LIKE PYTHON WOULD BETRAY HIS COUNTRY, SO HE GOT HIM OUT OF ALCATRAZ -- BUT WHILE TORCH AND SUB-MARINER WERE AROUND, PYTHON COULDN'T DO A THING! SO HE DID WHAT THE DICTATORS DO -- HE TRIED TO DIVIDE THE FRIENDS, MAKE THEM BITTER ENEMIES! BY MEANS OF MY MACHINE, HE MADE A SOULLESS MONSTER OF THE TORCH, WHO WAS ALMOST KILLED DOING HIS BIDDING! THEN THE PYTHON WAS DESTROYED AND WE SAVED THE TORCH!
---AS THE G-MEN, LOOK ON IN AMAZEMENT!
I GUESS IT WAS ALL MY FAULT, SUB-MARINER! YOU'RE STILL MY BEST PAL!
NO! --IT WAS THE PYTHON'S FAULT! FORGET IT, TORCH, AND LETS SHAKE!
IT'S NICE TO SEE YOU GUYS FRIENDS AGAIN! THAT'S WHAT MAKES IT BAD FOR OUR COUNTRY'S ENEMIES! LET'S ALL PULL TOGETHER FOR THE GOOD OF U.S.A.!
I'M STILL A-TINGLING ABOUT THIS LATEST SMASHING ADVENTURE!... I'M GLAD IT ENDED WITH TORCH AND SUB-MARINER SHAKING HANDS! FOR A MOMENT I THOUGHT I'D LOSE BOTH MY PALS! BUT NOW THEY'LL BE BACK AGAIN, SURE ENOUGH, SOON!


A SPECIAL MESSAGE TO THE BOYS and GIRLS OF AMERICA FROM HENRY MORGENTHAU, JR.
-SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.-
FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS
THIS SPACE IS DONATED BY THE PUBLISHERS OF THIS MAGAZINE IN THE INTEREST OF NATIONAL DEFENSE and VICTORY!

THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY
WASHINGTON

Boys and Girls of America:

Here's a way for every one of you to help your country.

Every time you buy a Savings Stamp you are helping Uncle Sam to pay for a part of a gun, plane or ship which your fathers, brothers or uncles are using for the defense of our country.

If every one of you forty million boys and girls would buy at least one ten-cent Savings Stamp every week, you would be lending your Uncle Sam two hundred million dollars every year. Think of all the guns, planes and ships he could buy with that!

Remember, you can help to "Keep 'em Flying" by buying a Defense Stamp every week.

Sincerely,

Henry Morgenthau Jr

FLIGHT OVER TOKYO

By
MICKEY SPILLANE

FOR the first time in his life, Warren Gates didn't know what to think. The last three months he had been in Australia, the orders of the day brought no more excitement than a letter from home. All he ever did was fly routine patrols over the broad expanse of blue water surrounding the continent "down under", until it got to the point where a navigator on the speedy attack bomber was excess baggage. He could have found his way back from any point a thousand miles away on the local map, he was so used to the place.

Now he stood anxiously outside the squadron bulletin board, waiting for the orders to be posted. For days, rumors of some great impending event had circulated about the airdrome, and men had been confined to the limits of the field. Whatever was in the wind was important, and every man worried lest he be left out of the proceedings. Warren nudged a pilot companion. "Wonder what's up?"

"You got me, pal! All I hope is that my name's there when we read off the score."

"Me, too," Warren answered. "I haven't seen a Jappo since I've been here, and I'm dying for a crack at the punks!" Hardly had he spoken when Major Briggs stepped out of the office and tacked a notice on the board. 'All flying officers and crew report to assembly this afternoon, 3 P.M.' In an instant the bulletin was surrounded by men who stood in hushed silence. This looked like the memorable day!

The appointed time came quickly enough. Men grouped about the long table, gazing avidly at the maps spread out before them. Major Briggs had the floor. "Men, tomorrow you have an important mission to perform. You are raiding Tokio!" The sudden news took them flat-footed. For a moment it looked like a cheer would burst out, but the seriousness of the situation quieted the men. "You will follow this course, and the plan that I will outline to you now." His voice dwindled, and every eye followed his finger as it went across the map.

Dawn broke clear and warm. On the smooth runway of the field, motors thundered a song of power. Warren climbed into his attack bomber and waited for the signal to go ahead. A green light blinked into his eyes, and the throttle went forward. The raid of Tokio had begun! With the most precise flying, the group took off and pulled into formation. High up in the blue they leveled off and made themselves comfortable for the ten hour trip.

Below them the sea was dotted with ships. Some, no doubt, were the enemy's, but there was no time to be wasted on them. Hour after hour went by, then the squadron leader's voice came on. "In twenty minutes we reach our objective. Dive to the rooftops then let 'em have it, boys!" And before they knew it . . . there was Tokio, capital city of the invader! In a roaring power dive, the planes swooped down. Faster and faster they went, then pulled out of the dive and went screaming toward the factories of the city, fair military objectives.

* * *

Eyes squinted behind the sights, and bomb toggles were pulled. Thunderous blasts from below spelled perfect timing . . . direct hits! As Warren swept over his targets, he noticed that the sky was free of enemy planes and anti-aircraft bursts. The surprise had been so complete that there was no resistance! Ahead of him was the last plant that was to taste a bomb. He went over it . . . felt the plane rise a little as it lost its load of explosives . . . then the sky was a writhing, glaring sheet of flame!

That place was a munitions plant! The plane skidded wildly, and pitched like a leaf in the wind. Warren tugged madly at the controls, but there was no response. In front of him the curtain of smoke parted, and he saw the rest of the squadron speeding toward the horizon, and they were alone in a crippled craft! He tried the controls again, and this time the ship responded but slightly. One look at the shattered wing surfaces told the story.

Greg Holmes, the navigator, poked him and pointed to a hayfield a mile off. Warren nodded and banked that way. The plane was losing altitude fast! It hit the field, bounced, and tore through two haystacks and pulled up against the side of a barn. Warren looked around. "Everybody okay?" Two voices, a bit breathless, shouted back. "Then let's fire the plane before we have the Jappos on our necks!"

The men squeezed out. Greg drained some gas out of the tanks and scattered it over the plane. One match and the ship was a pyre of billowing flame and smoke. The Japs wouldn't copy *this* design as they did others, that was a sure thing! Bill Halsey, the bombardier, turned around and let out a choked shout. "Look, Japs! They're coming for us. What'll we do?"

"Take it easy, Bill. Might be they think we're in the plane. Let's duck into one of these haystacks." The three boys dashed for the mound of yellow grass, and burrowed under it. Right on their heels the Japs, in a fleet of motor trucks, pulled up in front of the burning plane. One, evidently the leader, walked around it, then stopped. He looked into the dust at his feet and the boys' hearts leaped. He had discovered their tracks which, in their haste, they had failed to conceal!

At once the Japs spread out. They knew the men had had no chance to flee, and the only place they could hide was either in the barn or in the haystacks. A few of them went into the barn, then a dozen men went to a haystack and stood around it. The commander gave the word and they fired round after round of ammunition into the base of the stack . . . and in a few minutes they would be at the one that shielded the Americans!

For some reason, Warren was smiling. "Burrow back to the middle as fast as you can!" he whispered. Greg and Bill obeyed without a word. It was a hard task, but they made it. Then from outside came the voices of the Japs. This was it. Warren knew that if he was wrong it would be too bad. One thing was in their favor. Their footprints had been wiped out by the Japs except for the ones by the plane. Warren hoped they wouldn't fire the hay.

They heard the commands of the leader, followed by the roar of the guns. Breathlessly, they waited for the slugs to tear into them, but none came. Once the stack shifted as part of its base was disturbed by the power of the shots, but that was all. How long they waited, they never knew. When finally they crawled outside, darkness had settled over the city. Except for the glare of the red of still-burning buildings, Tokio was in total darkness. They wanted no more of the American made bombs! The boys had to grin a little at this.

"Where to now?" Greg asked.

Warren Gates smiled. "Since flying is all we know, the thing to do is head for a flying field and swipe a plane . . . and if I'm not mistaken, there's one not far off. I spotted it coming over!" And there was. Keeping to the shadows of the buildings, the trio crept steadily to the south side of the city. Occasional outposts and scouting parties presented a problem, but they flattened and melted into the landscape. So far, so good!

"There she is!" The boys peered into the darkness, and there, directly ahead of them was the field. Little lights blinked in the operations office, and toward them they made their way. Suddenly, motors roared on the tarmac. Planes were being warmed up. "Looks like they're playing right into our hands," Bill said. "Let's go!" Silently, they crawled under the wire on the edge of the field. About fifty yards away a large bomber, warming up, spat flame into the night.

Warren pointed. "Now walk as if you owned the place. We're not liable to be suspected that way." They stood up and walked to the ship. Men passed, but in the darkness none challenged their presence. Walking around the tail, Warren motioned for the others to stay back. A wiry little Jap guarded the ship. He crept up behind him . . . and the man turned! But before the Jap could utter a word, a fist caught him square on the chin and he crumpled to the ground!

Waving for the others to come on, Warren opened the door and in he went, the others in back of him. Warren poured the juice to her. Motors roared, and with a sudden lurch the plane jumped the chocks and tore down the field! Instantly the field came to life. Lights winked on, and the plane was caught in the glare of them. Rifles barked, but the shooting was too hurried to be accurate.

The plane shot into the air . . . they were off! But the flight was not over. On the field below pilots leaped to the cockpits and gave their ships the gun, but suddenly out of the darkness ahead of them, Warren reversed, and with machine guns spitting a lethal dose of lead, came in on the Japs. Planes of the Rising Sun faltered and crashed. One rose, only to nose dive into the sod when a burst caught the pilot in the chest!

The Americans wasted no time getting out of there. The trip back was one to make history. All the maps were in Japanese, but Greg puzzled them out. It was late morning when they arrived over the field and started to circle . . . then the sky was full of gunbursts. They were firing at them! But when their buddies saw that they were trying to land, the firing stopped. The plane came down . . . only to be surrounded by angry soldiers. However . . . it took only a moment to clear things up!

When the shouting finally died down, Greg and Bill came over to Warren. "Tell us," they said, "how did you know we wouldn't get hit back in that haystack!"

"Well," Greg grinned, "I used to be a ballistics expert back in the states, and I knew that a lot of little things like some rag waste, or closely packed paper could stop a shot easily enough, and firing into all that hay was like shooting at a brick wall!"

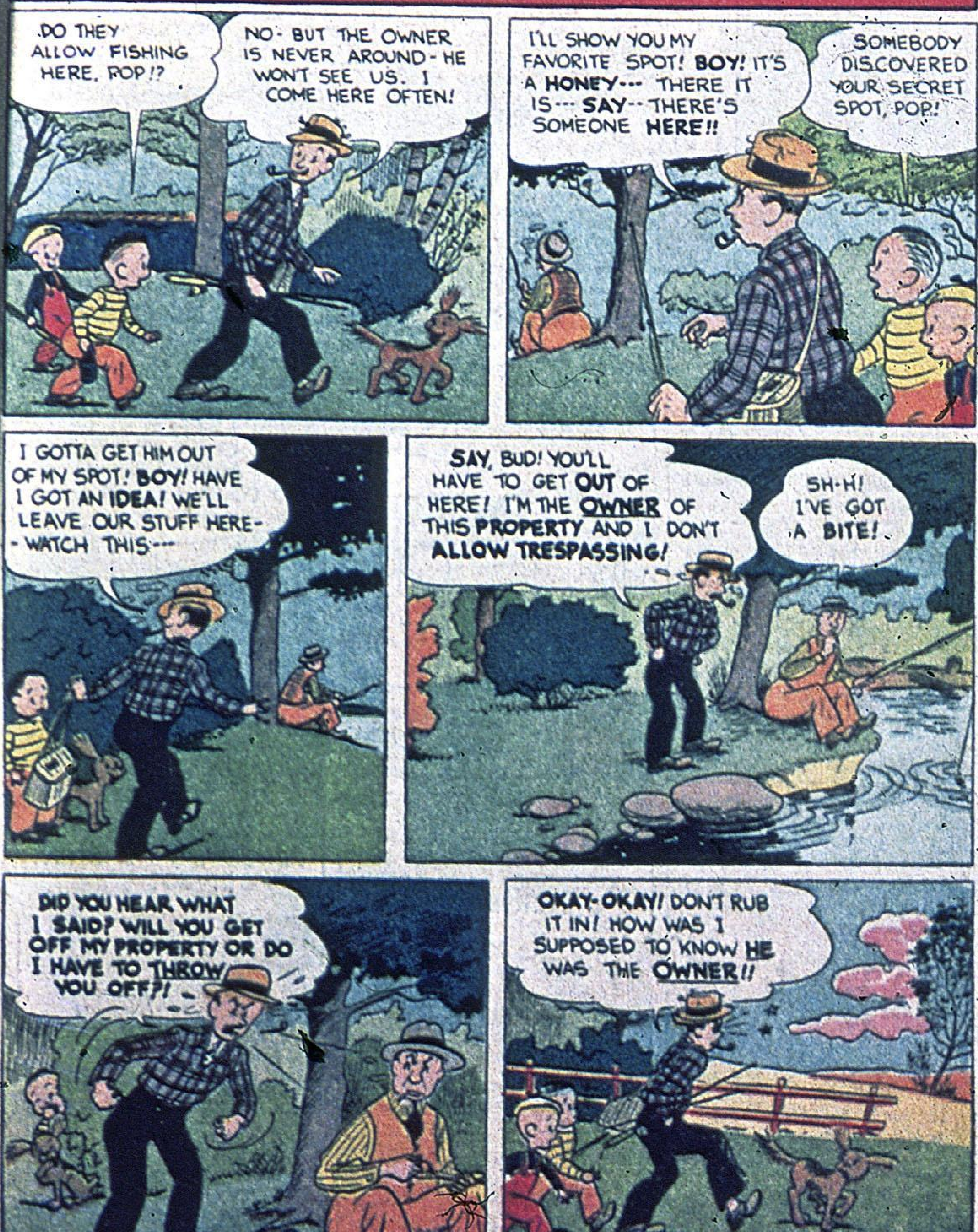
"How come they didn't set fire to the hay?"

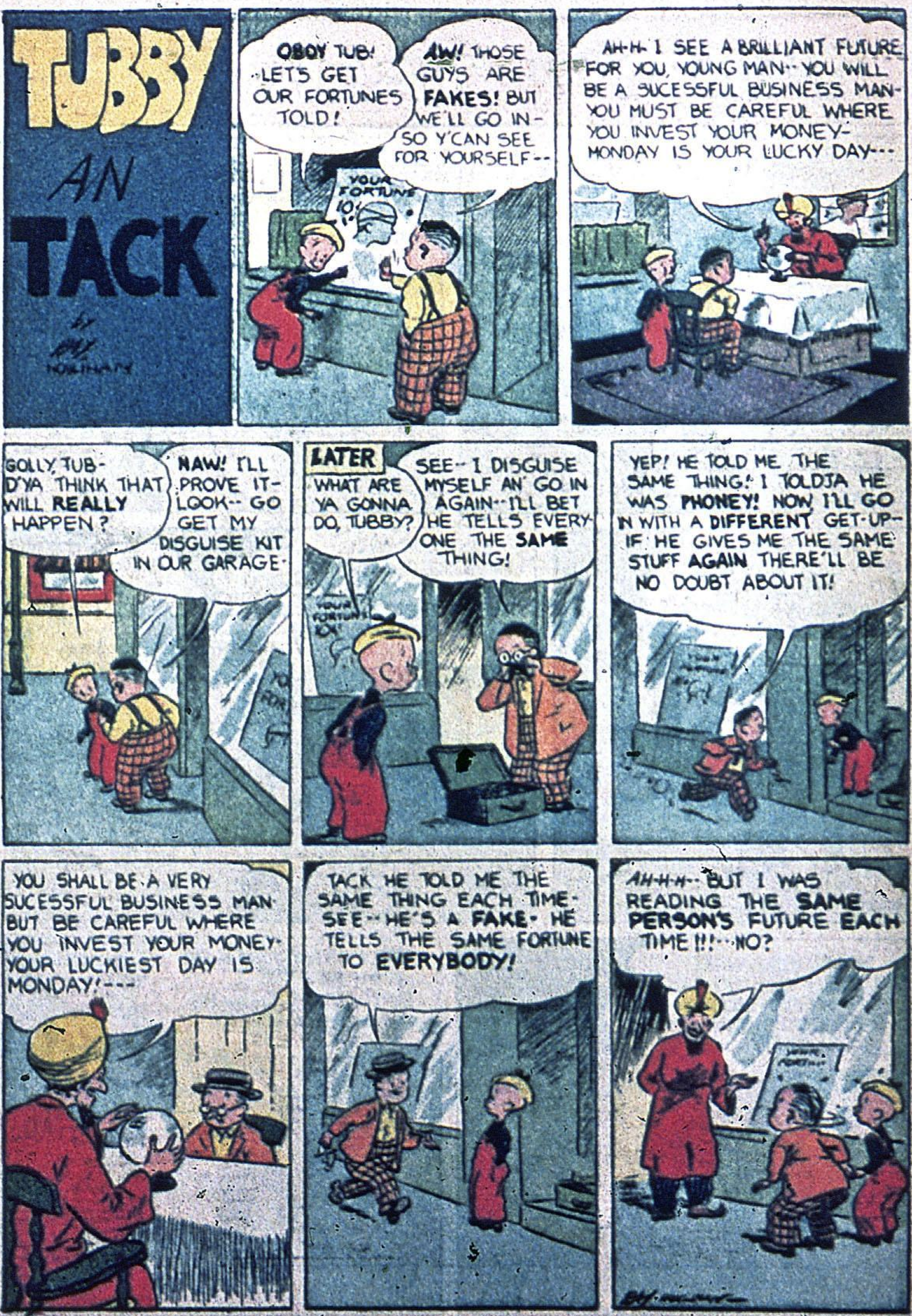
"Ha! Every inch of the bloomin' island is cultivated, and they don't *dare* waste a thing. Those soldiers would've been shot if they did!"

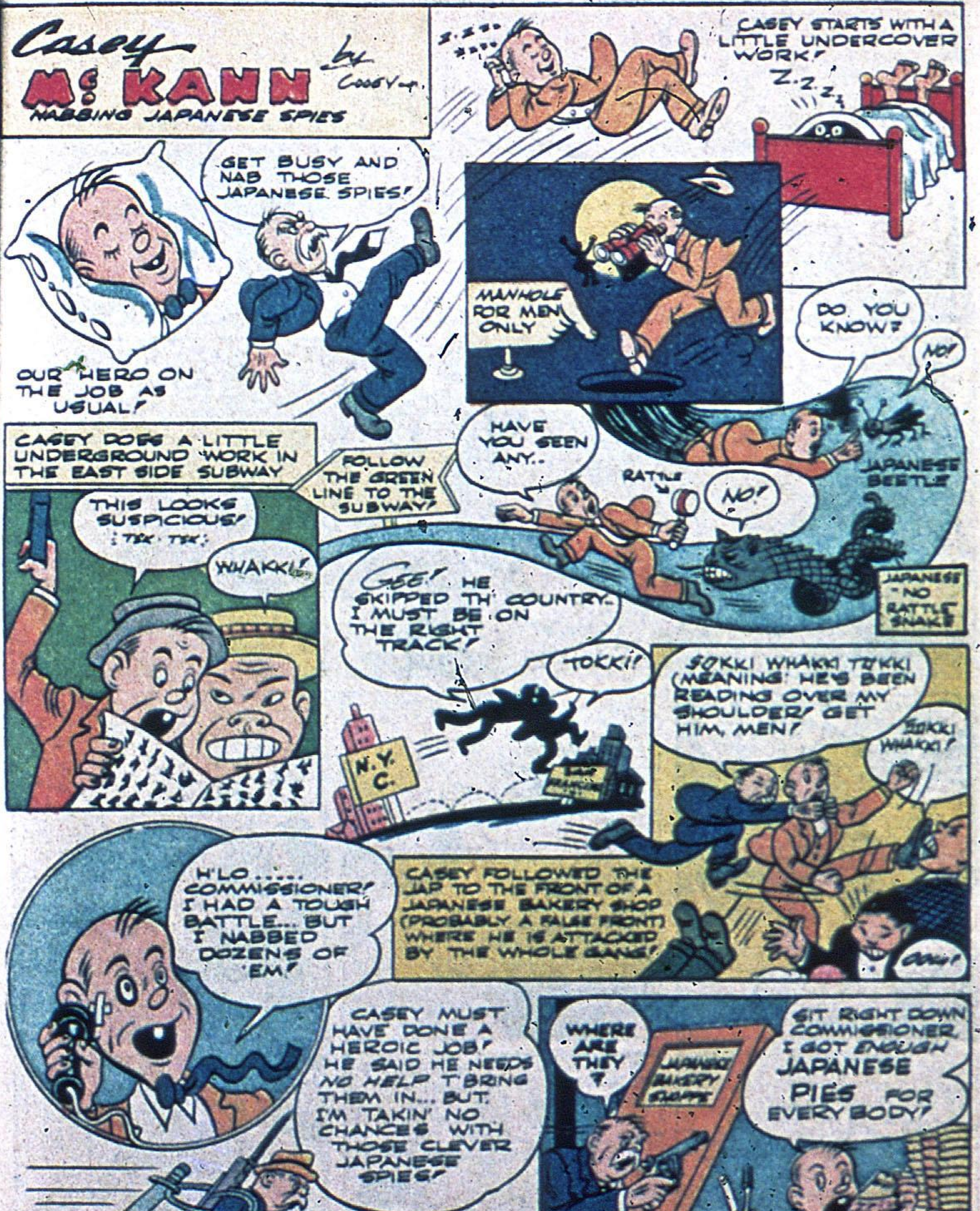
THE END

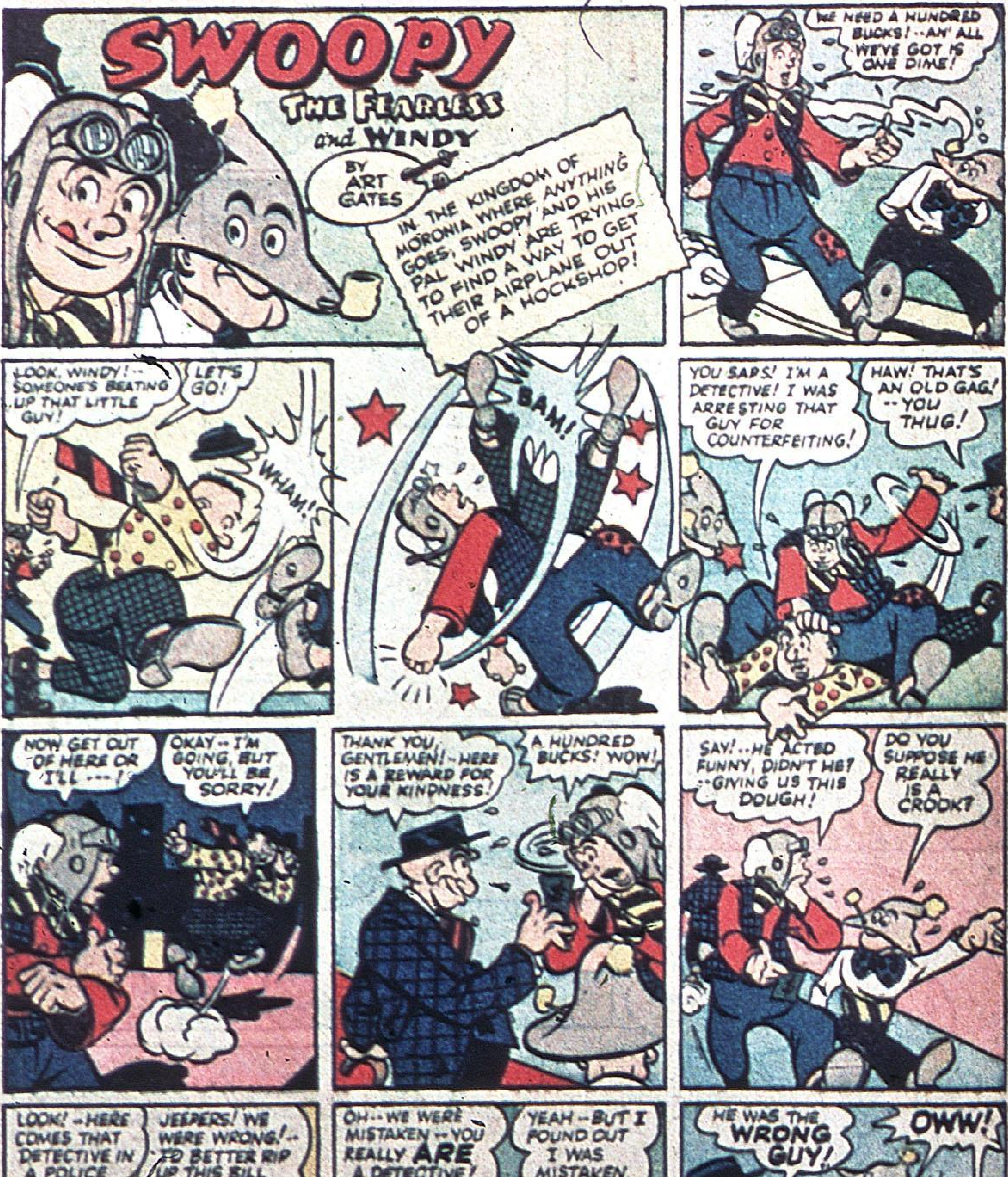
TUBBY AND TACK

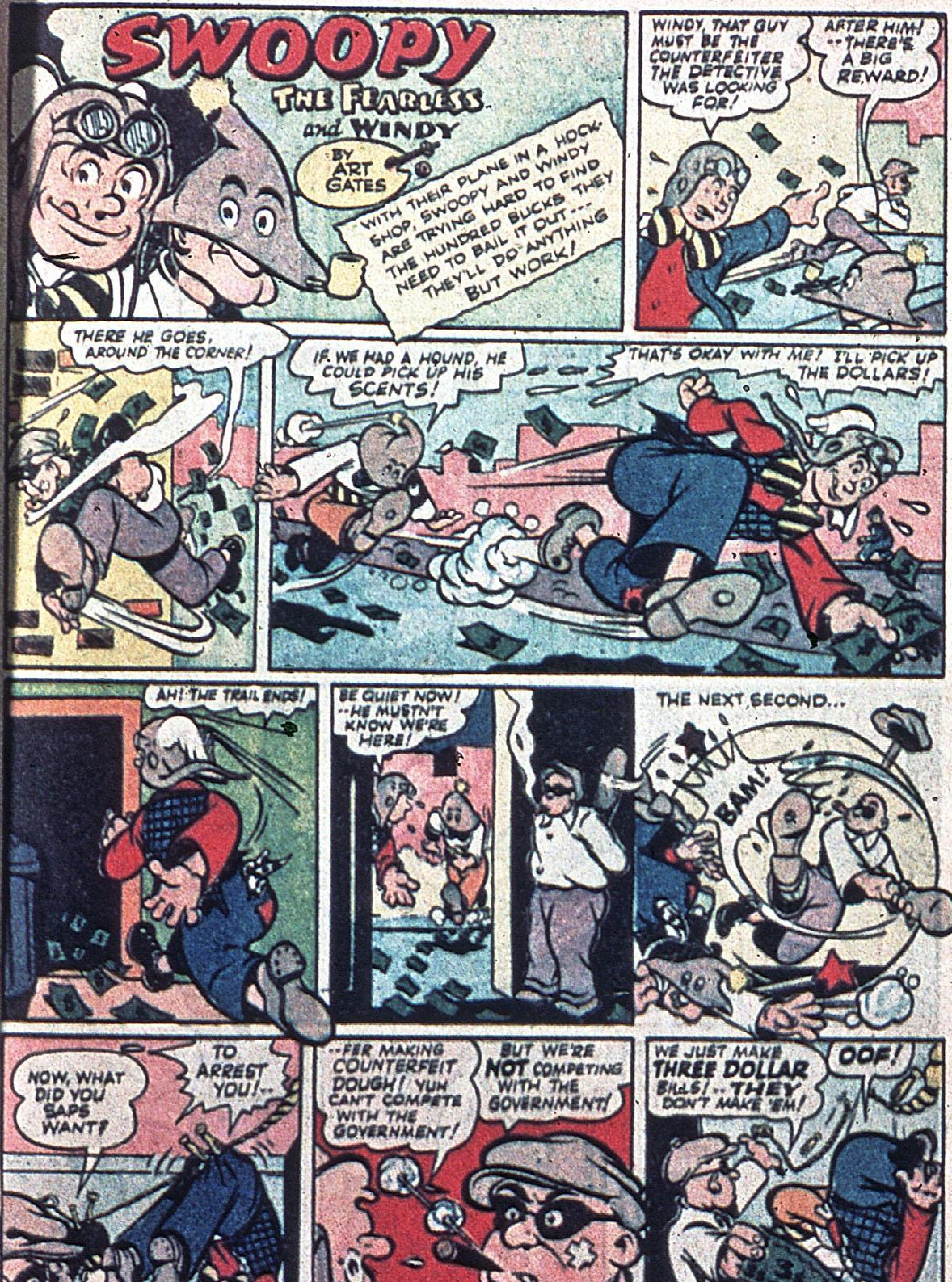
BY RAY HOULIHAN

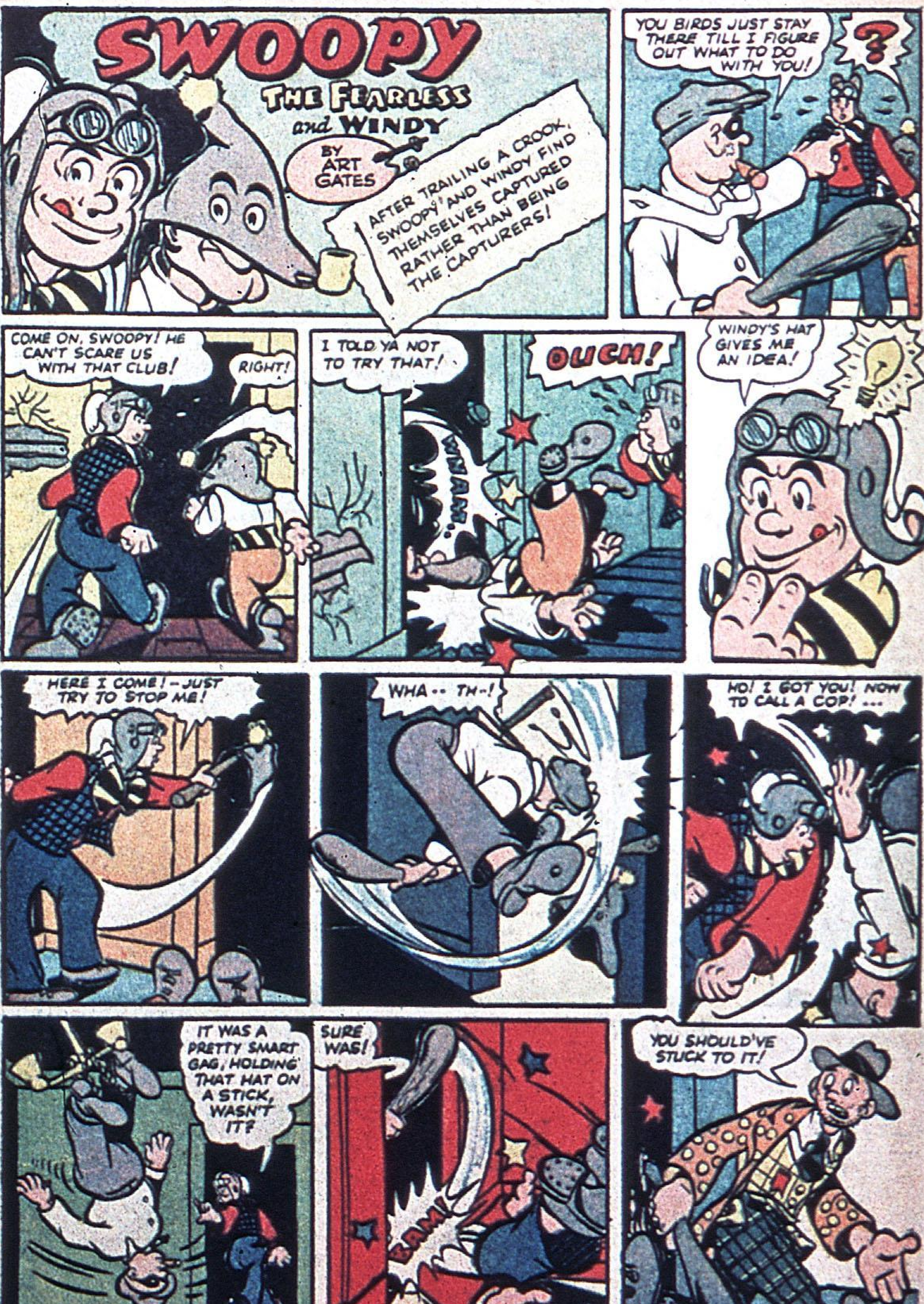

DO THEY ALLOW FISHING HERE, POP!?
NO- BUT THE OWNER IS NEVER AROUND- HE WON'T SEE US. I COME HERE OFTEN!
I'LL SHOW YOU MY FAVORITE SPOT! BOY! IT'S A HONEY--- THERE IT IS--- SAY-- THERE'S SOMEONE HERE!!
SOMEBODY DISCOVERED YOUR SECRET SPOT, POP!
I GOTTA GET HIM OUT OF MY SPOT! BOY! HAVE I GOT AN IDEA! WE'LL LEAVE OUR STUFF HERE- -WATCH THIS---
SAY, BUD! YOU'LL HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE! I'M THE OWNER OF THIS PROPERTY AND I DON'T ALLOW TRESPASSING!
SH-H! I'VE GOT A BITE!
DID YOU HEAR WHAT I SAID? WILL YOU GET OFF MY PROPERTY OR DO I HAVE TO THROW YOU OFF?!
OKAY-OKAY! DON'T RUB IT IN! HOW WAS I SUPPOSED TO KNOW HE WAS THE OWNER!!
RAY HOULIHAN

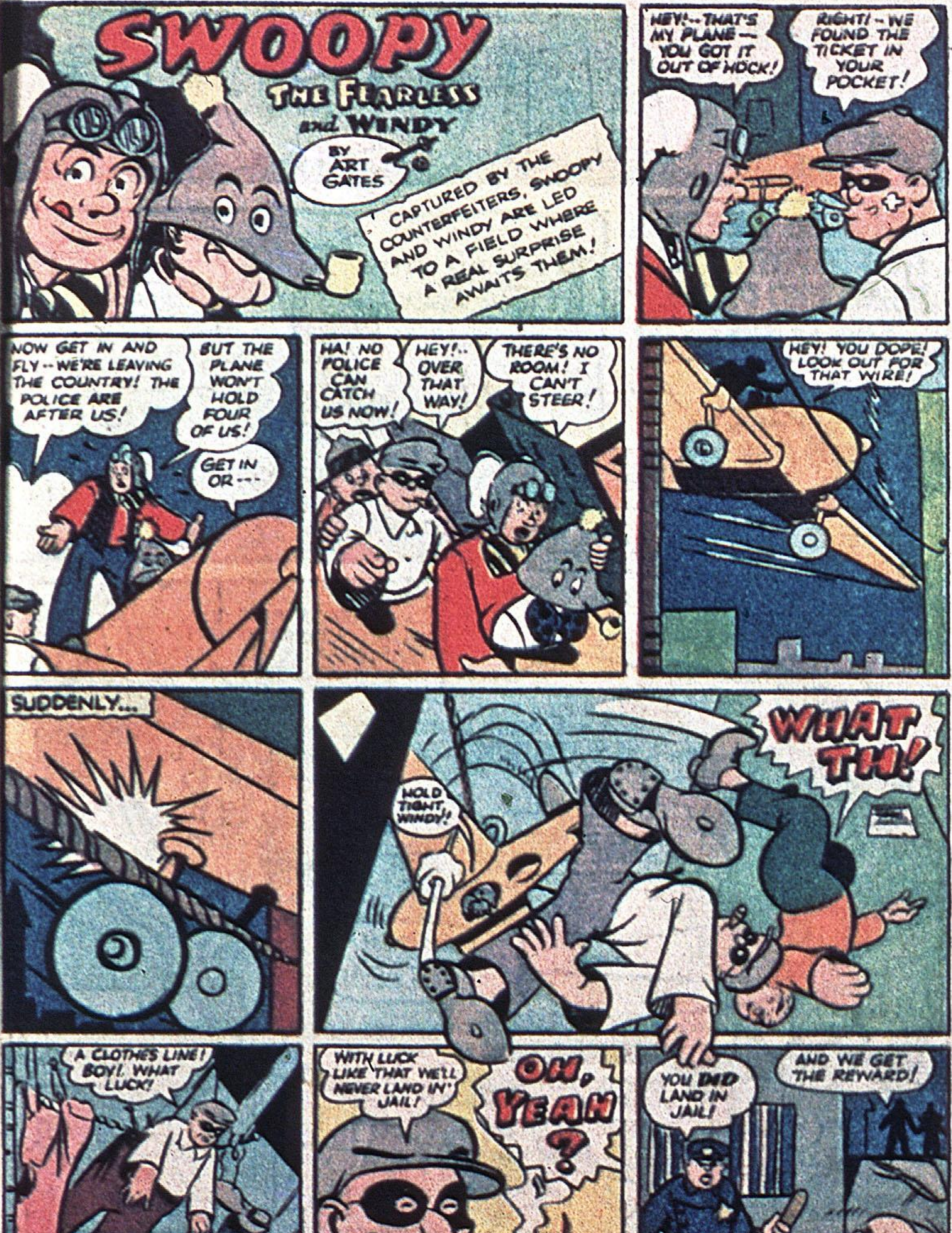

TUBBY AN TACK
by Bill Holman
OBOY TUB! LET'S GET OUR FORTUNES TOLD!
AW! THOSE GUYS ARE FAKES! BUT WE'LL GO IN-SO Y'CAN SEE FOR YOURSELF--
YOUR FORTUNE 10¢
AH-H- I SEE A BRILLIANT FUTURE FOR YOU, YOUNG MAN-- YOU WILL BE A SUCESSFUL BUSINESS MAN- YOU MUST BE CAREFUL WHERE YOU INVEST YOUR MONEY- MONDAY IS YOUR LUCKY DAY---
GOLLY, TUB- D'YA THINK THAT WILL REALLY HAPPEN?
NAW! I'LL PROVE IT- LOOK-- GO GET MY DISGUISE KIT IN OUR GARAGE-
LATER
WHAT ARE YA GONNA DO, TUBBY?
SEE-- I DISGUISE MYSELF AN' GO IN AGAIN--I'LL BET HE TELLS EVERYONE THE SAME THING!
YOUR FORTUNE 10¢
YEP! HE TOLD ME THE SAME THING! I TOLDJA HE WAS PHONEY! NOW I'LL GO IN WITH A DIFFERENT GET-UP- IF HE GIVES ME THE SAME STUFF AGAIN THERE'LL BE NO DOUBT ABOUT IT!
YOU SHALL BE A VERY SUCESSFUL BUSINESS MAN BUT BE CAREFUL WHERE YOU INVEST YOUR MONEY- YOUR LUCKIEST DAY IS MONDAY!---
TACK HE TOLD ME THE SAME THING EACH TIME- SEE-- HE'S A FAKE- HE TELLS THE SAME FORTUNE TO EVERYBODY!
AH-H-H-- BUT I WAS READING THE SAME PERSON'S FUTURE EACH TIME!!!--NO?
Bill Holman


Casey
Mc KANN
by Casey Jr.
NABBING JAPANESE SPIES
Z-Z-Z
CASEY STARTS WITH A LITTLE UNDERCOVER WORK!
Z-Z-Z-Z
GET BUSY AND NAB THOSE JAPANESE SPIES!
OUR HERO ON THE JOB AS USUAL!
MANHOLE FOR MEN ONLY
DO YOU KNOW?
NO!
HAVE YOU SEEN ANY..
JAPANESE BEETLE
CASEY DOES A LITTLE UNDERGROUND WORK IN THE EAST SIDE SUBWAY
FOLLOW THE GREEN LINE TO THE SUBWAY!
RATTLE
NO!
THIS LOOKS SUSPICIOUS! TSK TSK
WHAKKI!
GEE! HE SKIPPED TH' COUNTRY.. I MUST BE ON THE RIGHT TRACK!
JAPANESE - NO RATTLE SNAKE
TOKKI!
N.Y. C.
SOKKI WHAKKI TOKKI (MEANING: HE'S BEEN READING OVER MY SHOULDER! GET HIM, MEN!
SOKKI WHAKKI!
H'LO...... COMMISSIONER! I HAD A TOUGH BATTLE... BUT I NABBED DOZENS OF 'EM!
CASEY FOLLOWED THE JAP TO THE FRONT OF A JAPANESE BAKERY SHOP (PROBABLY A FALSE FRONT) WHERE HE IS ATTACKED BY THE WHOLE GANG!
OOW!
CASEY MUST HAVE DONE A HEROIC JOB! HE SAID HE NEEDS NO HELP T'BRING THEM IN... BUT I'M TAKIN' NO CHANCES WITH THOSE CLEVER JAPANESE SPIES!
WHERE ARE THEY ?
JAPANESE BAKERY SHOPPE
SIT RIGHT DOWN COMMISSIONER, I GOT ENOUGH JAPANESE PIES FOR EVERYBODY!

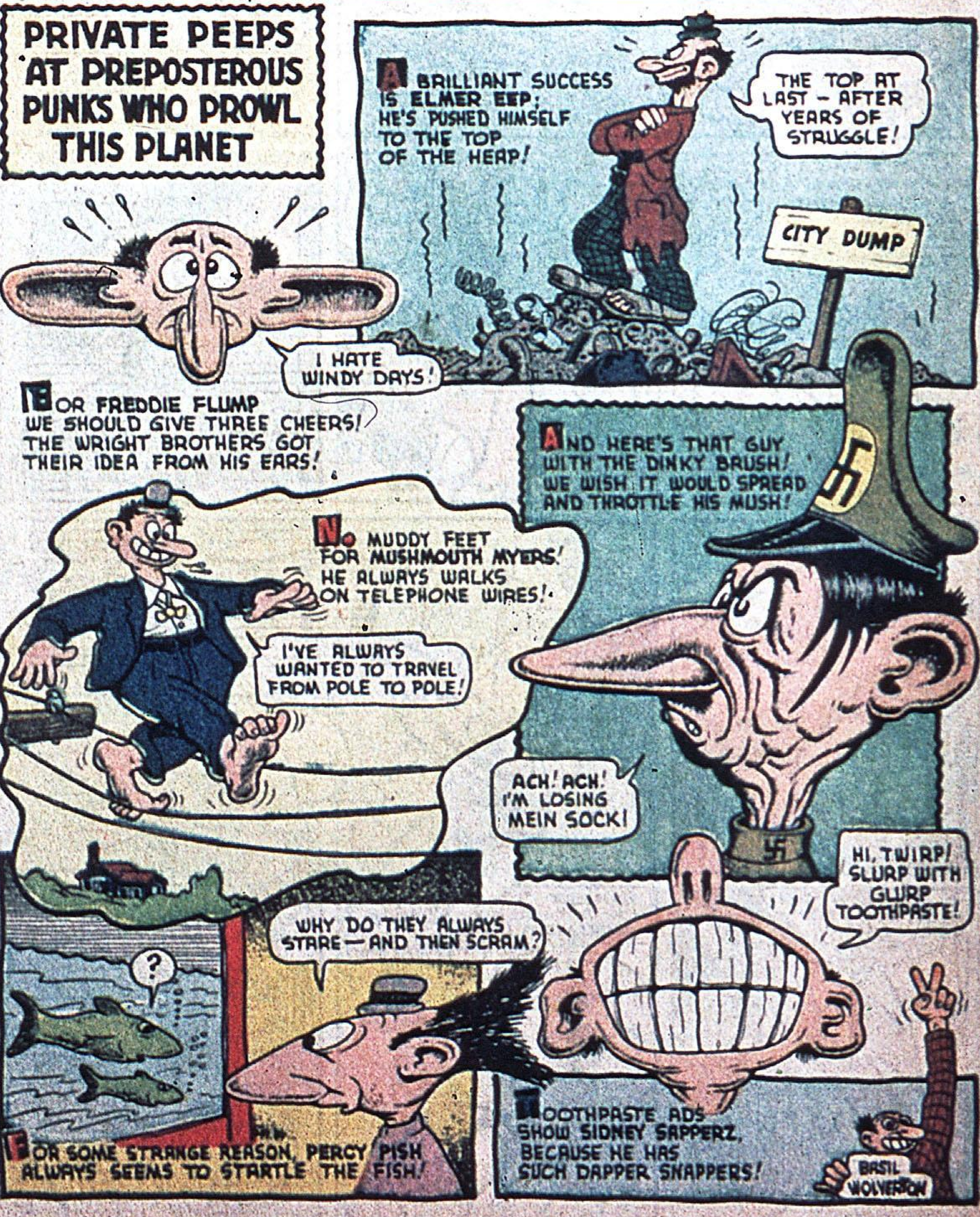

SWOOPY
THE FEARLESS
and WINDY
BY ART GATES
IN THE KINGDOM OF MORONIA WHERE ANYTHING GOES, SWOOPY AND HIS PAL WINDY ARE TRYING TO FIND A WAY TO GET THEIR AIRPLANE OUT OF A HOCKSHOP!
WE NEED A HUNDRED BUCKS! --AN' ALL WE'VE GOT IS ONE DIME!
LOOK, WINDY! --SOMEONE'S BEATING UP THAT LITTLE GUY!
LET'S GO!
WHAM!
BAM!
YOU SAPS! I'M A DETECTIVE! I WAS ARRESTING THAT GUY FOR COUNTERFEITING!
HAW! THAT'S AN OLD GAG! --YOU THUG!
NOW GET OUT OF HERE OR I'LL ---!
OKAY-- I'M GOING, BUT YOU'LL BE SORRY!
THANK YOU, GENTLEMEN! --HERE IS A REWARD FOR YOUR KINDNESS!
A HUNDRED BUCKS! WOW!
SAY! --HE ACTED FUNNY, DIDN'T HE? --GIVING US THIS DOUGH!
DO YOU SUPPOSE HE REALLY IS A CROOK?
LOOK! --HERE COMES THAT DETECTIVE IN A POLICE CAR!
JEEPERS! WE WERE WRONG! --I'D BETTER RIP UP THIS BILL OR WE'LL BE PINCHED!
RIP
OH-- WE WERE MISTAKEN --YOU REALLY ARE A DETECTIVE!
YEAH --BUT I FOUND OUT I WAS MISTAKEN, TOO!
HE WAS THE WRONG GUY!
OWW!

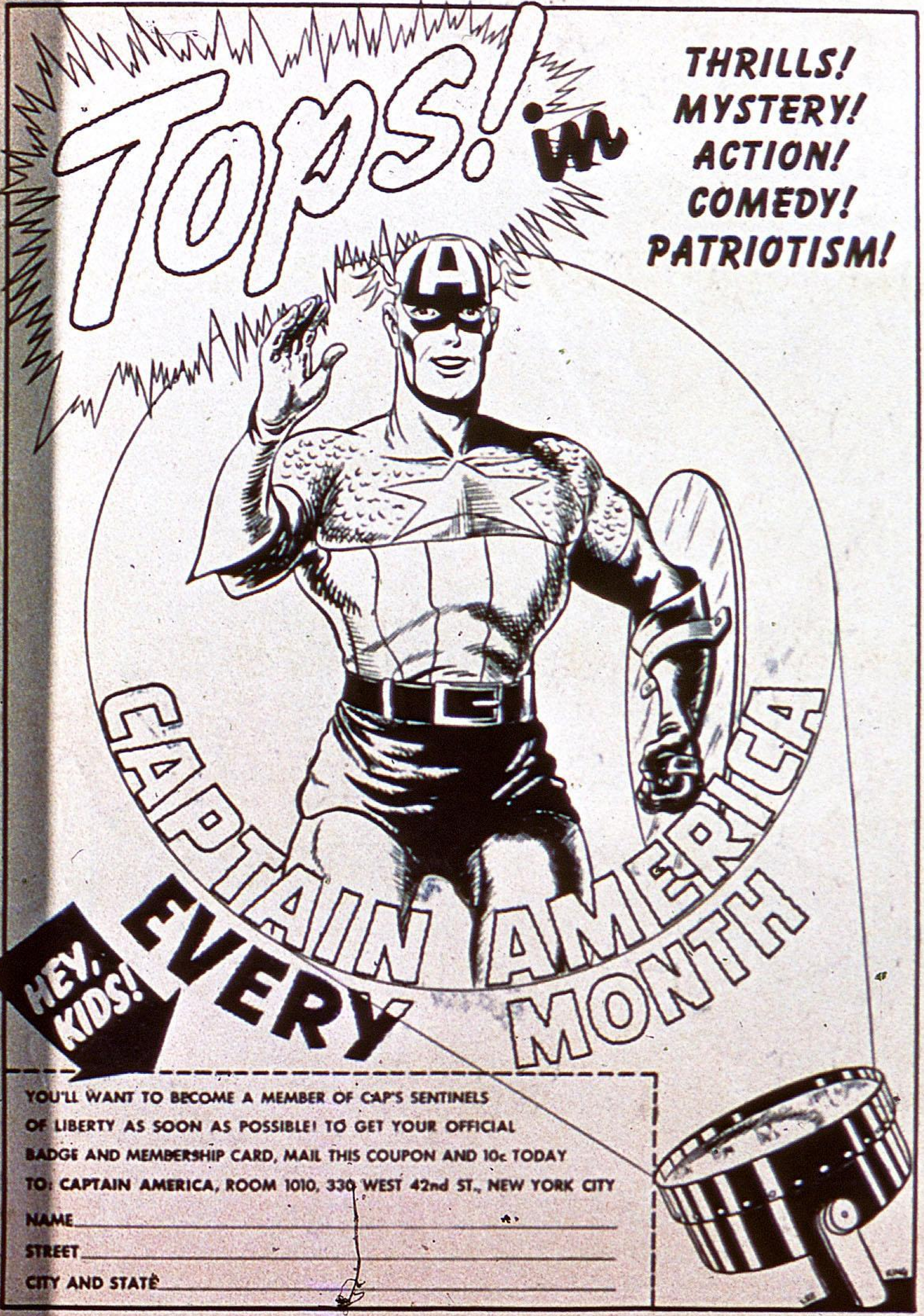

SWOOPY
THE FEARLESS
and WINDY
BY ART GATES
WITH THEIR PLANE IN A HOCK-SHOP, SWOOPY AND WINDY ARE TRYING HARD TO FIND THE HUNDRED BUCKS THEY NEED TO BAIL IT OUT.... THEY'LL DO ANYTHING BUT WORK!
WINDY, THAT GUY MUST BE THE COUNTERFEITER THE DETECTIVE WAS LOOKING FOR!
AFTER HIM! --THERE'S A BIG REWARD!
THERE HE GOES, AROUND THE CORNER!
IF WE HAD A HOUND, HE COULD PICK UP HIS SCENTS!
THAT'S OKAY WITH ME! I'LL PICK UP THE DOLLARS!
AH! THE TRAIL ENDS!
BE QUIET NOW! --HE MUSTN'T KNOW WE'RE HERE!
THE NEXT SECOND...
BAM!
NOW, WHAT DID YOU SAPS WANT?
TO ARREST YOU!..
--FER MAKING COUNTERFEIT DOUGH! YUH CAN'T COMPETE WITH THE GOVERNMENT!
BUT WE'RE NOT COMPETING WITH THE GOVERNMENT!
WE JUST MAKE THREE DOLLAR BILLS! ..THEY DON'T MAKE 'EM!
OOF!


SWOOPY
THE FEARLESS
and WINDY
BY ART GATES
AFTER TRAILING A CROOK, SWOOPY AND WINDY FIND THEMSELVES CAPTURED RATHER THAN BEING THE CAPTURERS!
YOU BIRDS JUST STAY THERE TILL I FIGURE OUT WHAT TO DO WITH YOU!
?
COME ON, SWOOPY! HE CAN'T SCARE US WITH THAT CLUB!
RIGHT!
I TOLD YA NOT TO TRY THAT!
OUCH!
WHAM..
WINDY'S HAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!
HERE I COME! -- JUST TRY TO STOP ME!
WHA -- TH-!
HO! I GOT YOU! NOW TO CALL A COP! ...
IT WAS A PRETTY SMART GAG, HOLDING THAT HAT ON A STICK, WASN'T IT?
SURE WAS!
BAM!
YOU SHOULD'VE STUCK TO IT!


SWOOPY
THE FEARLESS and WINDY
BY ART GATES
CAPTURED BY THE COUNTERFEITERS, SWOOPY AND WINDY ARE LED TO A FIELD WHERE A REAL SURPRISE AWAITS THEM!
HEY!--THAT'S MY PLANE--YOU GOT IT OUT OF HOCK!
RIGHT!--WE FOUND THE TICKET IN YOUR POCKET!
NOW GET IN AND FLY--WE'RE LEAVING THE COUNTRY! THE POLICE ARE AFTER US!
BUT THE PLANE WON'T HOLD FOUR OF US!
GET IN OR---
HA! NO POLICE CAN CATCH US NOW!
HEY!.. OVER THAT WAY!
THERE'S NO ROOM! I CAN'T STEER!
HEY! YOU DOPE! LOOK OUT FOR THAT WIRE!
SUDDENLY...
HOLD TIGHT, WINDY!
WHAT TH!
A CLOTHES LINE! BOY! WHAT LUCK!
PLOP!
WITH LUCK LIKE THAT WE'LL NEVER LAND IN' JAIL!
OH, YEAH?
YOU DID LAND IN JAIL!
AND WE GET THE REWARD!

PECULIAR PEOPLE


PRIVATE PEEPS AT PREPOSTEROUS PUNKS WHO PROWL THIS PLANET
A BRILLIANT SUCCESS IS ELMER EEP; HE'S PUSHED HIMSELF TO THE TOP OF THE HEAP!
THE TOP AT LAST — AFTER YEARS OF STRUGGLE!
CITY DUMP
I HATE WINDY DAYS!
FOR FREDDIE FLUMP WE SHOULD GIVE THREE CHEERS! THE WRIGHT BROTHERS GOT THEIR IDEA FROM HIS EARS!
AND HERE'S THAT GUY WITH THE DINKY BRUSH! WE WISH IT WOULD SPREAD AND THROTTLE HIS MUSH!
ACH! ACH! I'M LOSING MEIN SOCK!
NO MUDDY FEET FOR MUSHMOUTH MYERS! HE ALWAYS WALKS ON TELEPHONE WIRES!
I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO TRAVEL FROM POLE TO POLE!
?
WHY DO THEY ALWAYS STARE — AND THEN SCRAM?
FOR SOME STRANGE REASON, PERCY PISH ALWAYS SEEMS TO STARTLE THE FISH!
HI, TWIRP! SLURP WITH GLURP TOOTHPASTE!
TOOTHPASTE ADS SHOW SIDNEY SAPPERZ, BECAUSE HE HAS SUCH DAPPER SNAPPERS!
BASIL WOLVERTON


Tops! in
THRILLS!
MYSTERY!
ACTION!
COMEDY!
PATRIOTISM!
HEY, KIDS!
CAPTAIN AMERICA
EVERY MONTH

YOU'LL WANT TO BECOME A MEMBER OF CAP'S SENTINELS OF LIBERTY AS SOON AS POSSIBLE! TO GET YOUR OFFICIAL BADGE AND MEMBERSHIP CARD, MAIL THIS COUPON AND 10c TODAY TO: CAPTAIN AMERICA, ROOM 1010, 330 WEST 42nd ST., NEW YORK CITY

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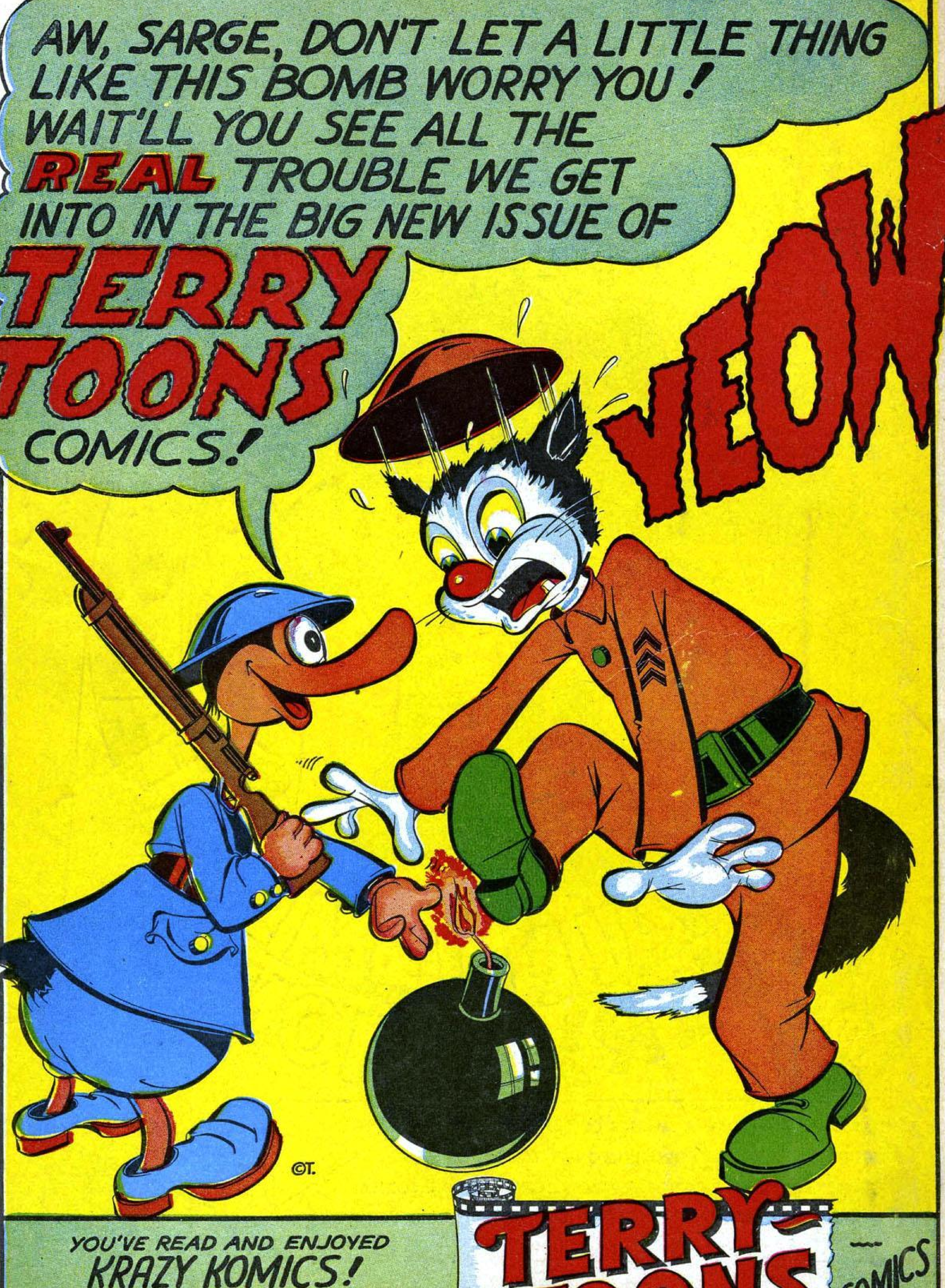
AW, SARGE, DON'T LET A LITTLE THING LIKE THIS BOMB WORRY YOU! WAIT'LL YOU SEE ALL THE REAL TROUBLE WE GET INTO IN THE BIG NEW ISSUE OF TERRY TOONS COMICS!
YEOW
©T.
YOU'VE READ AND ENJOYED KRAZY KOMICS! NOW DON'T FAIL TO RUSH TO YOUR NEWSSTAND JULY 1ST FOR....
TERRY-TOONS COMICS
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
LEE